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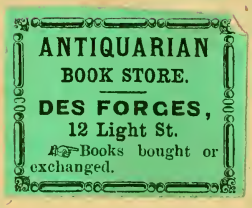

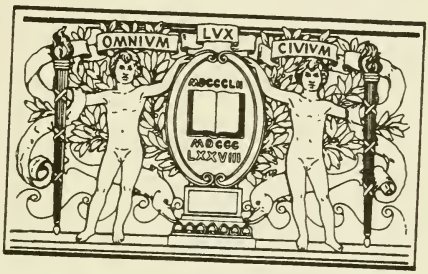


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# MEMORANDA

OF

# FOREIGN TRAVEL:

CONTAINING NOTICES OF

A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STATES

OF

# WESTERN EUROPE.

By ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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The Contents of these volumes were originally written for, and published in, *The Baltimore Literary and Religious Magazine*, of which I was one of the founders, and the senior Editor. They were first published during the years 1836 and 1837; and I had no idea of their publication in any other form. In 1839, without much agency on my part, a Bookseller of Philadelphia published a volume containing more than half the matter of these two; and it was then my purpose to have added two other volumes; as was stated in a short advertisement prefixed to the one then published. Various circumstances, which would not interest the reader, at first deferred, and then defeated the execution of that purpose. Mean-time, the volumes of the Magazine passed out of print, the volume of Memoranda separately published was very soon sold off; and for several years I have been very much importuned to complete the work,—or at least re-publish what had already been given to the public. Of the two volumes now published, nearly all the matter was originally printed in the Magazine, and somewhat more than half of it, in the separate volume spoken of above. In one sense, this is the third edition of the larger part of the matter, and the second edition of nearly the whole of it: and yet it is the first separate publication in a connected form, of the whole of these Memoranda. This explanation is due both to the reader and myself.

R. J. B.

Manse of the 2nd P'n. Ch.
Baltimore *Nov. 6th.*, 1844.

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# MEMORANDA, &c.

## CHAPTER I.

Mission Abroad—Departure—Facilities of Intercourse—New York—Incidents.

From a very early period of my life, I have cherished the ardent and increasing desire to visit foreign countries. At length that desire is fulfilled; and yet it is in a manner entirely different from any thing I could possibly have expected; and like most of the important events of the lives of all men, its accomplishment has been brought about by the hand of a good providence, leading me through paths which I knew not of.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, several years since, entered into an arrangement with the Congregational Union of England and Wales, by which Delegates should be statedly interchanged between them. The first delegates on our part, failed to perform the duty assigned them. The delegates from Britain came in 1834; and have laid the result of their observations before the public. I was appointed, in company with another individual, to reciprocate that visit in 1835. Prevented by many opposing circumstances from discharging that delightful duty, I have been again directed by the General Assembly of my church, to perform it in 1836. It is on this mission I go to Britain; a mission most grateful to my heart, and destined to be, I trust, most profitable to myself, even if it should have no higher result.

Although I had for many months looked forward to the commencement of this pilgrimage, and endeavoured to make all things ready for it; yet when the hour to commence it came, very much remained to be done, and every thing seemed to be done in haste and with confusion. Home, friends, country, daily pursuits, and important and pleasant duties, cannot be left as one would change a garment; nor their absence be tranquilly provided for, as a mere affair of business. After long preparation, and every previous arrangement which care could suggest had been fully made, I left Baltimore on the 30th of March, in haste and confusion, as well as in sorrow and heaviness of heart, To Philadelphia the same day; to New York the day following; on board ship the day following that; out to sea immediately; and until we were fairly *at sea*, I seemed to myself to have strangely lost all tranquillity of spirit.

The ship Orpheus, one of the line packets from New York to Liverpool, was under sail a few moments after our party was on board; ten minutes before us, a packet for London; and ten minutes after us, a packet for Havre, were towed out to sea each by a steamboat; our ship towed by a third boat, occupying the centre, and all in full view at the same moment. There are eight of these packet ships leaving New York monthly, for those three cities; and perhaps hardly a day passes without the arrival or departure of vessels from some foreign port, at or from this great mart of commerce for the western hemisphere. How insignificant do our personal destinies appear, so far as earth is concerned, when contemplated in connexion with the gigantic movements which we behold all around us! Amongst these there is one result, exhibited in the facts now stated, as in ten thousand others, which we do not sufficiently notice, but which is amongst the most important of all. These unparalleled facilities of intercourse, are universally seized on with an avidity which increases with the increasing means of its gratification; and as the "many run to and fro," not only will "knowledge increase," but the mutual resemblance of all to a common standard must increase also. It is one of the strongest instrumentalities in making the human race homogeneous, as well as for increasing its aggregate amount of knowledge. Let the follow-

ers of the Lamb look to it, that the leaven, which alone can give proper character to the whole mass, be timely and wisely mixed with it.

As we were towed out to sea through the narrows, as the most direct entrance from the sea into the harbour of New York is called, we had from the ship's deck, a noble view of the city, the bay, and the surrounding shores. The harbour is one of the finest in the world, as well as one of the most accessible; and the position of the city, with reference to our wide spread country, is as fortunate as its situation with regard to foreign trade. Its past growth, its present wealth, extent and enterprise, and its immediate prospect of expanding itself, even beyond all former precedent, gave it, as I gazed upon it, spread out before me to an extent beyond any thing I have yet seen, an interest in my eyes which powerfully moved me. It is, said a beloved friend once to me, the Corinth of our country. May God raise up many a Paul amongst its people!

Several incidents of a painfully exciting character, were crowded on us, within a few hours' space. On the railroad between Camden and Amboy, an ignorant Irish woman let her child, a fine little boy, fall out of the car; and though the little fellow was lucky enough to escape death, which threatened him at the instant, a more painful fate, to himself perhaps, awaited him. For it is nearly incredible to say, that it was not till after the car had gone *fourteen miles*, that it was made known that the child had fallen out; and this, although the apartment from which he fell was full of people, embracing his own mother! A man in the car declared that he saw the child jump up and run after the train; and the mother, two hours after, though still uncertain of the fate of her child, ate a voracious dinner on the Amboy boat. Bah—it makes me sick, to think that human beings are sometimes such brutes.

The following morning, as I was getting my baggage on board the ship, an old man of very respectable appearance, in attempting to come on board, missed his footing and fell from the plank into the hold of an adjoining ship over which he was passing. He was next to me when he fell, caught at me and I at him, to save his life as I thought. Both missed, and he fell sheer down

from the height of the bulwarks into the hold of the ship.—Though much hurt, a good providence kept him; and he seemed likely to do well when I saw him last.

A more personal incident to our ship's company occurred, or was discovered to have occurred, I cannot say which, just as the steamboat which towed us out was about to leave us. Our captain called out to the captain of the steamboat to hold on a moment, till he could get *our steward* from off his boat. The steward as was supposed, had repented of his bargain, pocketed his month's advance, and hid himself on board the steamboat, in the hope of not being missed till it would be too late to reclaim him. But he was missed, claimed, searched for again and again, by the captain of the boat, by the crew, by twenty persons who had come with friends on the ship, and were returning in the boat. He could no where be found; and at length the captain and all aboard the boat, pronounced it impossible that he could be there. Then he had fallen overboard. When we were at lunch, the captain sent a few bottles of wine to those eating on board the boat at the same hour. The steward carried them, and was seen no more. The wind was very strong, and one single plank lay from the quarter deck of one vessel, to that of the other; the noise was great, the bulwarks high and every body occupied. I had seen enough already to be easily convinced that such an accident might well happen.

And now, for the third time within twenty-four hours, I had thus, had death, sudden and violent, brought in terrible contiguity to those who were in common and apparently secure employments; and each one almost in personal contact with myself. And why was it not I? Why not her whose calm and sweet presence is vouched safe to make my wanderings, as well as my home, blessed? The Lord who regards the sparrows as they fall to the earth, unnoticed by all other eyes, has cared for us, and therefore we live and are happy! Through his grace assisting us we will so live, that it shall be gain when we come to die. And I am sure, I have seldom laid my head on my couch, with a stronger feeling of confidence in *His* goodness, and readiness to submit to all his will, than I did the first night I ever passed at sea, after scenes and amid reflections like these.

## CHAPTER II.

Life at Sea—Seamen and their Cause—Navigation, immense progress in perfecting it—The Ship—Sea Sickness—Course of Life—The Watch—The Log—The Ship's Mail—Speaking Ships at Sea—Fireworks.

This life at sea is perfectly new to me; and therefore every thing impresses me more strongly than I was prepared to expect. I will communicate to the reader, if I can, a few of those impressions, which if they are quite familiar to some, will be excused, when it is considered that there are many more to whom they are not less strange than to myself.

The thing that engaged me first, and perhaps most frequently, was the sailors themselves. We have on board, all told, about seventy-five souls; of these about two-thirds are passengers, half of them in the cabin, the other half in the steerage. The ship's company, from the captain down, embraces twenty-three persons. Of these I now speak. And the two thoughts most upon my heart, have been the transcendent importance of the *seaman's cause*, and the extraordinary difficulty of doing for it, and for those directly interested in it, what is so needful to be done. Amongst these twenty souls, there is not, I believe, one that professes any interest in Christ. Indeed the second officer of the ship, a sensible and decent man, told me that in eleven years' service, he had never, to his knowledge, sailed with a single seaman who professed religion. I have made some enquiries, and believe I may confidently say, that this ship left the port of New York without a single Bible, tract, or book of any

kind, provided by her owners, or by any one of the thousands of Christians of New York, for the use of the seamen on board.

And yet this ship is a regular packet, owned by men of ample means, and the day of leaving port must have been known to hundreds of pious persons in that city, weeks before she left it. Yea, to hundreds who give money liberally for all sorts of objects, and are directly interested in Bible, Tract, Missionary, and Seamen's Societies! Is this a specimen of the usual practice of ship owners? Is this a fair sample of the interest ordinarily taken in our ports, in the cause of seamen? If so, here are most important works to be done. The owners are to be interested, and Christians are to be interested, and those individually engaged in the actual work, are to be *more* interested for these neglected men. In what manner their temporal and spiritual welfare can be best promoted, I will not attempt to discuss.—Perhaps by increasing their wages; perhaps by providing amply for the comfort of the disabled and superannuated; by engaging a better class of persons to board them on shore; by forcing ship masters to take boys as apprentices to the business, and teach and control them; by extending the facilities of Bethel preaching. This, however, I pass by, certain that if the Christian public were made to feel their duty on this subject, ways enough would be easily found to accomplish the needful end. That the subject is of vast importance, will be readily admitted, when it is remembered that there cannot be much short of three hundred thousand persons who speak our language alone, excluding all others, who are engaged entirely in navigation! A nation itself, most unique, larger than some to whom foreign missionaries have gone; and every individual amongst them, a missionary himself, of good or ill; and all together a body of missionaries, increasing with the rapidly growing wealth of nations, and visiting year by year every spot of earth, accessible to their keels! For their own sakes, and oh! for the world's sake, we should rouse ourselves up, to the greatness of this subject. I am sure I have never *felt* its magnitude, nor saw its importance as I now do.

There, must, however, have been great improvement of late

years amongst seamen; or the impressions formerly made on the public mind in relation to them, must have been highly exaggerated. *To swear like a sailor*, is a common mode of characterising excessive profanity. And yet I was on board this ship ten days before I heard an oath from one of the crew; I never heard more than two or three, and all of them when the officers were out of hearing; it being forbidden on shipboard. I have heard more obscene, profane, and boisterous language used on shore, by *one gentleman*, in one conversation, many and many a time, than I have heard from all the ship's company, during the whole voyage! It has surprised, delighted me, to see the calm, sedate, respectful aspect of every thing amongst them. Indeed, there is something to me, extremely picturesque in their peculiar dress—movements—tones—every thing. Every sailor wears a long knife, used for a thousand purposes, stuck in a leather scabbard, on his left hip, and belted around his waist; they all wear clothing of the same cut, and usually of the same material, round jacket, wide trowsers, and hat covered with tarred or oiled cloth, low in the crown and wide in the rim; all have the same listless, stooping, straddling gate; the same peculiar short cry or hollow, when at their work; the universal habit of repeating aloud every order they receive. Poor fellows; they seem to me to lead a life of all others, fullest of hardship, and compensated by the most inadequate rewards.

Nothing has felt the power of recent improvement more than practical navigation, and every thing that relates to it. The construction of the chronometer, and the improvement and simplification of the nautical tables, and scientific principles, in daily use on board ship, so immensely increase the means and the amount of knowledge, that ships are navigated with a certainty, confidence, and boldness, unknown till very recently. With his quadrant and nautical almanac, and a single glimpse of the sun at noon, the mariner may rest as confidently in knowing his latitude, as if all the astronomers on earth certified it to him.—And another observation, a few hours before or after the sun is on the meridian, with the aid of his chronometer; and the use of a few simple methods, which, thanks to *our* profound and clear

headed *Bowditch*, a child can comprehend, ascertains his longitude, with equal precision. There are, it is known, other methods; but these which are before my eyes every day, make me feel how it is that our seamen in the certainty of their knowledge, navigate every sea with such confidence, and therefore such speed.

But the ship itself is not less improved, nor the mode of sailing her less changed for the better. Within a few years the figure is so changed, by sharpening before and behind, deepening and curving from the keel upwards, that the power of being forced through the water is increased over one-third. Add to this, that by diminishing the rigging, and increasing the canvass, perhaps one third each, additional force to an immense extent is acquired, to the motive capacity of a vessel; and considering all things, we need no longer be surprised that most voyages by capital vessels, are performed in one-half or two-thirds of the time, required twenty years ago; and with a hundred times the comfort, and far less risk. The railroad is scarcely more in advance of the old rock turnpike, than a first-rate packet of our day, is in advance of the best passenger ships of the era of rock roads. Our beautiful ship, during four days of her passage, went booming over and through the waves, at a rate constantly exceeding *ten miles* the *hour;* and actually made within that period, a thousand miles directly on her course. At this rate Europe and America are within twelve or thirteen days of each other; and indeed the voyage has been several times made within a few days more, that is in fourteen or fifteen days. Can *steam* do any thing much better for us?

The foregoing paragraph was written two years before the arrival of the *Syrius* and the *Great Western*, in the harbour of New York. At present, we may consider the problem of navigating the ocean by steam, fully solved; and so solved, as to afford a certainty, and rapidity of intercourse between distant nations—before unparalleled, nay almost incredible. During my two voyages across the Atlantic, this subject was one of very frequent conversation on board;—and even at so late a period, the almost universal opinion, seemed to be against the probabil-

ity of success, in the experiments which it was understood were about to be made. Indeed, everywhere, those professing to have most practical knowledge of nautical affairs, and those pretending to unusual scientific acquirements, in relation to steam and mechanics—were the very most decided of all—that the ocean never could be navigated by steam. The truth is, the world is indebted for this mighty triumph, this inconceivably grand impulse to the progress of wealth, civilization, and general prosperity—far less to great science and skill, than to great boldness and enterprise. Indeed the bulk of the great achievements of this sort which have illustrated the progress of mankind—have been little else than bold strokes at hazard—or happy hits at peradventure. After complete success is won, your men of science demonstrate how it was that success was inevitable, and your practical men show how it ought to have been done—and then do it over.

I have spoken of our ship as beautiful. And surely nothing which the hand of man has fashioned for his use, is equal to it. I speak not especially of this particular vessel, nor of her consorts, some of which, I am told, are superior to herself in all respects; and what that means may be inferred from what has been said of the performance of this, and from the fact that she cost more than fifty thousand dollars. It is of *the ship*, as the perfection of the useful arts, and the most beautiful and noble of structures, that I now make mention. We have been placed in every variety of situation, to make manifest what she is, and what she can do. For days together, we have been carried so softly through the silent and wide spread waters,—the world of canvass, tier after tier, four or five tiers high, reaching up to a dizzy height, and spread out like the broad white wings of the graceful sea-gulls, that float on the air around us,—that she seemed as inanimate, and listless, and tranquil as the evening clouds that swim in a summer's sky. And then for days again, and for long, black nights, with the winds raging like an excited giant, and the waves trembling and heaving before their wrath; I have seen the same ship so placid before, with a few sails strongly set, and like a horse rushing to the battle, spring into the very

face of the storm, and tread under foot winds and waves, walking onwards, as it seemed, in defiance of the very laws of nature. Or if bidden by the impulse of her slight helm, controlled by a single hand, and imparting almost more than human power, oh! how will she leap away before the wind like the wild birds around her; and spurn beneath her the mountain of waters rearing itself to oppose her progress, and spring without an instant's pause into the chasm, which seems as if it must swallow her up forever! It is a glorious thing. I do not wonder that sailors love their ships.

The motion of the ship is sometimes tremendous. I should suppose a person viewing a ship in a gale of wind, from the shore, would consider her destruction inevitable. It is at such times especially, that the most disagreeable companion of our *first* voyage, besets us the hardest. It is *sea sickness* of which I speak. It is very bad, and all are more or less subject to it; many are never entirely free from it, while on ship-board.— Judging by what I saw, I considered myself rather favourably treated; and yet I suffered very much; and found the usual methods of cure, only (as is not uncommon) aggravations of the disease. It is produced entirely by the motion of the vessel, and the cure consists wholly in becoming accustomed to that motion. All nostrums are worse than useless; especially every kind of stimulent, is a most horrible aggravation of the poor sufferer's condition. Alcohol pollutes every thing, making even sea sickness worse. The symptoms are exceedingly various; which I was not prepared to expect. In most persons, nausea and vomiting are present. But even they are not always united. Some are nauseated to death, but do not vomit; others eat like cannibals, and vomit exceedingly. The only symptom in my own case of great distress, was a sense of excessive fulness in the brain, attended with great giddiness and pain. It is a far more serious and prolonged affair than is usually supposed; and is liable to be renewed on every occurrence of very rough weather. As I have already said, the only cure for it is to become perfectly familiarized to the ship's motion.

I will recount the daily habits of the life on ship-board. Persons usually rise late; breakfast is on the table at nine o'clock.

The table is fastened from one end to the other of the main cabin, with a slender settee, very much resembling a bench in an old fashioned country school, fastened along each side ; with interstices to let one in and out, in the middle of each. A narrow aisle runs on either side, between the settees and the births, which are arranged by couples, each pair being inclosed in a small apartment, and of course private. These arrangements are all in the stern of the ship ; forward of them, is the smaller cabin, with other births similarly arranged. There are, in all, about twenty small apartments, capable of accommodating two persons each. After breakfast, and again after tea, a small party of us get together in the smaller of the two cabins, and try to spend a short season in the social worship of God. When the roughness of the sea does not prevent, these are pleasant hours ; and the unusual number of serious persons, amongst the passengers, makes our proceedings more respectable in the eyes of others, than they would perhaps be, under other circumstances. At twelve o'clock, a lunch of cold meats, &c., is spread ; at four dinner is on the table ; at eight tea ; at eleven, frequently another collation, being the fifth meal, closes the day ; and by or before midnight, the ship is quiet ; all but the watch on deck (that is always *half* the crew) *turned in*, and every light on board except that at the binnacle, by which the ship is steered, extinguished. Eating, it will be seen, makes the greatest item in the daily business of voyagers. And it is marvellous to see how much people *can eat* when they undertake it as an *affair ;* and how completely provision for the animal ingrosses the attention of persons, who are surrounded by so much, that if any thing could, would make us disregard the ordinary wants of nature. This, though a great is not the worst evil. I think our company of passengers, is considered rather more sedate and temperate than usual; owing perhaps to the number being somewhat smaller, and a larger portion of them than is common, being females, and professors of religion. And yet I never saw more steady drinking amongst respectable people. There are four kinds of wine, and nearly as many of liquors, constantly before us ; and some of them freely used, at least once, often three

times every day. This is a very great outrage; and is not only without excuse, but is an absolute imposition, by the owners of these packets, on the temperate public. And one too, that is perfectly sordid; for I find it is universal to ship their crews on temperance principles, putting in all their shipping articles, that no grog shall be served out on board. And yet they ship their passengers even against their wills, in such a way, as at once to defraud them, and make them accessary to what they totally disapprove. I understood, before taking passage, that persons might enter expressly as temperance passengers; that this was the common understanding amongst all these fine ships; and that a difference was made, in such cases, in the price of the passage. That is, that those who chose to be sober and abstemious, could be so, without paying a fine of twenty dollars each, as a bonus to ship owners, to tempt us all to intemperance.—But on paying our passage, I was told the arrangement had been changed. For a short period, passengers who drank nothing, were carried for one hundred and twenty dollars; those furnished with intoxicating drinks of all kinds, for twenty dollars more. Now, all must pay the hundred and forty dollars, and drink or not, as they think proper. One thing at least, besides entire disregard of principle, is revealed in this. The temperance cause has become too strong to allow the distinction to continue! It is a blessed truth, and I hail and record this new and peculiar testimony to its reality. I ought to say, which I do with great pleasure, that drinking has not in any case been carried as far as decided intoxication; and that there is much less dissipation of all kinds amongst the passengers, than I am led to believe is common. I record as points of manners merely, that the two most decided eaters and drinkers amongst us are Englishmen, one of them a clergyman of the Established Episcopal church, and apparently a sensible and worthy man. I also mention with sorrow, that an English lady has been at the head of most of the card playing on board. I may be considered fastidious in expressing surprise and shame, also, that when another lady, (a young American,) expressed great regret that there was not a chess-board on board, the clergyman alone was

found to have provided himself for such an exigency. I do not believe, as I took the liberty to say at the time, that Saul of Tarsus ever travelled with a chess-board in his luggage!

The interstices of time are filled up by such employments, as the persons themselves find most agreeable; or by such daily occurrences as a life on ship can afford. Of the latter kind are many not without interest, at least to those as ignorant, and as desirous of being informed in regard to them, as myself. The twenty-four hours are divided into six watches of four hours each: and the ship's crew into two equal companies which take charge of the vessel, under a proper officer, alternately for a watch at a time. Four hours out of every eight, every sailor is on duty; and this, or some equivalent arrangement is, I am told, universal in all sea service. These watches begin at twelve, and go regularly round by four hours each. There is placed at the wheel where the pilot stands, a compass by which he steers, and a clock of peculiar structure, by which he ascertains the half hours in his watch. Before him is a bell; near the prow of the ship is one still larger; and at each half hour the man at the helm, day and night, strikes his, and the watch in front strikes his in return; each striking the number of half hours their watch is advanced. Thus at twelve o'clock the watch is set, at half past twelve one bell is struck, at one o'clock the bell is twice struck, &c., till eight bells are struck, and the watch changed. The effect is peculiar, and in the dead of night very impressive.

Every two hours, when the ship is in motion—the log is thrown. A man stands with a sand glass—which is set to fourteen seconds. Another stands with a quantity of twine as large as a quill, spooled on a mammoth spool; with a mark every four fathoms (twenty-four feet)—and a triangular section of plank, a few inches across, loaded with lead along one edge and fastened to the twine, by a cord from each angle, in such a way, that when in the water it will hang with one angle up, but when strongly pulled, one cord will pull out, and let it fall on its face. An officer stands with this triangle, and a coil of twine in his hand; he throws it over the bulwarks into the sea—the glass is started—the spool is held up, like I have often, when a child,

held one for my sisters—the twine, when the ship is under full sail, rushes off with astonishing rapidity; the sand is out, the reel is stopped, the twine is held fast, the resistance of the sea unrigs the triangle, and falling on its face, it is easily drawn in by the slender thread that holds it. So many fathoms in fourteen seconds; and the officer sings out, so many *knots an hour;* fourteen seconds bearing the same proportion to an hour, as twenty-four feet to a mile. It is by this frail and imperfect instrument, that what is called dead reckoning is chiefly kept; and in the absence of better instruments, and some good degree of knowledge, it is by it that many navigators still guess at their true position at sea. They keep a good lookout, ask every ship they meet, for latitude and longitude, work dead reckoning, and guess for the balance. Poor fellows, it is more their employers' fault than theirs; in not giving them better wages, and better instruments, thus affording at once, means and inducements to knowledge. For I believe any man of good natural sense, who is able to read, if furnished with Bowditch's Navigator, the Nautical Almanac, a good Chronometer and good instruments and charts, could learn the *scientific* part of mere navigation, in the spare hours of one voyage to Europe and back. The whole world is interested in this, in many ways; as the whole world is interested in every thing that gives certainty and celerity to the intercourse of nations, security to human life, and respectability to all useful callings.

The opening of the ship's mail gave me, from a new source, a most vivid idea of the great and increasing intercourse between America and Britain; as well as some notices, which it were well if all those who send letters and papers by ship, could profit by. About the tenth day out, as sweet a spring day as ever blessed the world, and made glad, every creature that has the principle of life within it—the captain resolved to assort his mail. I had supposed *his mail*, might amount to a few hundred letters —and perhaps a bushel or two of newspapers, at the most. I had many *sealed* letters given me by American friends—some on their own affairs, some kindly written to friends in Great Britain, on my behalf. The penalty on private persons is enormous for

bearing such letters, as I learn, to England; at any rate, I am a law abiding man. So I sorted my letters; and when I went on deck to hand them to the captain, that they might go with the ship's letters, I was absolutely appalled to see, scattered in all directions, a quantity of letters, papers, and packages, that would fill, perhaps, three carts! Six thousand letters only! And yet an unusually small mail! And yet only the mail for one single week between New York and Liverpool; for a packet had preceded, and another would follow us every eight days, between those cities, both ways. The average packet mail, weekly each way, is said to be little short of ten thousand letters, exclusive of countless hundreds of papers, &c. The sorting of such a mail is a very serious matter, and besides the worthy captain, post master, (*Ira Bursley*, as true a yankee as ever that "*universal nation*" produced,) every passenger that could get at it, and had a taste for such employment, was busy with the mail, one whole forenoon; and got half done! The handling of the letters was none of the tenderest; nor the remarks on the contents of some that accidently came open, such as the writers would probably have liked to hear. I mention as a point of manners, that the young American girl, whom I spoke of before, and near whom I chanced to be sitting, when a young Englishman, (by the way, a very worthy gentleman) from one of the British North American provinces, offered her an open letter from the mail, which he was reading; delicately and positively refused to read or hear it! I was struck and gratified with this evidence of natural and strong propriety, in my young countrywoman; and very pointedly commended it. It were well that letters were folded and sealed with an eye to such occurrences. And I should suppose, the strongest motives would long ago have induced the public authorities in both countries, to place captains of such vessels on a footing of public responsibility commensurate with their gains, which are several hundred dollars each trip, by letters only; (two pence on each letter carried to England, and one cent on each brought to America); and bearing some proportion to the immense public and private interests involved.

While engaged in sorting the mail, a vessel on our starboard

ide, which had been visible some hours, coming to the westward, egan to draw very nigh; and a sail far off on the other quarter, vhich we had seen for some time, running parallel with our ourse, and in the same direction, began also to turn more towards us. We tried to speak the starboard ship; she proved to e a Spanish vessel, and had only English enough on board, to sk us to tell her where she was. The other ship turned out to e the Sampson, which left the port of New York, for London, it the same time we sailed. And it is a remarkable evidence of he exactness of the principles on which skilful men navigate ships, that both these, though both were blown very much off heir true and usual course, should have been navigated so preisely alike, as to be found exactly at the same spot, and at the ame moment, after sailing over twelve hundred miles. In the urry of putting up the mail to speak the Spaniard, a puff of wind caught a handfull of letters, and carried them overboard. They were of course lost. How many, no one knew; some said two, some three, some far more; that is not material. They were the tokens of true affection; the bearers of most important information; the heralds of blessed tidings, long, long looked for! What, were they not, that handfull of lost papers: so carefully prepared, so far borne, so anxiously looked for, so instantly and forever destroyed of their purpose! What might they not have been; and what the issues dependent on them, and differently resolved by reason of their fate! I bent over the ship's bulwarks and watched them, as long as the eye could distinguish even the spot where they seemed to be; and made the case my own, in all its possible contingencies, until the heart grew sick. Oh! what a privilege, in its price above rubies, is it in such a mood, to turn our eyes to Heaven, and *feel* that he who is upon that exalted throne, is capable of being touched with a sense of our infirmities, and so cares for us, as that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered!

I may as well mention here, that on the seventeenth day out, we fell in again with the Sampson, just at that point where our courses separated. We had sailed by this time, about two thousand five hundred miles, and had altered our time about

three and a half hours; a difference of fifteen degrees of longitude on the earth's surface, creating always a difference of one hour in time. On this occasion we came near enough to speak the Sampson, and almost at that instant the bells of both ships struck the hour. Another and most beautiful proof of the exact accuracy of the scientific methods, and the perfect skill in their use, on board both ships. For the time-piece on each had been rectified by solar observations, and calculations, more or less intricate, fifteen or sixteen times, independently of each other. It was very pleasant too, thus to meet, far off in the wide ocean; and the passengers of both ships thronged the quarter decks, and bent over the guards, and waved hats and handkerchiefs in the air, in cordial greeting. It was just at dusk, and sky rockets and fire works were thrown from each ship, and exhibited from their bowsprits and sterns. It was a most picturesque sight, and one which took us all very much by surprise. Fire works got up in the twinkling of an eye, far out at sea, on two ships! Nothing has surprised me more than the perfect and ample preparations of these packets, for every sort of possibility that might occur. These fire works are provided, I suppose, in case of need, as signals. But as I have said, every thing is foreseen and provided for.

But on this occasion, there were several drawbacks to our gratification. It was the Sabbath evening, that holiest, sweetest, most profitable of our hours; it was Sabbath twilight; alas! how utterly disregarded!—One of the rockets, the first one, caught in our rigging, and exploded on the quarter deck. The captain was alone to blame, if such a word is proper. But he lost his temper, turned about to find some object to explode upon, and lighting first on the second mate, treated him like a dog, and utterly without reason. I am half tempted to retract the good opinion I have formed of him. Or is it of the very nature of irresponsible power, to be insolent, audacious and unjust, when wielded by poor, erring, sinful men? The whole world, like this poor mate, have had lessons enough, and sharp enough; and yet how loath they seem to learn this simple truth, so deeply fraught with the destinies of mankind!

## CHAPTER III.

The Sea—Its Temperature—The Gulph Stream—Depth of the Sea—Its Colour—Its Phosphorescence—Its Beauty—Mariners' Compass—Its Variation, &c.

Of all things around us at sea, the thing of most intense and constant interest, undoubtedly is the sea itself. As a subject of enquiry in the way of knowledge, and as an object of unparalleled impression in the way of mental enjoyment, it spreads itself out before the voyager, in perpetual and irresistible attraction.

As long as a line six hundred feet deep will reach the bottom, that is, in a hundred fathom water, the ship is said to be on soundings. This is nearer or more remote from land in various degrees, at every different point; but generally on soundings, the temperature of the sea is about forty or forty-five degrees of Farenheit's thermometer. The average temperature of the sea off soundings, is exceedingly equible at about sixty degrees on the same scale, every where and at all seasons. But there is one remarkable exception to this in the great gulph stream. After leaving New York, we were becalmed, or nearly so, several days, on soundings; after which we were driven by a strong easterly gale, down to nearly the thirty-seventh degree of north latitude. Our true course from thence made our track lay further south than usual, and kept us for many days in the gulph stream. This extraordinary current, sets out of the gulph of Mexico, northward along the American coast, at a distance varying exceedingly, but usually about eighty miles from shore,

until it reaches about the forty-second degree of latitude. Here it turns by a rapid curve to the eastward; and dilating itself on the bosom of the deep, spreads out to an irregular and indefinite breadth; reaching before it is lost in the sea, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles in width. It stretches itself two-thirds of the way across the great western ocean, and is lost, before you reach the islands called Azores. This current runs at a rate varying from two to three miles an hour when the wind is as usual; but it is often increased by it, to four and five miles. The temperature of the sea, in the gulf stream, is at least ten degrees warmer than any where else. The air is milder and softer over it. The sea weeds drifting along it, and the numerous sea crabs, and *Portuguese men of war*, (as the sailors call a singular little creature that looks like a bubble of white or blue glass) constantly floating by, and the little sea birds that trail after the ship, and the large gulls with snow white wings tipped at the end with jet black, that float so gracefully on the air; every thing indeed seems to feel that it is a sweet and genial track, strung like a golden thread through these mighty waters; and every thing rejoices, the moment it touches its enchanted edge. There are very various opinions as to the causes of this current. If I may briefly state one, I would say, it is produced by the constant action of the trade winds, one line of which (the south-east) coming from about the Cape of Good Hope, and the other (the north-west) springing up off the African coast, about the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude, and meeting at a tolerably sharp angle, about the equator, off the coast of South America; necessarily force the waters of the ocean, into that direction, which their forces when resolved would give. This drives them into the gulph of Mexico, at its south-eastern extremity; and heaping them up, as is well known, to the height of many feet, (*fourteen*, sometimes, if my memory is accurate,) above the general level of the ocean; drives them out at the opposite corner, around the Peninsula of Florida, to restore the great equilibrium.

The *depth* of the sea, is an unsettled problem: and all attempts to resolve it, as yet, have failed. The thought is perhaps fanci-

ful, though not destitute of a certain accordance with what we know of the extraordinary adaptedness of all parts of God's works to all other parts, that the sea's bottom, is a counterpart of the earth's surface; reaching perhaps to a greater depth, than any corresponding height of rocks or mountains—in the degree, that the sea's surface is broader than the land's, and its gravity specifically less. It is not out of keeping with the truest modern science, to suppose that the deluge which the Bible records, subsided upon what was the fair, peopled earth before, with all its greatness and all its crimes; and that we post-deluvians, abide on what was before, the profound depths of the sea. The subject is exceedingly curious. As I stand and look intently at the sea, when it is most agitated, the impression I receive is, that its waves are extremely superficial; and that at a comparatively small depth, the waters are perfectly tranquil, and fixed in their mighty caverns.

I was not prepared to expect the wonderful and perpetual changes in the colour of the sea, which are surprisingly great and beautiful. The action of the winds, and still more the force of the ship through the waves, produce amidst the broken waters, not only the most fantastic shapes consistent with perfect grace; but the most varied and peculiar combinations of three or four beautiful colours; white, green, black, gray, all of several shades. But this is not what I allude to. The whole surface of the sea is constantly changing its colour. Sometimes it is nearly green, again quite blue, and presently it startles you by almost perfect blackness. If I had ever heard this fact, it had escaped me; and for many days I sought in vain for the cause. At length I discovered, that the apparent colour of the sea's surface was really the reflected colour of whatever hung above it. The bright heavens, the clear sun-shine, the "deep blue noon of night," the clouds, the long shadow of the vessel; the sea reflects back again, every colour that chance throws upon its face. Too faithful emblem—I could not but sigh—of a thousand hearts, too sensative to impressions which they had no power to resist; and misconstrued by those who look idly upon the surface only. Sweet and enchanting picture, of what every heart should be, in its intercourse with heaven: exhibiting a constant image of the

face of God; and changing, if need be, to all things else, unalterable in the fidelity and the delighted truth, with which it reflects impressions from the skies!

I had in some way got the idea, that, what is called the *phosphorescence* of the sea, was in no sense constant; but only an occasional thing. It is far otherwise, if my experience, and method of accounting for it, be correct. When the waves are agitated in the dark, they emit sparks precisely like the electric spark; only much larger than that commonly is. I have seen the broken waters covered with light, as the ship ploughed through them; and the waves behind the vessel emitting a stream of light, far in the rear. Sometimes, when the night is dark, and the waves very much agitated by cross seas; the tops of them sparkle like a galvanic battery, in every direction. The light is undoubtedly electric; and although the state of the atmosphere may materially affect the generation of the fluid; and the sparks may be visible only in the dark, yet these are merely accidental circumstances, and the cause is to be sought elsewhere. The various salts contained in the sea water, the water itself, and the mechanical action of the wind, or the ship, or both, constitute unitedly a natural electrical apparatus, which is singularly beautiful in its operations. I first saw this phenomenon, several years ago, in our noble Chesapeake bay; and it was then confidently stated, by those who pretended to know, that a certain sea plant, broken by the vessel, produced the sparks; and that the occurrence was rare. I was silly enough, though I did not believe this, to enquire no further into the matter at that time. I think there can be no reasonable doubt, that the truth is as I have now stated it. And indeed what seems to me to require a kind of explanation to excuse my stating it, may be, after all, a fact familiar to the learned. If so, I ask their pardon; if not, they are my debtors.

But it is the impression of the sea, as one grand object, upon us, that is the most remarkable. And although this impression must be very great on all; it is curious to observe how exceedingly different it is, on different persons. I think on most persons, the strongest feeling is of its vastness; and it is vast, immeasur-

ably vast. And yet, I can remember to have experienced this feeling, far more intensely, over and over again, on the tops of our highest and wildest mountains; than I have on any occasion at sea. On others, in the midst of the ocean, the prevailing feeling is that of the inexpressible solitude of the place; and this is also real, sometimes to an oppressive degree. But here again I can recall my past feelings, in the midst of the interminable forests of my native west, with hardly a tree amiss, when I was first permitted to roam through them; and there, far more than here, have I felt the solemn stillness of the silent reign of God. Many individuals when at sea, are continually overpowered with a sense of terror; and tremble at every change of those tremendous elements, which reign in such might around us. On my own mind and heart, the impression constantly uppermost, is of the unparalleled *beauty* of the sea. I have no conceptions of beauty, no images of grace stowed away in the memory, no ideas of glorious majesty, in that which did not live; that have not been put to shame.

There is no difference, as to the condition of the sea; in every possible condition, there is unexpressible beauty; it is but the varying manifestation of the same peerless object. I have seen it lie and bask under the bright sunshine, with a face as placid as a sleeping infant's, under the beaming love of a mother's eye; and my very heart has melted before the exquisite type of perfect loveliness, in repose. Then there is at other times, when to a casual look, the sea seems still and perfectly calm; if you will look long and closely, a deep, wide undulation, that does not ripple the surface, but moves the whole, with a gentle and yet profound heaving of the deep waters. It is like the bosom of a lovely woman in her dreams, heaving with suppressed, yet pure, deep and sustained emotion. As I have watched these motions, pregnant with grace, it seemed impossible to resist the feeling, that the spirit of life must dwell beneath such charms. And so indeed it does. His voice who is life, is that, which having heard they live; and they still live on, animated by the same indwelling vitality! In their highest rage, they return obedient to its almighty influence; and their very fury is only the beauty of an

enraged Appollo. When in their madness they lash the clouds, there is no movement of overwhelming might, which is not redolent of beauty also. It is all beauty. It is in every movement, and in all circumstances, surpassing beauty. What a zone of glory, cast about our vile earth! What an image of his exaltation who holds it all, in the hollow of his hand! What a proof of our corruption, that even *this*, must be purged by fire, since we have polluted it!

A hundred times during the day and night, you will hear the captain or one of the mates demand of the man at the wheel, which controls the helm;—"how do you head now?"—"East sir"—"east by north"—"north, north-east"—"east by south"—"south, south-east;" or some such answer, indicating our general course. This is universally followed by some slight order, either to change the course a little, or to do some small thing, or to abstain from doing it; and whatever the command—it is not only obeyed, but *repeated* aloud. If the captain says "luff"—the pilot repeats "luff sir"—and does it; or if he commands—"keep her off"—the other repeats "keep her off sir." So fixed is this habit, that when a direct repetition of an order would in any case seem rather unsuitable, he who receives it, replies by a short, quick utterance of the words "aye aye, sir."

The *compass* is the living spirit of the ship; and by it every thing is made to operate, to the very uttermost point. It is to the world almost, what the printing press is to individuals; its invention was to the nations, what the invention of printing was to each person in particular. And yet there is a very remarkable difference in the progress of these inventions. One has been pushed nearly to absolute perfection; the other is not only just where it was, but successive discoveries have only revealed successive defects in it, which seem innate and irremediable. The most singular of these is the variation of the compass, about which so little, except masses of contradictory facts, is known to us. Columbus first discovered that in certain circumstances, the needle did not point directly to the pole; this is called its variation, and presents a very remarkable, and difficult subject of enquiry. The variation appears to be not only irregular, but

totally inconstant. At places where the variation was considerable, a century ago, east of north; it is now considerable west of north; or the reverse. The Cape of Good Hope is an example of this. In many other places it seems entirely capricious; at New Orleans, is somewhat east of north; at Charleston, South Carolina, there is no variation at all; at New York, it is somewhat west of north. From that point it increases all the way across the Atlantic; until when you reach the coast of Ireland, you find it nearly three entire points of the compass, exceeding a twelfth part of the circumference of the earth. This would seem to render the instrument itself almost useless in many situations; and but for the perfection of the practical knowledge, which from charts and past experience, teaches the mariner the actual variation, at the place he may chance to be, he would doubtless be often in immense peril, from the errors of his compass. But in addition to this, the simple and accurate results of scientific investigation, give him the means of ascertaining for himself, the actual variation at any given point.—Thus he knows that the sun sets at the precise west, but a few times each year. Its distance from that point at the moment of setting, is called its amplitude; an observation by the compass at that instant, will give him the *apparent* amplitude of the sun; and the ample and elaborate nautical tables, will furnish him with its *real* amplitude, at the spot and hour. The *difference* is the variation of the needle. To know precisely the error of his compass, is the next thing to knowing that it is right. And as science has not been competent to discover, or to construct any thing for the navigator, answering the latter part of that description; it has laid him under nearly equal obligations, and given an illustrious proof of its own resources, by teaching him the reality of its weakness, and the extent of its error.

The progress of opinion, we hardly dare to call it knowledge, upon this whole subject, has been exceedingly slow; and of all subjects so long, so laboriously, and so minutely examined—*Magnetism*, and especially that portion of it relating to the variation and the dip of the needle, is amongst the most difficult and perplexed. Whether there be four poles, two poles or no poles at

all; if there be any poles, whether they be stationary, or whether they revolve, and if the latter, how, and in what period, and around what, and in what position with reference to the poles of the earth, and in what relation to each other; nay whether the earth itself be not a great magnet, or at least whether it be not coated by a great magnetic shell, or whether this surprising influence resides merely on its surface: the relations of magnetism to temperature; nay, every part of the subject, beyond a few very simple facts, is involved, and uncertain to a degree, which, however the philosopher may blush to own, the candid enquirer may soon convince himself of, if he will seek to obtain clear and fixed ideas about it. A bare inspection of the diagrams of Biot, or the tables of Hansteen, will cool if not shock the common student.

On the twentieth day out, we found ourselves in the mouth of the Channel. The Lord has kept, preserved and blessed us; not only in sparing our lives, and speeding us on our way, but allowing us many mercies which are not usual in our circumstances. Amongst these we rank the society of some who love his name, on the voyage; and the liberty to be present at public worship, each of the three Sabbath days we have spent on board the ship; on two of which I was permitted to speak to a small company of my fellow-worms, of the unsearchable riches of his love. Verily he has been good to us; and we will bless his holy name.

## CHAPTER IV.

Conclusion of the Voyage—Southern Coast of Ireland—Loss of the Albion—Cork—Emigrants from the South of Ireland—Factions—Characteristic Anecdotes—Tuscar Rock—Mouths of the Channels—Gale of Wind—Holy Head—Anglesea—The Pilot—Liverpool.

We were seated around the breakfast table, on the morning of the nineteenth day out, when the first mate came into the cabin, and announced that land was in full view, a few miles off. It proved to be the head-land called Mizen-head, near the south-west corner of Ireland; just behind which lies the little village of Baltimore, which gave title to that nobleman, after whom our monumental city is called.

The title I believe is extinct;—and the village itself of no note; while the hamlet that was named in compliment to both—is already the third city of our republic—and destined to incalculable greatness. As these facts passed over my memory—I thought they afforded a strong illustration of the mighty results, which mankind have a right to expect from America. If we are faithful to our great destiny, they will not be disappointed.

In a few hours we made *Cape Clear* rock and light,—on the most southern and western point of Ireland. Through that day and night, and till ten o'clock of the day following, we were sailing steadily and gently along the southern shore of this renowned island. From Cape Clear on the west, to *Carnsore point* on the east, must be a hundred and fifty miles;—along one of the boldest and most striking coasts in the world. We

were permitted to see it under very favourable circumstances. The wind was from the north-west, in which direction the coast shelters the sea ; which was therefore smooth as a lake of glass, although to the south of us, broad off, lay the vast Atlantic, extending to the pole itself. The day was clear—the breeze soft —the ship as quiet as if reposing at ease and in triumph, after her great and noble toils. When night came on, a clear moon, nearly at her first quarter, and the bright stars, gave a softness to the scenery most grateful to the feelings, after many days spent in contemplating other objects. Such a day and such a night, can be no true specimen, of the climate of Britain ; or else no climate has ever been more slandered.

The entire coast of Ireland is singularly beautiful. It is entirely destitute of trees, even of shrubs, and stands up nakedly and boldly to meet the whole power of the vast waves that dash against it evermore. At intervals of a few miles, are immense rocks, detached from the shore, and projected into the sea—black and serrated ; over which, and against which, the long waves dash themselves, even when the sea is least agitated. All beings, down to the most humble animal that has life—present in their sports and amusements, the true images of their serious business and strongest impulses. So these waves, even when they smile upon these ramparts of everlasting rock—ever and anon, smite upon their towering crowns; and they in turn frown darkly, in the midst of the capricious merriment of the treacherous sea.

From the deck of the ship the coast is distinctly visible, with a good glass. The country appears to be highly cultivated ;— seamed in all directions with dark coloured lines of stone wall, which divide it into very small lots: and sprinkled along with dwelling houses of moderate dimensions—apparently all built of stone, and whitewashed. Scattered thickly along the clifts, and mingling strangely with these emblems of life and occupation, are to be seen, on almost every head-land, the ruined castles, of a former, and different age. These are extremely striking, as they lie against the horizon, on the very tops of the rocks, shooting up in general, a single square tower of stone, to a con-

siderable height. Monuments of a past age, hardly surviving their departed fellows, and lingering amidst the crowds of another era, that push them out of life. It is like the lip of departing age, touching for the last time, the illuminated brow of childhood,—ready to depart and be seen no more forever, in the place that once knew it so well! And the divine word came wonderfully over my spirit; one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh! I saw it in all its power, for the first time, written on the earth before me!

About forty miles up the coast, from Cape Clear, we were in full view of *Kinsale* (or Kingsail) light, which stands on a head land jutting boldly into the sea; and forming a small bay, to the westward of the promontory. In this little retired spot, which looks so smilingly to-day, as the waters sleep in the sunshine, the ship Albion was lost, and all on board, except, I believe, one passenger, perished. This sad occurrence happened fourteen years ago, this month. But it is still fresh in the public mind; and lying in the very path of these packets (the Albion was one) as its site does, it affords a sad memento, to all who shall pass by the solemn spot. It is a short and heartrending tale. On the sixteenth day from New York she made land, near Kinsale; stood in to see what the land was; got too near—spread all sail, to get off—had her masts carried away—became unmanageable, and drifted on the rocks. If she had drifted a few hundred yards farther west, the lives of all on board might possibly have been saved. If she had kept a little more off, then there had been no danger. If she had not pressed so much sail, she might after all have escaped. On what trifles, and they under the absolute control of others, do our destinies hang? How inscrutable are the ways of God!

Along the coast a few miles eastward of this sad spot, is the entrance of *Cork* harbour; about seven miles up is the Cove of Cork; and as many more, perhaps, the city itself. The mouth of the inlet, is less than a mile wide; and presents a most inviting retreat, upon the most exposed and iron bound coast in the world. The city is one of the largest in Ireland—and exceedingly important to Britain, in a commercial and military point of

view; especially with reference to her vast foreign possessions. It is a great point of emigration to the United States; and well deserves to be famous amongst us. Multitudes of the most ignorant and ferocious of mankind, emigrate from the southern and western counties of Ireland annually to America; and this city gives name to one of those bloody factions, which under the appellations of *Corkonians* and *Fardowns* divide the lowest classes of Irish Catholics in that distant land; and continually disturb the public tranquillity, with their fierce and brutal affrays. Victims themselves of the most abject ignorance and debasing superstition, they carry terror into every land where they are found as emigrants; and seem to value the liberty which they acquire in other climes, chiefly as it gives scope for the free exercise of those horrid passions which have been kindled in their own. The world furnishes nothing like them.

A characteristic anecdote implicating one of these worthies, occurred during our passage. I mentioned formerly, that we had about twenty-five steerage passengers; they are all foreigners, and except two women and two children, are all men; some of them advanced in life. Take them all, say about twenty men, and it would be hard to match them, for the general wretchedness of their appearance; strong, hale, young and vigorous, yet filthy, miserable and squalled. The most respectable in appearance, an old and palsied man, had four sovereigns, (nearly twenty dollars) stolen from him. The question was, how to find out the thief. Forward came Pat, and vowed that he knew an infallible method to detect him. He had often tried it; always with success.—It was to take a key, and place it over the sixteenth verse of the first chapter of Ruth; then shut the Bible tight on it; and let the man who lost the money, hold it in his hands, and repeat the name of every person suspected.—At the name of the guilty person, according to Pat, the Bible would twist round in the holder's hands. The experiment was tried; failed of course. But it was fully successful in the way intended. For attention was thus mis-directed; and Pat or his colleague, gained time to conceal what he probably knew far more about than the key could tell him. Yet he swore the

mode was infallible; only he had forgotten the exact verse, perhaps; and used a wrong one.

Passing slowly up the coast, we left Waterford, so famous in the long and bloody wars between the English and Irish, under our lea; and came rapidly up with Tuscar, which stands off Carnsore, spoken of above, as the south-eastern point of Ireland. It is a barren rock, containing nothing but a light-house, rearing itself up in the midst of the sea, in the very gorge of Saint George's channel. From the outer corner of Ireland, on the south-west, obliquely across to the north-western angle of France, which is several hundred miles, soundings are found all the way, at moderate depths. Three channels empty themselves upon this wonderful lap of the sea; which seems as if it was spread out to receive the whole commerce of the world. The English Channel bears off to the south of east, dividing the continent of Europe from the British Isles. Nearly in the centre, Bristol Channel goes up deep into England, on the south of Wales. And bearing up north of east, St. George's Channel separates Ireland from England, Scotland and Wales. Up this last, our way to Liverpool lies; and we may say we are in St. George's Channel after we have passed Tuscar rock.

Just twenty-four hours after making land, we passed Tuscar, not only like, but in a whirlwind. The wind hauled round to the west and blew a gale; the *fifth* since we came on board; but luckily all but one in our favour. From Tuscar to Holy-Head is eighty-six miles; we ran it in seven hours, with an atmosphere so dark as to limit our horizon to the narrowest compass, and a hurricane from the south-west whizzing around us. We passed Holy-Head within pistol shot; and when I beheld its tall, black, naked sides, springing up twelve or fifteen hundred feet nearly perpendicularly above the waves, I could comprehend the feelings of our captain, as he contemplated with rapture its well known features, struggling into form through the mist; and pronounced it, with emphasis, the most remarkable head-land in the world. It is at least, a magnificent pile of living rock. We careered past it in less time than I have taken to name it. In a little while the light house and rocky islands

called Skerries, were far behind; and we turned pretty sharply to the eastward, and bore away for the light on Point *Linus*, (as the sailors call it, or *Elianus*, as written,) which is the northernmost corner of the Isle of Anglesea. This is the ancient Mona, so famous as the seat of the Druids. Night came on; the wind increased; the rain beat, in drops as large and cold as hail-stones. We were on the cruising ground of the Liverpool pilots, and we had hardly struck it one bell, before we saw the little pilot boat, with its single tapering mast, and its three queer looking sails, all set, coming right off the shore, upon our beam, in utter contempt of wind and waves! Nothing has seemed to me more admirable than the skill and speed, with which our ship now booming through the waters, at a tremendous rate, was instantly brought too: and standing, nearly immoveable, in the midst of the furious elements, waited for the daring little vessel to reach us through the storm. It was like a noble and high mettled horse suddenly reduced to obedience by the well known voice of one whom he delighted to obey. The Pilot boat came round under our stern; saluted our captain by name, passed up on the lee side, and cast off a little dark looking boat, which danced on the waves like a nut shell; our pilot was in it; and in five minutes he stood on our quarter deck. He was a short, broad, tough looking little fellow, nearly as wide in the back as two men, and so short that he had to rise on his toes to peep over our bulwarks. The little boat that had boarded us, held on till they received a piece of salt beef and another of pork, both raw, and several bottles of spirit, *a perquisite of all their craft;* and then drifting under our stern, pulled to windward, and hailed the pilot boat. She had by this time passed round our poop, and turning before the wind, bore down and took up the boat; and stretching her sails before the wind was in ten minutes concealed by the darkness, from our view. She had passed entirely round us, and then departed in the very opposite direction, from the one on which she came to us. This was done when the wind was raging with incredible fury, and the waves running fearfully high; done in a little ill fashioned, slight, and rather mean look-

ing vessel; done as a thing of course, without noise, or even apparent effort, and in an incredibly short space of time.

Our pilot was clad in a suit of lion skin, and over that a suit of oil-cloth. He doffed his upper garment, solaced his inner man with a stiff drink, and put the ship in trim to lay too during the night. There we lay for twelve hours; when by taking advantage of the high tide, and a strong breeze, we ran up to Liverpool; and about noon, on that day three weeks, that we unloosed from the dock at New York, were safely made fast here. We set sail, and landed on *Friday:* a day of ill repute amongst seamen. We had two clergymen, and nine ladies in our company: all of them harbingers of all ill, on board ship, if sailors are to be credited. And yet we had a very *fair* passage, as the phrase goes; and many, very many reasons to know that the good hand of the Lord was stretched out over us, by all the way in which he led us!

# CHAPTER V.

Suggestions and Advice to Travellers—Purposes and Emotions on entering England—First Impressions—Custom House—Human Wretchedness—Currency and Laws.

It cannot be out of place here to make two suggestions which seem to be called for, in regard to the past and the future. One will put us on a perfectly clear footing with our readers: the other will be of service to them if they meditate a foreign voyage.

We will speak of the last, first; and in so doing, we may say that the sum of all wisdom in a traveller is contained in two very simple directions. The first is, *judge every thing for yourself: see* it, if it is to be judged by sight; *feel* it, if that is the mode of trying it; get at the real truth for yourself, and in person. There is no deception that will not be practised on you; no falsehood is too gross, to act, or to speak; no meanness too flagrant to descend to, in order to take you in. Now you may submit to as much of all this as you please; you will be obliged to submit to a great deal, both at home and abroad; and it is the best way to get along perhaps. All I say is, *know the truth;* and then do as your feelings, prudence, or principles dictate. If you want a berth on a ship, go see the ship; speak to the Captain; see the roll of the ship. By the nearest guess I can make, there were a dozen falsehoods *acted* and *told*, on this one head, in regard to one berth on our ship. There was an agent who took it; oh! the agent misunderstood the Captain;

oh! we misunderstood the agent. Here you must submit to this inconvenience about it; *all* do it! Presently you find very few do it. Oh! it was a mistake, all do it—*but* this, or that person! You *once* had (*while in port*) clean curtains and a nice new carpet; now all are both old and dirty. Oh! all packets do it: all the berths are so. After a while you find, clean and nice things, in number such an one;—oh! that is only Mr. so and so. And so on to the end of the chapter. Believe me reader, when I beg you, if you meditate a departure from your country and friends—to be satisfied that no one else, is to be so far believed, as to prevent you from knowing for yourself, whatever can be known.

Now this leads me, directly to add, what I suppose is indispensible after what has been said; namely, let no man be ashamed of ignorance; nor of any thing necessary and proper to be done, to get knowledge. Your ignorance will be perceived at once; it is folly therefore, to endeavour, through bashfulness or vanity, to conceal it. But what is worse, advantage will be taken of it: it is, therefore, your interest, no less than your wisdom—and your comfort not less than both, to get knowledge, by all justifiable means. In every case, in which a person can properly act, he can properly require information. I am far from encouraging impertinence, or ignorant and idle curiosity. But I most strenuously advise all men, especially travellers, to get to the bottom of their own affairs, and to attend to their own business.

I now add a word, as to the future. I enter England under the full belief that every American who comes to this country, ought to tell the world, especially his own countrymen, what he thinks of John Bull. No man speaks of all others, so freely, as that worthy gentleman. No man, therefore has so little right to complain, if others speak freely of him. Of America especially, he has never ceased to speak; and as far as I am versed in his sayings—without exception, in a way calculated to do us undeserved harm, and create in the minds of all Americans well merited offence. I would by no means, reciprocate such conduct. But I would see who and what this personage really is—

and I would fairly and freely tell his proportions. All America has a right to know thoroughly, him who was found so much to blame, in all that relates to her. So that if he be found competent to judge—and worthy of trust, she may bow to his decisions, and correct her ways; but if he should turn out to have a beam in his own eye, she may the less regard his scolding about the moats he discerns in hers. Besides this, as she has been arraigned at the bar of the whole world, the whole world is *entitled to hear her opinion,* of *her accuser.* What I consider in the light of a duty of pure patriotism in others, seems the more obligatory on me, individually, on account of the peculiar posture, in which the kindness of my brethren at home, has placed me with reference to the Christian public, in both countries.

I will make but one additional remark; and that I consider too important to omit. I think communities are often held responsible, for that which belongs rather to mankind and the whole family of nations, than to themselves. In that which is worthy of applause, as well as in that which merits censure—let us distinguish, with a candid spirit, between what is peculiar to each, and what is the common error, the common vice, the common wretchedness;—or on the other hand, the common glory, wisdom, or blessedness!

And now with this state of mind I set my foot, for the first time, on English soil; and I greet her with feelings of no ordinary joy. Her noble language is ours, as much as it is hers; and we are striving together, in a course which is likely enough to make it the language of the human race. Her pure and holy religion, is ours; and the heart leaps with renewed confidence in the heavenly origin of that priceless truth, as we behold in this distant land, what it, more than all things beside, has made those, who were once a nation of naked savages!—Her immortal literature is our's too—in its best and brightest eras; pregnant above all human speech with the fire of genius, and the holy unction of deep spiritual wealth. Her free and ancient laws are our best human birth-right; and the warm blood at our hearts, is as rich in the great Anglo-Saxon current, as were the streams that quickened the bosoms of the upbuilders of English liberty.

To all this precious inheritance, we are the common heirs with every Briton; and whether we or they, the better illustrate the glories of the past, and fulfil the great destiny allotted to us both, is not her part, nor ours to determine. Let the world, posterity, eternity, decide! In the two centuries that have elapsed since our fathers and theirs divided the inheritance, and ours left home and country, that they might retain all that made both dear; our deeds, such as they are, are laid up in no uncertain record. There is our broad land; there our simple lives; there our mighty plans. The noon of day is not freer to behold, than all our deeds; the air of heaven, not less restrained, than need be the speech of all who choose to blame. Then let us in our turn behold, what these two centuries have brought forth in our father land; and while we compare our brethren, with ourselves, and both with the mighty dead, let us bring all to that one, unerring standard of eternal truth, which they who neglect, do but the more err, as they *compare themselves amongst themselves, and judge themselves by themselves.*

The delight of being in that distant, and old world, towards which I had so long turned my eyes and heart, though real, and sustained by a constant succession of new and striking objects—was yet mixed with a sort of powerful inquietude and distrust, as to the *reality* of the things, amid which I found myself.—There was New York, and here was Liverpool; there was my own generation and home; here a world of strangers, in multitudes of important respects separated by ages from me. Between the two, nothing separated, but a few days of bodily inaction and strange mental uneasiness—and a wide belt of waters. It was as if one should sleep, and wake up in another world;—and yet a world so like his own, as to fill him at once with wonder, at the difference; and with strange apprehensions, from the resemblance, that after all it might be the same! Every thing I saw reminded me of home; and yet every thought of home, presented every thing around me, in the light of a picture, distorted to the very confines of carricature! I should think no country could be so *strange* at first sight to an American as England. These people all speak my vernacular tongue; but

it is nearly without exception, in the most extraordinary tones, and in the most scandalous *patois* that ever saluted my ears!—They all look like ourselves—and yet their very form is different; the depth of chest, and breadth of back, so disproportioned to their heighth; the ruddy cheek, the light hair and clear blue eye, laying before your mind's eye, the Saxon of the middle ages. And these are but specimens, of a thousand things, that affect me in the same manner.

Britain is the only country of Europe, into which persons of any other nation are freely admitted without passports, or other molestation than all her own citizens are subjected to: but even this I subsequently found was confined to persons coming from America. And yet they and all, are subjected to great annoyance, by even the mitigated form of espionage, to which the custom house regulations reduce all travellers. The health officer boards the ship (that is hails her, from a little craft alongside) as soon as she is made fast at the dock. Thanks to the growing knowledge of the medical world, these quarantine regulations, are becoming more consistent with common sense; and such visits as that made to us, in the dock under our beam, are mostly mere form, in all civilized states, in cases like ours. The next comers, are custom house officers: the mails are taken ashore; the packages overhauled; and the personal baggage of the traveller carried off to be searched. I waited an hour after mine had been carried off before I sought it; in the mean time, making arrangements to leave the city on the following day, and to be comfortably located while I remained. The first object to be accomplished was, that I might spend the ensuing Sabbath in Birmingham, for which I had special reasons; the second being of no farther particular interest, than as the *inns* in England, the peculiar boast of their travellers, are so immeasurably praised, as to be worthy (so I argued) of some care to see and enjoy the best. I shall have occasion to speak of all these matters again. Meantime I sought my baggage at the custom house, and there found the rest of my fellow passengers in attendance.

The venality and corruption of the subordinate officers in the

English custom house service, had somehow or other, been established in my mind, as absolute and universal truth. If those I saw at Liverpool were fair samples of all; no injustice was ever greater, than that which these persons have sustained in the public estimation. The whole business seemed to me, contemptible to the last degree. To search a gentleman's luggage; pry into his sack of soiled linen; weigh two or three books, in great scales that would weigh an ox; spend a day in tumbling up the little indispensable articles of a score of travellers! I wonder that nations are not above such meannesses; and that the few gentlemen who occasionally get into power in all countries, do not cause some more decent method of preventing impositions on their revenue or police regulations, to be devised. I must say, however, that if this thing is to be done; it could not be done more properly, civilly, and unexceptionably, than it was to our ship's company, by the British officers at Liverpool. I expected to see different things; and was both surprised and gratified. There was indeed one old gentleman, about as broad in the back as three men need be—with his right leg, a wooden one from the hip down, around which he revolved, in a sort of half circle, backward and forward amongst trunks and boxes; scolding and breaking open, growling and tumbling things about in a marvellous manner. Yet even he, had a frank and kind look—and really the only wonder is, that they all keep their tempers so well, in the midst of so great and ceaseless trials of them.

In the yard of this custom house, and crowded upon each other at the door, was a different sort of persons. There were perhaps thirty, perhaps fifty men—all in rags—some bare-footed —some bare-headed—without exception squallid and wretched to the last degree. They cursed, they quarrelled, they came to blows—were driven from the door; returned again and again, and continued thus through the greater part of the afternoon; presenting such a picture as my eyes never rested on before! And what think you they thus sought after, and struggled for, even as they reeked with misery? *For the privilege of earning a trifle by their labour? For precedence, in the mere possibility*

*of getting work, by the proceeds of which to get bread!* I have seen poverty before, but nearly always connected with crime or visible misfortune. But to see the evidence before my eyes, of a kind of robust and guiltless poverty, and yet so abject, as that men should seek, and not find, as a privilege and a blessing, the way to coin the sweat of their brows into bread, from the very meanest employment! This I had not foreseen. And it solved at once a thousand mysteries, as to the social and political condition of this country.

The earliest practical lesson, a stranger in England has to learn, regards the medium of value—the currency. The coins are different from ours of course; but the currency is different also. Gold is the currency of this nation, to a far greater extent than in ours. The two principal gold coins are the sovereign and half-sovereign. The silver coins in common use are the crown, which is the fourth part of a sovereign; the half-crown; the shilling, and the six-penny-piece. The penny and half-penny are copper. There is no such coin in use as our dollar. The sovereign is a pound sterling: and is nominally worth, in America, four dollars and forty-four cents. But this is a purely arbitrary statement, intended originally for custom house and revenue purposes only—was perhaps never exactly true, and is now very seriously false. It went on the supposition that a Spanish dollar, which was formerly the conventual circulation of the world, and whose value was the basis of our moneytory system, was worth four shillings and six pence sterling. This never was true. But the difference between the nominal and real value of the pound sterling in America, was always indicated by the rate of premium, on English gold, or bills of exchange; which premium usually stood, nominally, at about nine per cent. advance, when in fact, the English gold was at its real par value. That is, a sovereign is, in fact, worth four dollars and eighty-four or five cents—instead of four dollars and forty-four cents.—The Congress of the United States have lately rectified the legal standard of gold, and altered the currency, in accordance with the facts of the case. I have been induced to make these remarks, because it will accord with my views in throwing these memo-

randa together, to speak occasionally of the money value of various things. Let the reader then understand, that an English penny is worth, as near as may be, two American cents—having as much coin in it as both of them ; that an English shilling is worth, therefore, and for the same reason, about twenty-five cents ; that a sovereign (or pound sterling) is worth five dollars (nearly)—for a similar reason, namely, the amount of coin in it; let him remember these few and simple points, and the whole will be very clear to his mind.

As I purpose visiting Liverpool again before I leave England, I prefer deferring any particular mention of it, until I shall have more fully examined it. Then, we mount on the top of an English post coach, and drive at the top of our speed, from the Waterloo Inn, at the corner of Hanover and Bold streets—and are past the beautiful suburbs—and bowling along ten miles an hour, on the Birmingham road. He who will take that ride will make the hundred and five or ten miles, in about ten hours—and will have spent one day that he will long remember. He that cannot take it in person, is most welcome to the few hints, I am able to impart to him of its manifold objects of interest.

# CHAPTER VI.

First Impressions of English Scenery—Stage-Ride from Liverpool to Birmingham —Towns—Small Rivers—Concentration of Trades—The Potteries of Staffordshire—Coup d' œil of the Country—General Ignorance of the People—Wolverhampton.

ENGLAND and Wales are divided into fifty-two counties or shires; of which twelve belong to the latter; and the remaining forty to the former. Liverpool is situated in Lancashire, upon the river Mersey, the general course of which you ascend, passing by Prescott, to Warrington, at which latter place you cross the Mersey, and pass from Lancashire into Cheshire.—Warrington is a populous trading town, having a natural navigation to the sea, for small vessels. It is old, ill-looking, and irregular, with narrow streets, most of which have no side-walks; and here, as every where else in England, the houses have no outside shutters to them. The houses certainly look better without them; and the climate in summer is never warm enough to require the use of them, instead of venitions. The window sash also, is peculiar. You seldom see the white sash which is in such universal use, with us. But they are here made of some dark coloured wood, as mahogany, walnut, oak, &c., or painted to resemble them; or of metal—as lead, cast iron, &c.; or of cut stone. One would scarcely imagine, that such slight differences would so utterly change the whole architectural impression. And yet nothing strikes an American eye, in England, more decidedly than their houses.

The first bridge across the Mersey is found at Warrington;

which, perhaps, more than any thing else, made the place important, in their bloody intestine wars. In 1648, and again in 1715, a Scotch army was defeated here. At present its chief renown rests on the more peaceful and profitable employment of its people in the manufacture of sail cloth. The present fame of its neighbour Prescott, is kindred to it.

We passed entirely across Cheshire, famous over the world for its cheese; taking in our route, Middlewitch, Northtwich, Sandbach, and other towns of less note; and crossing the rivers Weever, Done, and Whealock, along whose beautiful banks, our way lead us. The last named empties into the Done at Middlewitch; and near Northwitch is the junction of the Done and Weever. At and around these places, are immense deposits of mineral salt; and springs of brine, have been known to exist here since the time of William the conqueror. At present the manufacture of salt is immense; and the whole of these towns derive their chief support from it. They are wretched places in all respects—if the eye may decide; and what strikes me with surprise, in almost every trading town in which I have been, a great portion of the houses, are still thatched with straw.

Our course led us next into Staffordshire; which, also, we traversed; passing New-Castle under Line, Stone, Stafford, Penkridge, Wolverhampton, and Wednesbury; besides many other towns and villages of less note, to Birmingham, which is situated in the western edge of Warwickshire. In England, it seems to be general, that particular branches of trade are carried on at particular places—where every thing needful to the special object is gathered together—and it made wholly paramount. Thus, at Stafford shoes are manufactured, and the whole people of the place, not only devote themselves to that business—but strange to say, wear the worst feet-gear themselves, of any community in the kingdom—if fame tells true. At Wolverhampton, door locks are the great staple. At New-Castle under Line, hats are made in quantities. Near this place, are situated the great Staffordshire potteries, which occupy the eastern slope of the hills that divide this shire from Cheshire, and spread themselves in large and nearly continuous villages, for above ten miles.—

The whole of this vast population, from generation to generation, occupies itself in the various branches of this trade, which has found coal and clay here in exhaustless abundance; and which points out one of the great sources of the trade and wealth of Liverpool. I have been unable to ascertain the precise number of inhabitants here, or any where else in England, not having yet had access to statistical tables; and the people ordinarily met with, being ignorant past all belief, as to every subject of general knowledge. I should suppose, however, that little short of a hundred thousand souls are connected with, or dependent upon these potteries. Just such another settlement is found between Wolverhampton and Wednesbury, only whereas the first named one has chosen the beautiful hill side for its abode —this has penetrated into the bowels of the earth! I speak now of a region through which my road lay, which extends about five miles one way, by about ten the other, in which about one hundred thousand persons are engaged in those coal and iron mines, which make Birmingham, all she has become. I shall speak by and by of the appearance of this remarkable region. What most occupied my thoughts as I passed through it, and in sight of that described above, were questions regarding their spiritual condition. Who preaches to them? How are they to be supplied with the bread of life? Oh! what a work is here, to which the proud *Establishment* takes little heed! What need of another Whitfield, of another Wesley! What need of another whip of small cords in the temple of God :—of another Pentecost!

We had, until now, been on those streams that empty themselves into the Irish sea, through the estuary of the Mersey. But soon after entering Staffordshire, near New-Castle under Line, we fell upon the Trent, and afterwards upon the Tame, the Sow and the Penk; all of which we coursed, where they are but rills, and little like the broad Humber where they roll their waters with his into the North Sea. Through the Southern part of this county passes the Stour, a branch of the Severn emptying into the Bristol channel; and no great way off, we reach the small tributaries of the Thames himself. These slight

details show at once the narrowness of this renowned island—and the lofty and central posture of the region of which I speak. You begin to ascend from the moment you leave Liverpool, and passing up one stream, then over a slight elevation to another stream, then up it, and over a still higher rise, till you come upon the waters that empty themselves upon the eastern coast of England. Then you reverse the matter only, passing down instead of up, these lovely streams, of whose memory every tongue will tell, but those who abide upon their banks. What stream is this? I have often asked, and as often been answered "I'm sure, I can't tell;" though he had seen its smiling face, and its enchanted banks, every day of his existence! Where does the Trent empty itself? Where does the Avon run to? I have asked these, and a hundred such questions, a hundred times, upon the very spot; and have without one single exception, when asking any common person any such question, got only a confession of ignorance for answer.

I will say again, that the ignorance of the immense majority of the people, if I have met with fair samples, exceeds all belief. But oh! it is a country full of beauty and delightful in its rich, verdant, cultivated and smiling landscape, above all I had imagined! Hundreds of miles have I ridden over England, and yet I have seen no landscape that was tame or uninteresting! The region of which I now speak, extending from Liverpool to Birmingham, with one most signal exception, of which I will presently make mention, is all surprisingly beautiful. The country every where undulating, never either broken or flat; every where stripped of forest, and therefore no where grand in its features; but divided by green hedge-rows, interspersed with fields, now covered with verdure, now cultivated to the highest degree, and ready to receive the spring crops; covered with a thick population; alive with domestic animals of the best kinds; dotted with farm houses of simple, antique, and most comfortable look; skirted with the elegant residences of noblemen and gentry; full of villages; relieved every where with the prettiest streams; and hardly less frequently intersected with numberless canals, alive with wealth, and covering the whole country like a spider's

web; and better than any, and the crown of grace to the whole, the constant recurrence of the house of God, lifting its modest head, gently and yet firmly up amid all this profusion, and with a voice more eloquent than words, telling of Him, in whom and from whom alone, is the fountain of every good and perfect gift.

One who has a heart to melt under such scenes, will find the way, for about ninety miles in England, on this route, such as I have spoken it. Then the change is instant, and most signal. The two banks of the fabled Stix, did not present to the mind of the ancients, a more shocking contrast, than any modern traveller may see at Wolverhampton. Up to that point, the whole country is such as I have described it. From there you pass at once into the midst of the collieries and furnaces; and universal and absolute desolation, seems to reign in settled horror. No blade of grass; but here and there, a mean cluster of houses, as if they stole together in their mutual terror; or now and then a single person or two, hastening along the way in silence, and covered with dirt and smoke, to the blackness of Africans. All around is barrenness, sterrility and darkness. For miles together, innumerable chimnies lift up their long tapering forms, and volumes of thick smoke issue from them—while nothing like a house belongs to them; they are attached to furnaces, that work machinery in the pits; and they make you think, that you are riding through a city just burned up. To each chimney is attached a flue, through which issues the blaze from the smelting furnaces; for the coal and iron lie in strata above each other, and are worked from the same mines. These numerous and dazzling fires, issuing out of the very earth itself and streaming up over the surrounding ruin, makes one feel as if the furious element had ravaged all above, and was now doing its work in the bowels of the earth! The aspect of such a region spread out for miles in all directions, must be at all times impressive. But I did not know it existed; night-fall was gathering in, as we reached the midst of it; the contrast with all I had seen and felt for hours before, was appalling; and I felt an indescribable relief, as we emerged from its strange terrors, into a cultivated country; and were set down after a short drive, in the large and wealthy town of Birmingham.

## CHAPTER VII.

Birmingham—Strange Habits of Pronunciation—Character and Appearance of the City—Sights—Town Hall—English Music—Manufactories—English Manners—Clergymen—Preaching.

Birmingham is one of the most ancient market towns in England. Situated on one of the great military roads of the Romans, during their power in Britain; it was called by them Branienium, and like every other place in this country, its name has been variously spelled, by the people themselves. Thus, Bromincham, Bremechem, and Bormyngham, were all, in their day, approved modes of spelling that which is now pronounced *Brumigin.* It is rather uncommon for the name of any place here, great or small, to be pronounced as it is written. Thus the shire in which this town is situated, though spelled Warwick, is universally pronounced *Waric;* the adjoining one spelled Leicester, is always called *Lester;* their great river Thames universally called *Tems;* their capital city, nearly without exception, pronounced *Lunnun.* This habit extends to the smallest and commonest things, and pervades all ranks; and is as inconvenient to strangers as it is perfectly foolish in itself. For example, the word Holborn, which is the name of one of the principal streets of London, is always called *Hoburn;* the word Hoxton, a suburb of the city, is pronounced *Oxton;* and so of nearly every other proper name beginning with the letter H, which is unreservedly cast out. And on the other hand, the street St. Mary Axe, is called St. Mary *Haxe:* and so with

nearly every proper name beginning with a vowel; the H's that have been removed from their proper places, are surreptitiously prefixed.

But to return to Birmingham, which deserves our notice, as it is not only central to England, and one of its largest and richest trading towns, but is the first point in the kingdom, at which we made any considerable stop. It contains probably 150,000 souls, and carries on every species of iron manufacture, which is technically called *hardware*, besides very many other handycrafts, as brass founding, plating, &c., to an extraordinary extent. It is at present in so flourishing a condition, that the operatives in most of the factories of the place, very rarely work above five days in the week, and many of them only three. I shall leave it to the disciples of Mr. Malthus, to reconcile such a fact (which I find is by no means peculiar to Birmingham, though I first ascertained its existence there) with their anti-social theories. But it is an abundantly clear evidence of the want of forecast, and general intelligence and enterprise in the operatives themselves; as well as of the flourishing state of particular branches of trade. In many parts of England their particular systems of monopoly and corporation, amongst various tradesmen, may in some degree account for so extraordinary a state of things; seeing that the advantage of keeping out interlopers, and keeping up the rate of work, might counterbalance some of the evils of partial employment. But in Birmingham, trade is free; they have none of those corporate and chartered dignities, immunities and annoyances, which in so many other places impose absurd laws and wearisome servitude on the active tradesman, before he can practice his art. To this fortunate circumstance, as well as to its situation and local advantages, is perhaps to be attributed its great and rapidly increasing prosperity. It is really a new city, in many respects, though in fact so old. It has no antiquiteis of any kind, except the shell of an old church or two, over one of which new walls are encrusted; and a few of those thin, long houses, with sharp roofs, generally covered with thatch, and built of strong oak frames, filled in with brick, which date no farther back than the

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And it is a purely English city; narrow streets—every one of which is crooked, apparently to the utmost extent that circumstances would allow, and in as many opposite directions as possible, and each one having its name changed nearly at every crook; but the houses all good—most of them excellent; and an air of comfort, strength, and compactness about the whole. America and England differ from each other as thoroughly in the appearance of all their towns, cities and villages, as in the temper and spirit of those who gather in such places, to win their bread. Think of an American labourer, intermitting his work because he gets double wages!

The principal sights at Birmingham are such as become such a place. It is a free and a manufacturing place: therefore their town hall, and a repository of elegant specimens of their own work, were the things of most interest I was permitted to examine.

The town hall is an admirable structure for its intended uses, I say *uses*, for it seems the worthy burghers had an eye to the main chance, even in providing a place where their simple forms, unaltered since the days of the Saxon Heptarchy, might have free scope. Liberty and music went hand in hand, and unitedly they have reared a fine edifice. The great hall is the largest room I had then seen; its dimensions are indeed so vast, that the person who exhibited it, told me it would contain, galleries included, 8,000 persons, if they all stood. On a platform at one end of this hall, is one of the largest organs in Europe, belonging to some musical association. Its exterior is perfectly plain, and yet its cost was about $25,000. It contains 5,000 pipes; some of which are 35 feet high, and nearly three feet in diameter. I should suppose its music would be fully as good as a sharp cannonade, and the amusement of playing on it pretty nearly equal to a man's diverting himself with a sledge hammer. If mankind were all Cyclops, only deaf instead of blind, such things might make what would be to them "a concord of sweet sounds." As it is, it is only another to be added to a million proofs beside, that the perfection of fashionable English music is measured

only by the *quantity;* the question being never *how*, but always *how many;* never *what*, but only *how much?*

It is singular, and to be regretted, that the manufacturers of Birmingham are so reluctant to permit their factories to be inspected. Indeed they are understood to close the most important of them completely from public examination. It is the more remarkable, as some of the most liberal minded men, who have managed factories in England, have set this absurd and pernicious example. Amongst these were to be classed, I was told, even such persons as Boulton and Watt, renowned over the world, for the perfection to which they brought the manufacture of the steam engine, above sixty years ago; and therefore all others easily justify that which has such a precedent.

We had a few letters to this place from friends in America, and made some agreeable acquaintances. But it will not do to speak of English hospitality, except in guarded terms. The English are *sometimes* polite; rarely kind; never hospitable, in our sense of those terms. I say this, not specially of Birmingham—but after seeing a good deal of England. As it appears pertinent, I will state, as at once an illustration and a proof of what I say, that in London itself, I delivered twenty letters of introduction; the great majority of which were never noticed by those to whom they were addressed. At the end of two weeks after twenty London families had received my recommendations, from persons in all respects their equals in America, and who knew besides that I held an official character of some importance; three only that had taken the least notice of them. One gentleman called and left his card, and went off; though he was informed I was in. A lady, the wife of a gentleman who was not in town, wrote me a kind note; and a peer of the realm invited me to dinner. This was the sum of the results. I took considerable pains to procure abundant and unexceptionable testimonials of this description; but I have found them nearly useless. I speak now exclusively of England, having not yet been either in Ireland or Scotland; and more especially of London, where I have spent most of the time since my arrival in the country.

Amongst our acquaintances in Birmingham were the Rev. Mr.

Allport, of the Established Church, and the Rev. Mr. James, pastor of the Independent Congregation, worshipping in Cars Lane. The former gentleman is one of the most active and learned, as he was also one of the earliest to embark in the great papal controversy, now waged throughout America and western Europe. He was long connected with the Protestant Journal; and perhaps the world is not a little indebted to him for keeping alive, by his zeal and importunity, that ardour in the same great cause, in the breast of his friend and neighbour, the Rev. Mr. Mendham, of Sutton Colfield, which has manifested itself in the production of several works of uncommon research and ability, in this controversy; which have already found their way to America.

I had no letter to Mr. James. But the peculiar relation of our denominations to each other, and of myself to both of them, at the present juncture, fortified by the general confidence I had in his character, and some need of his advice, emboldened me to call upon him. I need hardly say he received me politely. I had heard him preach, before visiting him; and was surprised to find a different impression made on me, by the same person, under different circumstances, to a degree much beyond what I have commonly experienced. He is a striking man in all situations. And as there is little likelihood that his modesty will ever be offended by these lines reaching his eyes, and as he is so great an object of interest in America, I may venture to say a few words of him.

Mr. James's church, like the places of worship of all dissenters in England, is called a *Chapel*, and is not allowed to have either a bell or a steeple. They, with wig and cassock, titles and tithes, and nameless appliances besides, belong exclusively to the pure, apostolical Established church of England. I chose, however, to go to Mr. James's Chapel. I went early—got a central seat, where I could see the whole interior of the house, which is very large, and tastefully, though peculiarly constructed; with galleries on all four sides, and a high small pulpit advanced about one third of the way into the area of the room. It was a special service to the young, *on the profitableness of religion*, preached

from the eleventh verse of the Epistle to Philemon. He entered the pulpit through a steep flight of steps behind it; up which he walked clumsily, and seating himself, seemed for a moment engaged in prayer. After this he seemed to me to be entirely engaged in looking about the church, on all sides; while the large congregation collected, perhaps to the extent of 1200 persons; and whilst his clerk below, selected, read, and then gave out, by four lines at a time, a Psalm, from Dr. Watts's version; which the congregation stood up and sung. Thus far the services were peculiar. After this, the reading of the Scriptures, prayer, and second Psalm, and the sermon as with us. The sermon was over an hour long, and one of the very best I had ever heard. And after hearing most of the celebrated English clergymen, both in and out of the Establishment; both from the pulpit and the platform, I consider this gentleman one of the very best public speakers amongst them. His discourse was evangelical and exceedingly tender, occasionally highly poetical and even brilliant. He is, as all his countrymen are, a *broad* man in person; not very high; very full faced; with high and rather narrow forehead; a nose not unlike that of the historian Gibbon, that is, exceedingly short and turned up; his hair is light and uncombed; a very light, restless, nervous looking eye; and a beautiful set of teeth, finish the detail of a countenance which is in many particulars unusual. When seen near, its expression is both more gentle and more intellectual, than when seen in the pulpit; which is remarkable, as his manner is almost vehement occasionally, and his happiest style that which is persuasive and pathetic. He speaks without notes, or with very short ones, as do all his brethren whom I have yet heard, and as did, I have no doubt, all the apostles; and as must do all who speak to much purpose.

This was my first attendance on public worship—my first Sabbath in England. In all respects it would have misled me—if I had considered it a specimen.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Ancient Feudal Castles—Ruins of Kenilworth—Warwick—Items about the Aristocracy—Private Chaplains—First Sight of the Works of the Ancient Masters in Painting.

All Americans who visit England, must be interested in the remains and monuments of antiquity, which are thickly scattered over the country. To us they are really in the place of antiquities; though to most other nations, England stands, in point of age, about as we do to her. One who should leave America, and first visiting England, pass on through France and Italy, to Greece, and thence to Syria and Egypt; would take the entire survey, as he passed onward, of the world's real progress—only reversed. It would be a pilgrimage upwards, along the great current of human existence, with a terrace, may I call it, at each name I have written, where he might pause to gather strength and wisdom as he went.

To us, however, even England is full of antiquities; and the shire of Warwick, through which our road from Birmingham passes, has more than its share. We considered it best to see at once what might be seen, and leaving the town of which I have said so much, we drove to the ancient capital of the county, situated about twenty-two miles off. Near the town of Warwick, are situated two of the most remarkable and extensive of the ancient Feudal castles of England; one of which is in a state of total ruin—the other of most splendid preservation. Our visit was to them; and we passed with regret the former abode of

Sir Christopher Wrenn, one of the most remarkable men this country has produced, and of whom I shall have future occasion to speak; and with a still deeper feeling, left a few miles to the south of our course, the village of Stratford-upon-Avon, the birth place and grave of Shakspeare.

There are few who read the English language who have not heard the name of *Kenilworth*. This ancient castle, so famous in British history, and made so familiar to a great class of modern readers, by Sir Walter Scott, who has laid the scene of one of his best tales here; is now a vast and most imposing ruin. It is one of the most ancient of the Baronial castles, being founded early in the twelfth century, by Geoffry de Clinton, a Norman officer in the court of Henry I. From that time, till it was taken and bestowed by Oliver Cromwell, about the middle of the seventeenth century upon Hawkesworth, and other officers in his army who dismantled it, its history is identified with that of Kings and Queens, and Princes, and Nobles, and all great and stirring things. During the greater part of that long period of time, it was a royal castle—and was, by turns, the prison of Kings, and their place of feasting. Amongst its owners, not regal themselves, have been some of the most extraordinary men of English history. "Old John of Gaunt—time honored Lancaster"—who, to all his noble qualities, added the glory of being the first to introduce architectural splendor into England, owned and beautified this princely abode. And who can doubt that old Geoffry Chaucer, who was his brother-in-law, here sang his sweetest lays? And that renowned Simon of Montfort, so nearly allied to the royal families both of France and England, who, at the bidding of the Pope of Rome, led the crusaders against the Waldenses; and received, as his reward, the land he had sacked and pillaged, for serving and loving God; that fierce and cruel spirit was lord of Leicester, and drew his first breath beneath these walls, where I stand at the distance of seven centuries and execrate his name! Yea, it is a solemn thing to walk in silence through these mouldring halls, where kings and nobles revelled for five hundred years; and where the noisy rook is now the only reveller. It is a mournful promenade, to pass along

that ruined tilt-yard, and under the broken arches of these falling towers that flank its extremities: and people them again with daring knights, whose best blood enriched the grass on which I tread; and with fair dames who, from the lofty galleries, sold their smiles for lives and souls! Alas! it is a sad lesson which these mighty ruins teach us; but it is full of wisdom.

The outer walls enclose above seven acres of ground. Those of the castle itself, though very extensive, are a great deal less. It was originally, when in perfect repair, an irregular four-sided structure, of immense proportions, erected at different periods, and in different orders. The material is a reddish gray free-stone; cut into great blocks, and worked into walls which were in thickness from four to sixteen feet, and were four stories high. A part of them is entirely gone; a considerable part still entire, and other portions in every stage of decay. Several of the towers are complete, and may be ascended to the top by flights of narrow, winding stone steps, deeply worn by the feet. The view of the surrounding country from their summits is extensive; and if one could open the heart to such impressions in the midst of such a scene, is full of rural beauty. I felt my features relax into a smile of bitterness, at the omnipotence of human wickedness, above whatever else is human; as I stepped into one dungeon after another, and found them alone in a state of perfect preservation. Shrubs and trees are growing upon the very summit of what is called Cæsar's tower, which is the oldest and strongest of them all; and there are constant flocks of jackdaws clamoring as if in mockery, to those who look upon these ruins. And there is the wide spread ivy with its deep perennial green, in the midst of constant ruin; by the contrast, to my eye, ghastly as a smile frozen on the lip of death. But here range above range, are these horrid cells; the proof that lives, in the very midst of death—of human crimes, and human misery begot by crime;—here are they, perfect, complete, as if they stood astonished at their long disuse!

We spent half a day amid these ruins. They were the first I had ever seen. They were in all respects impressive, peculiar. I was entirely exhausted—mind and body.—And when I threw

myself back into the carriage, and bade the coachman return, I felt that a flood of tears would have been an absolute relief. It was about seven miles to Warwick, and not much out of the way to return thither through Leamington; which is a large village, growing into rapid importance, as a fashionable watering place. That is a place where some of the idle gentry go to spend *their winter*; for that is the watering season for this spot. At another time I might have thought differently of Leamington; but as it found me, I felt like shutting my eyes, and ordering the driver to hurry through it. It seemed to me the very personification of all we mean by the word *upstart*. And the half hour the friends who were with me employed in purchasing some prints of the castle we had just left, was to me one of real suffering.

The river Avon, which divides this shire into two nearly equal parts, washes the walls of the ancient and noble castle of Warwick; which stands upon an elevated rock, springing up from the margin of the beautiful and classic stream. This castle is two centuries more ancient than that of Kenilworth, being originally founded by a daughter of the great Alfred; though it is pretty evident that nothing now remains of her construction. Indeed, the greater part of the immense pile, now in such admirable preservation, is not perhaps much older than the reign of Edward III.; for the castle was taken and razed in 1265, by one of the Earls of Leicester, whose castle of Kenilworth is only a few miles distant. There is a traditon among the common people, very generally credited, that there was formerly a subterranean communication between the two castles—an idea not inconsistent with the manners of those remote ages; and fortified by the remarkable resistence which both castles made in all cases of attack from without. Though often besieged, neither of them was ever taken by absolute force of arms, nor by stress of famine; their amazing strength making them proof against every thing but fire arms; and the supposed secret communication with each other perhaps supplying means of subsistence, except when both should be besieged at the same moment; which it is rather remarkable, never occurred. Henry III. blockaded Kenilworth for six months, in vain, with his whole army; and at last obtained pos-

session of it only by his policy. And even as late as the civil wars of the Charles I. Warwick castle was defended by a handful of troops, for the Parliament; and held out until relieved, against all the powers that could be brought against it.

This, like the former, was long a royal demesne. The vicecompts of the kings of Mercia resided here. William the conquerer, bestowed it on Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick; and whose descendants, and after them, the noble and princely houses of Beauchamp, Neville, Plantagenet and Dudley long possessed it. It is now owned by the family of Greville, Earls of Brook and Warwick; which is comparatively modern, and no way related, as I learn, to any of the former illustrious proprietors. Indeed, as I stood in the magnificent hall of his castle, furnished with princely splendor, and adding all the luxury of modern refinement in elegance, to the gorgeous and massive richness of antiquity; as I cast my eyes along the pannelled walls, and beheld the armour and the pictures of the renowned men, who had trod these pavements with familiar feet; and beheld, at every joint of the lofty and curiously wrought ceiling, whose long, capacious span, was dotted thickly with them, the armorial bearings of a long line of England's proudest nobles;—I felt as if the present proprietor had hardly yet ceased to be an intruder into the sanctuary of those alien to him in name and blood, as well as deed.

In England every thing is kept for show; and all at a price. We found the family of the present lord at the castle; as the flag, streaming from its high battlements, at once indicated. But, notwithstanding, we were allowed, on paying *four* servants, to view the whole. And, whatever may be said to the contrary, the patrician curiosity of the lordly inmates is hardly less, as it regards their visitors, than that of the visitors themselves, about the castle. We were requested to write our names in a plain album: and of the four members of the family at home, two managed *accidentally* to pass through the apartment where we chanced to be. They were the first of this proud aristocracy—a feeble looking lad, and a stately and rather handsome middle aged female—upon whom our democratic eyes had ever chanced

to light. But what interested us more, was a fact in regard to the clergy of the Establishment—one of whom danced attendance on these two personages,—which in this manner, forced itself first upon my attention.—It is thus nearly all the more wealthy families amongst the nobility and gentry of England—have in their employment private Chaplains—who as tutors to their sons or humble companions to the parents, form a constant portion of their household. These are clergymen—whose mission being to convert the world—content themselves, with one family, as their charge; and in a day like this—when the earth in its fullness, is calling for the bread of life—suppose their duties are discharged, by swelling the retinue of a boy or of a woman—for a piece of bread! And the hundreds or thousands, thus occupied, who will count?—

This, as I have said, is thought to be one of the finest specimens of the old baronial castles now existing in England. It is a vast structure, erected in such a way as to inclose a great area; upon the sides of which are the halls, themselves connected with each other by high and broad walls; which are flanked with still higher towers; and all enclosed with a deep ditch. All the structure is composed of grayish hewn stone, of very coarse grain; and covered with all the evidences of age, which this damp climate could accumulate in so many centuries. The approach to it is cut for some distance through the living rock; and the view of it, from every point without, is impressive in the highest degree. The garden and grounds connected with the castle are extensive and highly cultivated; and the collection of exotic plants corresponding to all the rest. The green house seems however to have been erected principally to receive a mammoth vase of marble, found in Italy, and brought thence by Sir William Hamilton. The vase seemed to be remarkable only for its history and its proportions. It is said to contain about four barrels, water measure; and to weigh many tons. It is nothing as a work of art, though a *lion*. Its name is universally pronounced, by the middling and lower classes, (that is, about ninety-nine out of every hundred persons) as if it were spelled, *vawze*. I was shown a model of it at Birmingham; and when

I asked, what is this? the answer was, the *Vawze at Waric!* And when at the castle I asked where the large *vase* was kept; the master of ceremonies answered—the what, sir? I spoke his *patois*, and he understood me forthwith.

The view of the Avon, the highly cultivated region which skirts it, and the numerous villages round about, is extremely fine, from the summit of Guy's Tower; which is near a hundred and thirty feet high. This tower is called in honour of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, of whom the most incredible exploits are related; and all avouched by showing his arms and complete armour, and defences for his horse; all of which are of terrible dimensions. I stood by the sword, and found it about two feet longer than myself; and still weighing twenty pounds, though corroded by the rust of so many ages. The general belief seems to be, that the whole history is a fable; and the cunning priests of the dark ages, doubtless caused the armour and arms to be made, to *fit the stories* they had their own ends in telling; rather than the man on whom they laid the burden of carrying them.

I saw, for the first time, in the hall of this mansion, a collection of pictures, by the old masters. We were allowed a few hours only to see every thing, therefore studying pictures would seem to be out of the question. I provided for the exigency as well as I could; and dotted on a list I had of the principal pictures, five or six heads (the collection being almost entirely of portraits and landscapes) that I most desired to behold. This was to me the most delightful part of the visit; indeed, I might almost call it eventful! We have no conception in America, of the superb and exquisite perfection to which this overpowering art has long, long ago attained. The paintings of Sully do not more immeasurably exceed in their softness, richness, and finish, those of a common sign board; nor those of Steuart surpass in nature, strength and fidelity, the vile heads that vanity and want of skill have so multiplied every where; than they are themselves surpassed by the glorious monuments of other days.—This, said our guide, is the portrait of a former Lady Brook and her two little boys;—and this——Show me, said I, the head of

the Duke of Alva, by Vandyke. I stood before it. Oh! stern, cruel, relentless spirit! There thou livest forever upon those few feet of canvass! The oceans of blood thou hast shed without excuse, have left no stain upon that brow, so calm in its iron fixedness! Thy image, if this be it, is on my memory indelibly impressed: so that, if I had heard thy dumb lips salute me, I should not have realized more fully that imposing presence!

In another hall, beginning at the door, and coursing round the wall, the cicerone pointed to a full length figure, dressed in gorgeous pontificals, and looking fixedly up towards heaven. That is Ignatius Loyola, by Reubens. The painting is superb; but it is impossible to believe the likeness accurate; and the whole conception of the countenance is false. There is nothing about the head to indicate the real character of Loyola. It is square, broad as that of a dutch boor; turned aside from the spectator, and destitute of all elevation and enthusiasm. This picture is the most elaborate of those I attempted to examine; and it disappointed me.

We passed into another apartment; and there hung, in the midst of many more, (as in all the others,) the head of Martin Luther, by Holbien; and that of Niccolo Machiavelli, by Titian. The former is very small with the high cap and loose costume, in which he is usually represented. I think the prints commonly to be met with in America, are from this picture. But they give a very inadequate idea of it.—The face is longer, loftier, thinner, and incomparibly more intellectual than Luther is usually represented or believed to have possessed; and nothing can be finer or more beautiful than the calm, resolute, and yet open and even affectionate clear blue eye, that reposes in the midst of a countenance that is perfectly unique. It is a singularly noble impersonation of the best qualities of the great reformer. And even the proximity of the royal bully, his great adversary, Henry VIII., who hangs at full length nearly above him and whose contests with him formed one of the most singular episodes in the history of the reformation; is now incapable of raising a cloud upon

that ample brow. On the opposite side of the mantle is the head of Machiavelli, already mentioned. I take it to be the finest head I have ever looked upon: and it is enough to say that Titian painted it, to make one feel that art could do no more.—The portrait is of usual size; the dress peculiar, with an upright half military collar, to a sort of garment, neither coat nor vest; and the neck bare. The face looks a little from you towards your left, as you face it. The eye, the hair, the skin, are all very dark—the features perfectly beautiful; and though delicate as a girl's, are as well defined and striking as if chiseled in marble. But it is the head, the position of all, the fitting of the features, and the whole expression, which give such power to this picture. This disappointed me as much as that of Loyola; but just the other way. It exceeded as much as the other came short, of my conception. It is a great and well deserved tribute of nearly the greatest artist the world has produced, to one of the most rare and miconstrued geniuses that ever lived. I say misconstrued, for I believe that as soon as men will be content to judge the great Florentine only after reading his profound pages; the public opinion concerning him will be destined to experience a signal revolution.

In one of the principal halls is a full length picture of Joanna, Queen of Naples, by Raphiel—the first of his works I had ever seen; and in despite of my previous determination, and the rapidly passing moments, I could not easily tear myself from before it. I was not allowed time to examine it; I only looked stedfastly upon it. And yet so full of living beauty is it, and so overpowering is its effect—that if I were an artist, I am sure I could copy that picture from my memory, better than if I should sit down before it and eke out line by line. Beautiful princess! Men say thou wast not pure, as thou wast lovely. But who that was born a queen, and guided by monks, and wedded to four sovereigns, could truly love or know virtue? Alas! thy frailties could hardly have exceeded thy sorrows; and whom Petrach and Boccacio and Raphiel, have conspired to make immortal—we may look an idle moment on, with tenderness, over-

mastered by the power of memory as well as the force of that exquisite art, which can make such beauty live.*

Near the door of the family chapel hung an exquisite head of John the beloved disciple, by Guido; of course a fancy piece. And in a dark passage, hard by, a full length of Oliver Cromwell. It was impossible to see it, in the light in which it hung—and I did not catch the alledged reason for its being in so unsuitable a place—as we were politely showed out through a postern door, into the hollow space in front of the castle.

There is, at the adjoining town of Warwick a very ancient church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, founded originally in the days of King Stephen; though several times destroyed and rebuilt since. I had intended to speak particularly of the remains of an ancient convent, and several very curious and rich chapels which form a part of it; and of some extremely massive antique monuments of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester, which are preserved there. But I have since seen so many more ancient and more costly, and erected to persons so much more important, than even that "false and fair" Dudley, whose dust and monument, are indebted to Sir Walter Scott for such unusual interest; that I have rather concluded to pass them by.

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* This unhappy princess, when at Avignon, (which she sold nominally, but really gave to the Papal Court then established in that city) caused the famous Provencal Astrologer *Anselme*, to be consulted as to her destiny on the subject of marriage. The reply was: *Maritabitur cum* ALIO; which, however absurd or amusing it must have appeared to the royal girl, contained in the last word, the initials of all four of her future husbands: viz: *Andrew*, of Hungary, *Louis*, of Tarentum, *James*, of Aragon, and *Otho*, of Brunswick.

## CHAPTER IX.

National Trait—Blenheim—Family of Marlborough—Morals of the Upper Classes—Oxford—The University—Connexion with and influence upon the Clergy—Anecdote about Sermonising—Lack of Theological Training—Irvingism—Puseyism.

We had diverged to the northward of the main road to London, in our visit to Warwick and its vicinity; and at Woodstock near Oxford, found ourselves again in the greater line of communication. All the readers of romance are familiar with the history of this little village—famous for the doings of Henry I. and II., during their occasional residences in it; and doubly so by reason of Fair Rosamond's connexion with it, and with the last named monarch. In the immediate vicinity, on the right hand of the spacious avenue connecting Woodstock (whose only present fame is derived from its glove manufactory, and the excesses of Oxford students,) with Oxford, which is but a few miles distant, stands the noble castle of Blenheim. Many English travellers in America have complained that we still celebrate the 4th of July annually, as the birth-day of our national independence. We may content ourselves, to offset the opinions of those who consider our practice objectionable, or the instrument itself still more so; by referring to the extremely opposite views of him, who honoured above all men of his day, deemed it the worthiest part of his history to be remembered by his country; and so ordered it to be first written in his simple epitaph—that he had written that paper. But above all mankind, the English are the last people to open their mouths on such a subject.

For go where you will, in England, if you find any monument, public or private, in a church, a public square, a promenade, or any where; the chances are nine out of ten, that it was set up to record some action of blood. And the more peculiarly the thing done was considered *British*—on the person or state triumphed over considered dishonoured; the greater is the certainty of a commemoration stone.

It may perhaps be known to all who will glance over these pages, that this magnificent palace, was presented by the British nation, about the beginning of the last century, to John Churchhill, Duke of Marlborough. All may not know, that it was for a decisive, but a single victory gained by him, at a village of this name, somewhere in Germany; and still fewer may remember that it was the French and Bavarians, whom he beat. I did not visit it; but the view of it from the road is very fine, and the long avenue in front of it, and the noble park of fine trees, (amongst which were the only deer I had then seen in England) —with the column erected by the Dutchess of Marlborough to commemorate the actions of her great consort, visible in the distance; altogether make an imposing spectacle. The present duke, is represented to be a poor, and a dissolute man; having lost the character, and squandered the estates of his illustrious family.

It is not, however, fair to him to permit any one to suppose that his case is peculiar in these respects. If one tenth of what every body says about the English aristocracy is true, they are the greatest nuisance in the land; and the higher they are, the greater nuisance. There are now depending two suits, by the honourable Mr. Norton, for Crim-Con, with his wife; who is grand-daughter to Sheridan, sister to lord somebody's wife, and aunt to I don't know who. One of these criminal prosecutions is against Lord Melbourne, the present prime minister of England; and in the other, which is against an officer in the army, his lordship is the the principal witness relied on to prove the honourable lady's guilt. Indeed the common talk is, that but for the somewhat too public difficulties between his lordship and a Capt. Campbell, which forced poor Mr. Norton to know what

he did not wish to know; the law courts at least would never have known any thing on the subject. I have asked men of sense and piety, what effect these things would produce on the prime minister's standing. None; is the uniform answer; or none beyond a week's rustication, under pretence of gout or influenza. Effect! how could it be? Who is to move in it? Will the king take offence? Then what becomes of his house-full of lord, colonel, admiral, and reverend Fitz-Clarances; who were once considered the children of Mrs. Jourdon, the actress; but who now figure away with Royal Dukes, and German Princes! If lord Wellington should open his mouth, lady A—— would slap his dukal face with her fan. And even if lord Lyndhurst should open his plebean lips, (which began life by eating bread in a garret at our Boston, and lately expounded the destiny of Britain as her lord high chancellor)—if he should say any thing, it could only be to remind their lordships, that the very same things, or worse, were told and believed of him, when he not only sat on the Woolsack, but kept the conscience of the "Defender of the Faith," the head of the established, episcopal, apostolic church of England. For the duke of Marlborough's sake, there are hundreds of such things that might be said; all of which would go to show that it is his present poverty far more than his vices, which distinguishes him amongst his compeers.

The chief attraction of Oxfordshire, and one of the most interesting spots in England, is the ancient city of Oxford; to which we came on the day we left Warwick, and where we remained about one day, sorrowing that the time was so short; and fully resolving if Providence permitted to see the place again.

The town contains about 25,000 souls, exclusive, I suppose, of four or five thousand students, who are usually in attendance on the various colleges attached to its renowned university. The place itself is exceedingly beautiful;—situated in a plain at the junction of two small streams called the Cherwell and the Isis. The latter is the real Thames, which name it gets after receiving the Thame, near Dorchester, some miles below; and which

junction and change of name, the people use to justify by etymology, their strange pronunciation of the word. *Tems*, say they, which is their mode of pronouncing Thames, is *Thame—Isis*, abbreviated. But Oxford, as I have said, is a very fine city. Its old and peculiar looking churches; its elegant dwellings; its fine trees; its numerous, and noble public edifices, give it altogether an appearance of stateliness—I might almost say grandeur. Its High street, is said to be one of the most picturesque streets in Europe. I confess it was rather a deformity in my eye, to behold the exceedingly grotesque dresses, and high caps, without any rims, and with great rectangular tops, of the students that paraded it.

The University, which is one of the most ancient and celebrated in Europe, contains twenty-five colleges and halls, all of them connected with circumstances and events, of thrilling interest or intense curiosity. Amongst them are those founded by Alfred the Great; by Baliol, father of him that was king of Scotland; by Cardinal Wolsey; by Queen Elizabeth, and many other great patrons of letters. In suitable edifices are the Pomfret statues; the Arundelian marbles; and above all the magnificent collection of books and manuscripts, founded by Duke Humphrey, and restored by Sir Thomas Bodley, after whom it is called the Bodleyan Library; and which constitutes one of the best collections now existing. The multitude of professors, teachers, official persons, and various hangers-on, about the establishment —under one appellation and another, is prodigious. The multifarious offices discharged by them, in their various conditions, concern not only the teaching of every branch of human learning, as they say; but relate to matters, which, according to our notions, are utterly inconsistent with their place and calling. Thus is the University represented by two members in the imperial parliament; some of the officers exercise extensive judicial powers, both of a civil and criminal, as well as of an ecclesiastical kind; while the corporation has no less than 202 rectories, and 112 vicarages in its gift; that is, it appoints three hundred and fourteen ministers of the established church, to enjoy all the income attached by law to that number of specified churches, or

livings; without the least regard to the wishes of the people to whom these presentees are to preach--and who are not only to pay their salaries fixed by statute, but to receive the most momentous instructions at their hands, or the hands of those appointed by them!*

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*UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD (1835.)

*Chancellor*—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, elected in 1834.

*High Steward*—the EARL OF ELDON, D. C. L., appointed in 1801.

*Vice Chancellor*—G. BOWLEY, D. D. Master of University College.

*Pro Vice Chancellors.* RICHARD JENKYNS, D. D. Master of Baliol College.
JOHN C. JONES, D. D. Rector of Exeter College.
A. T. GILBERT, D. D. Principal of Brazen-Nose College.
T. E. BRIDGES, D. D. President of Corpus Christi College.

*Proctors.* J. H. DYER, M. A. Trinity College.
W. HARDING, M. A. Wadham College,

| *Colleges & Halls.* | *Founded.* | *Heads of Colleges.* | *Elected.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| University, - - - | 872, | George Rowley, D. D., Master, - - | 1821 |
| Baliol, - - - | 1263, | Richard Jenkyns, D. D., Master, - - | 1819 |
| Merton, - - - | 1274, | Robert Marsham, D. C. L., Warden, - | 1826 |
| Exeter, - - - | 1314, | John Collier Jones, D. D., Rector, - | 1819 |
| Oriel, - - - - | 1323, | E. Hawkins, D. D. F. A. S., Provost, - | 1828 |
| Queen's, - - - | 1340, | John Fox, D. D., Provost, - - - | 1827 |
| New College, - - | 1386, | P. N. Shuttleworth, D. D., Warden, - | 1822 |
| Lincoln, - - - | 1427, | T. Radford, D. D., Rector, - - - | 1834 |
| All Souls, - - - | 1437, | Lewis Sneyd, M. A., Warden, - - | 1827 |
| Magdelen, - - - | 1456, | Martin J. Routh, D. D., President, - | 1791 |
| Brazen-Nose, - - | 1509, | Ash T. Gilbert, D. D., Principal, - - | 1822 |
| Corpus Christi, - - | 1516, | T. E. Bridges, D. D., President, - - | 1823 |
| Christ Church, - - | 1532, | Thomas Gaisford, D. D., Dean, - - | 1831 |
| Trinity, - - - | 1554, | James Ingram, D. D., President, - - | 1824 |
| St. John's, - - - | 1557, | Philip Wynter, D. D., President, - - | 1838 |
| Jesus, - - - - | 1571, | Henry Foulkers, D. D., Principal, - | 1817 |
| Wadham, - - - | 1613, | Benjamin P. Symonds, D. D., Warden, | 1831 |
| Pembroke, - - - | 1624, | George William Hall, D. D., Master, - | 1809 |
| Worcester, - - - | 1714, | Dean of Exeter, D. D., Provost, - - | 1795 |
| St. Mary Hall, - - | 1333, | R. D. Hampden, D. D., Principal, - | 1833 |
| Magdelen Hall, - - | 1480, | J. D. Mackbride, D. C. L., Principal, - | 1812 |
| New Inn Hall, - - | 1438, | John A. Camer, D. D., Principal, - | 1831 |
| St. Alban's Hall, - | 1547, | Edward Cordwell, D. D. Principal, - | 1831 |
| St. Edmund's Hall, - | 1559, | Anthony Grayson, D. D., Principal, - | 1834 |

| | *Founded.* | *Professors.* | *Appointed or Elected.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Regius Divinity, - | 1535, | Edward Burton, D. D., - - - - | 1829 |
| Regius Hebrew, - | 1540, | Houble Edward B. Pusey, B. D., - - | 1828 |
| Regius Greek, - - | 1540, | Thomas Gasford, D. D., - - - | 1811 |
| Regius Civil Law, - | 1546, | Joseph Phillimore, D. C. L., - - | 1801 |
| Regius Medicine, - | 1535, | John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S., - - - | 1822 |

All the clergy of the established church, are in general required to take their degrees—I will not say be educated, at Oxford or Cambridge. In very extraordinary cases, as where great merit is found without the individual's having passed the University—or where unusual rank and influence are united with rather more than usual ignorance and dulness; the degrees indispensable in practice if not by canon, to the getting of church ordination and preferment, are given by the Archbishop, in the exercise of plenary power. The opportunities of getting knowledge are necessarily immense; though unhappily surrounded by obstructions, which exclude all the poor; and by temptations which overcome too many, alas! of those who might enjoy

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|---|---|---|---|
| Regius Modern History, | 1724, | Edward Nares, D. D., - - - - | 1813 |
| Regius Botany, - - | 1793, | C. G. B. Danberrry, D. M, - - - | 1834 |
| Margaret Divinity, - | 1407, | Godfrey Faussett, D. D., - - - | 1827 |
| Savile's Astronomy, - | 1619, | Stephen P. Rigand, M. A. F. R. S., - | 1827 |
| " Geometry, - | " | Baden Powell, M. A., - - - - | 1827 |
| Natural Philosophy, - | 1618, | George Leigh Cooke, B. D., - - - | 1810 |
| Com. Ant. History, - | 1622, | Edward Cordwell, D.D., - - - | 1825 |
| Alep. Land's Ambic, - | 1636, | Wyndham Knatchbull, D. D., - - | 1823 |
| Lord Alm. Arabic, - | 1780, | John David Macbride, D. C. L., - - | 1813 |
| Experim. Philosophy, - | 1700, | Stephen P. Rigand, M. A. F. R. S., - | 1810 |
| Poetry, - - - | 1708, | John Keble, M. A., - - - - | 1831 |
| Viner's Common Law, | 1758, | Philip Williams, D. C. L., - - - | 1824 |
| Ld. Litchfield's Chir. Med. | 1780, | James Adey Ogle, M. D., - - - | 1830 |
| Anglo-Saxon, - - | 1795, | R. M. White, M A., - - - - | 1834 |
| Aldr. Anat. - - - | 1803, | John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S., - - - | 1816 |
| " Med. - - - | " | James Adey Ogle, M. D., - - - | 1824 |
| " Chem. - - | " | C. G. B. Danberry, M. D. F. R. S., - | 1822 |
| Mineralogy, - - | 1813, | William Buckland, D. D. F. R. S., - | 1813 |
| Geology, - - - | 1818, | " " - | 1818 |
| Political Economy, - | 1825, | William Foster Loyd, M. A., - - | 1832 |
| White's Moral Philos. | 1829, | R. D. Hampden D. D., - - - | 1834 |
| Boaden's Sanscrit, - | 1830, | Horace H. Wilson, M. A., - - - | 1832 |
| Music, - - - | 1626, | William Cratch, D. Mus., - - - | 1797 |
| *Founded.* | *University Officers.* | | *Appointed or Elected.* |
| Public Orator, - - | 1564, | J. A. Cramer, D. D., New Inn Hall, - | 1831 |
| Bodley's Librarian, - | 1540, | B. Bandinal, D. D., New College, - | 1831 |
| *Sub Librarians.* | | S. Reay, M. A, St. Alban's Hall, - | 1828 |
| | | W. Cureton, M. A., Christ Church, - | 1834 |
| Keeper of the Archives, | 1634, | P. Bliss, D. C. L., St. John's, - - | 1826 |
| Keeper Ashm. Mus. - | 1683, | P. B. Duncan, M. A., New College, - | 1829 |
| Radcliffe, Librarian, - | 1747, | John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S., - - - | 1834 |

the real advantages of the place. Dissenters of all kinds are excluded almost entirely from both Universities; strictly, and absolutely excluded from this. Subscription to the thirty-nine articles, is indispensable, to admission into Oxford.

There are no separate theological schools, in the Episcopal church in England: and the admission is universal that the professional training furnished for their ministers in this most important department, bears no comparison with that given in every other. The consequence is, that while the clergy of the establishment as a body, are well educated men; good Greek and Latin scholars; well read gentlemen, and so on; very few of them are learned theologians. Why should they be? They have every thing made to hand, and are solemnly sworn to use nothing but what is so provided! If any should say their sermons are not so made; true, and yet if they be not, the homilies are useless; and the public fame here greatly mistaken. A friend told me this story. He was arguing with a prebendary of the Cathedral of Durham, to convince him, that he was mistaken in charging the dissenters with plagiarism, in their preaching. The prebendary justified his opinion, by admitting and approving its universality in the establishment—which he illustrated by this anecdote. The son of a deceased fellow prebend, out of respect to his father's memory, published a volume containing twelve of his manuscript sermons. Before a great while, eleven of them were pointed out in various printed books of other men, nearly verbatim; and by and by, the twelfth was found to have been patched up out of three of the same kind. And the names of all the parties given! But after all, preaching is the smallest part of the duty of the ministers in the Episcopal church of England. The bishops seldom preach. Hundreds of rectors and vicars never preach at all; very few preach more than once a week; when they do officiate, nearly all read, and most of their discourses vary from fifteen to thirty minutes in length. He must be a sad dunce who cannot write a decent moral lecture once a week; which half an hour can be consumed in reading. If ninety-nine hundredths of the high-church-men,

who constitute probably nine-tenths of the establishment do this much, their industry and fidelity far exceed the public belief.

Amongst the worst features of this lack of theological training in churchmen, is to be found in the proneness to all species of plausible religious error, to which it inclines,—I should more properly say, subjects even the really pious portion of the clergy. With hearts alive to every religious impression, and minds awakened keenly to religious contemplation, but really unprovided with proper guides, unskilled in the minute history of error, and destitute of clear systematic, well digested views of Christian doctrine; this most interesting, and I rejoice to add, increasing body of men, is, of all others, the most liable to be seduced into religious errors of a certain kind. It is undeniable that the follies, they deserve no better name, of the late Edward Irving, while they found no advocates in any class of dissenters, tinctured, most deeply, many pious, but untrained minds, in the small evangelical part of the establishment. I state the fact on undeniable authority, and merely to illustrate my meaning. So far from intending offence, I can say with an honest conscience, that there are no men in the world, who, in my judgment, occupy at this moment, a posture more critical and profoundly interesting; none for whom my heart is more tenderly engaged, than for these very men; these comparatively few, but increasing ministers of the established church of England, who really love God, and faithfully adhere to the true spirit of their own evangelical creed.

Nor are they alone subject to this dangerous inconvenience.—For at the present moment, Oxford is the seat of another heresy, more fatal even than that of Irving—to which large numbers of the high-church party have been conducted, by a mis-direction of that spirit of religious enquiry, which characterises the age. This sect aims at no less than to restore Anglicanism to the condition it occupied, as they say, before the corruptions of Romanism crept in; and, as they pretend, reform the Reformation, by a retrograde movement of fifteen centuries. The system, as developed in the "*Oxford Tracts*," and other publications, and in the public discourses of the founders and leaders of

it, seems to be totally eviscerated of all evangelical religion; and is familiarly known as "*Puseyism;*" from the Hon. and Rev. E. B. Pusey, whose name will be found as Regius Professor of Hebrew, in the list given in a note on a previous page of this chapter.

Many of the kings of England have resided at Oxford, and several parliaments have in former times been summoned to meet here. Charles I. held his court here during the greater part of the civil wars; and from that day to this, the place has been in full possession of the Tory party—and formed one of the chief seats of high-church influence. Several years ago, the elite of the aristocracy connected with this university, got together here, with the duke of Wellington, (who is its chancellor, or chief magistrate and governor, invested with extensive powers) and nearly went into spasms, from the excess of their demonstrations against the progress of reform. The excesses and indecencies of that occasion, would have been accounted slander, if charged on a troop of drunken bullies. Very lately the corporation has received another shock, in consequence of the appointment, by the prime minister, of a certain Dr. Hampden, late moral philosophy professor, to the chair of divinity. They say he is heterodox; what is worse still, he is suspected of being a radical. In two meetings consisting of above five hundred persons each time, they have said and done, all manner of hard and contemptuous things about him. Still he holds on; and they have made a case both for the courts and the politicians, out of it; as little becoming the character of the University on the one hand, as the nature of the chair the reverend gentleman is so anxious to occupy, or the venerated name he bears, on the other. The place seems fatal to the name (I hope he is not of that noble race); for glorious John Hampden, whom I take, next to our Washington, to have been the purest and noblest model of patriot, citizen, and man—was killed at Chalgrave, not far off, on the 17th June, 1643, in an obscure skirmish, with the followers of Prince Rupert.—How variable is the progress of all human things; and yet how do the meanest, as well as the mightiest events, conspire to advance the great designs of Providence! A little ship-money cannot be adjusted without throwing into one

scale the blood of Hampden, and into the other the head of Charles Stuart! The grand principles of liberty, set up from so small a beginning, into so great a commonwealth, and triumphing at a cost so prodigious—pulled to pieces and trampled under foot, by those whom Hampden taught, and who slew Charles!—It is not fortune; it is man, that is inconstant.

After what is said in the preceding page, nothing need be added to illustrate the admirable qualifications of my Lord Melbourne, to select a teacher of divinity—whose duty it is, to train the future preachers of the land.

## CHAPTER X.

Ride from Oxford to London—Characteristic Anecdote—Coup D'ail of this part of England—State of the Agricultural Population—Chiltern Hundreds—Coloured Beggars—Eaton School—Gray—Penn—Windsor Castle—Hounslow Heath—Approach and Entrance into London.

The distance from Oxford to London is about sixty miles. The main road passes down the general course of the Thames, though not always in its valley; crosses it twice, first at Henley upon Thames, to its south bank—then back again to the north bank at Maidenhead. Above the former place you pass through Dorchester, on the Thame, before its junction with the Isis; a mean, straggling, thatched hamlet, the reverse in all respects, of its beautiful, and airy namesake, near Boston, in Massachusetts. After leaving Oxfordshire, you pass through one end of Berkshire, (called by the natives *Barkshire;*) thence through one corner of Buckinghamshire, on the opposite side of the Thames; thence into Middlesex, in one corner of which is situated the greatest city in the world. Part of London, however, is in the county of Surry, on the south side of the Thames; as I shall presently have more particular occasion to remark. The Thames, at London, is a broad and deep river; and thence upwards, it is a very beautiful stream; by far the most important one in the island, and comparing favourably, with most of those of western Europe.

But all the natural objects of America are projected on so vast a scale, that those in England look diminutive and mean in com-

parison. A characteristic anecdote may put this fact, and its consequences relatively upon the English and ourselves, plainly before the reader's mind. A gentleman-like and rather well-informed Englishman, who was in the stage-coach with me, and who had found out I was an American—after dilating on the greatness, the beauties, the majesty in short, of this noblest of British rivers, concluded thus: "Sir, it may seem almost incredible to you, but it is nevertheless true, that this prodigious stream, is, from its mouth to its source, not much, if at all, short of one hundred and fifty miles long!"—I looked steadfastly in his face—to see if he jested; but the gravity of deep conviction was upon it. Indeed John Bull—never jests. After composing myself a moment, I slowly responded: "Perhaps, Sir, you have heard of the river Ohio?" "I think I have." "Perhaps of the Missourie?" "I think so; though not sure." "Certainly of the Mississippi? "Oh yes, yes." "Well Sir; a man will descend the Ohio, in a steam-boat of the largest class, a thousand miles." "Of what Sir?—how many Sir?"——"A thousand miles; and there he will meet another steam-boat, of the same class, which has come in an opposite direction, twelve hundred miles down the Missourie; and then after going fifteen hundred miles more, down the Mississippi—he may see that flood of waters disembogue by fifty channels into the Sea!" I had made up my mind to be considered a cheat; so I went calmly, and emphatically through the statement! As I progressed, my companion seemed somewhat disposed to take my story as a personal affront; but at its close, he let down his visage into a contemptuous pout, and regularly cut my acquaintance.

Through the shires of which I now speak, the appearance of the country is generally delightful. Every where cultivated; highly adorned with excellent houses, and fine rural scenery; skirted with irregular clumps or ranges of trees, which, though small, knotty, and exceedingly scant, compared with our giant forests, are yet a relief to the scenery. The country people of England are the best housed people, I presume, in the world, of their cast; the very poorest of them, who have houses at all, being provided with substantial and roomy ones, of stone, brick,

or frame filled in with brick. Generally, too, they are well clad. And though their dress is peculiar, (the labouring people wearing the large smock shirt over tight knee breeches,) is, generally speaking, both tidy and comfortable. Labour is now better rewarded, than for many years past; although still it is comparatively low, money worth little, and bread high. The necessary results of such a state of things must be the overworking of the poor, the enormous prosperity of those who own the soil, and the highest possible cultivation of it. And such are the agricultural districts; beautiful, productive, and constantly improving; new lands yearly subjected to the plough, so that the precincts and commons of many villages, meant for the enjoyment and health of the poor, are constantly being inclosed. But at the same time, the labouring people, burdened in every comfort; taxed to the third or fourth part of their earnings; hemmed in by every sort of restriction; and watched over by thousands of soldiers, and police men beyond counting; owning almost nothing, and destitute of all hope of ever owning much; it requires indeed all possible exertion, to provide the indispensable comforts belonging to their condition, by immemorial custom; and to retain from year to year, their existing state.

I have heard from my childhood of the Chiltern Hundreds; and of persons who had served in Parliament, *accepting the Chiltern Hundreds.* For the first time I now got a distinct idea of what was meant. Our road led over an extensive tract of hills, covered, in many places, with beach woods; interspersed with considerable wastes, whose surface presents only brakes of furze, and the peculiar moss formation, in small hillocks over the ground; which were once of great extent, in many parts of the country. These cold and high hills stretch nearly across the kingdom, occupying especially large portions of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. They are composed of chalk, mixed with loam and clay, and full of flints. On the Berkshire side of the Thames, at Henley, there is an immense cut in one of these chalk hills, through which the road passes; and in the sides of which there is a very fine exhibition of this formation, which is so extensive in England. These are the Chiltern Hills; and

the *Chiltern Hundreds* was one of the ancient territorial divisions of this region, (the whole country being divided into districts called *hundreds*); which being still retained, the appointment of the stewards of it, is in the hands of the chancellor of the Exchequer. The place is a synecure; and the compensation nominal. Now according to the monarchial notion of representation, the Barons who sit in the house of Peers, are called to that dignity, solely by the King's Majesty, and represent nobody but themselves; while the Burgesses who sit in the Commons House, although they might be elected by certain constituencies—could meet, deliberate, or be prorogued or dissolved, only in obedience to the will of the sovereign. The commons, therefore, are bound to the king, as well as to their immediate constituents, to sit in the parliament, for which they are chosen; and it is received and settled practice, if not law, that a member has not an absolute right to resign his seat. To help out the case, another notion comes in; namely, that the member vacates his seat, by accepting any new appointment whatever, of an official kind, from the King. Even the Prime Minister, if a member, vacates his seat, by accepting office; and must be re-elected by the same, or another constituency. *To accept the Chiltern Hundreds*, therefore, is to get out of Parliament by the back door; the front door being locked and barred; and gentlemen occasionally finding the place too hot to hold them.

On one occasion, during this journey, three coloured men, who were travelling on foot towards Liverpool, approached us; and their spokesman, a stout and very black negro, solicited alms, in broken French. He said he was from one of the West Indian Islands. He spoke neither French nor English; and having a good deal of difficulty in understanding him, I addressed myself to a mulatto, who accompanied him, and who I found to speak English perfectly. He was ashamed to beg; and so had set his less enlightened companion to do it for the party. He announced himself, as a native of the Isle of France, in the East Indies; the son of an Englishman, who had sent him home, to be educated and taught a trade; in both of which he had succeeded;

but had lost his character, squandered his means, and turned vagabond. His black companion was a sailor, out of employment. The third and smallest of the party, was a light, well formed, and very young man, of high, thin features—with very black hair, and small mustaches, and of a bright olive complexion. He struck my attention forcibly; for I had never seen one like him. He spoke but little of our tongue; and proved to be a Lascar, from Southern Asia, who had come out in some menial capacity, on board a merchantman; been discharged; perhaps cheated afterwards; probably corrupted more than he was when he left his heathen home; and was now a street beggar. Poor fellows! We seemed the representatives of each line, back to our common ancestor; Shem, Ham, Japhet; with one also to represent the general mixture of races. Drawn from the ends of the world, and meeting by the way-side, in this remote corner of it; to meet no more, till we meet at the bar of God! One look, up the dark stream of time, revealed our common origin, in the second great subduer of the earth, leading his little rescued household, forth out of the ark, to possess his wide inheritance! One look downwards toward the open gate of death, and the vast eternity beyond it, revealed with equal clearness, our common destiny! My heart melted before such conceptions; and while I rejoiced in the privilege of contributing to their temporal necessities; I felt most keenly, the sense of obligation which rests upon all Christian people to provide at once and fully, for the wants of our ruined world.

About twenty-two miles above London, are situated the villages of Eaton and Windsor, the former in Buckinghamshire on the north, and the latter in Berkshire, on the south side of the Thames. At the first named village is Eaton School, now and for many years, one of the most celebrated in the Kingdom. It was established by Henry VI., in 1440; who founded it for "a provost, ten priests, six clerks, six choristers, twenty-five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor old men." It now supports, seventy scholars, (called king's scholars,) together with professors and tutors enough to teach, in addition to them, three hundred pupils; usually the sons of the principal nobility

and gentry. In full view of Eaton College is Stoke; a very noble edifice, the seat of the family of the immortal William Penn. And in the adjoining church yard of Stoke Pogis lies the dust of Gray, the sweetest of English poets; and surely no one can look upon this lovely scene, without recalling with renewed tenderness the hours of lofty musing, and gentle melancholy which our boyhood consecrated to his exquisite verse.

As you pass amidst these stirring scenes, looking to the left hand on Stoke, and meditating on the good life and great actions of the illustrious founder of the key state of our great confederacy; then turning to the right, and taking in at a single view the superb proportions of the Royal Palace at Windsor, which has been since the days of William the Conquerer, the occasional residence of British kings, and remember how few of them are now more to us, than if they had never lived; it is impossible to avoid feeling, as if realized before you, the utter meanness of rank and power as compared with real worth. William Penn, received from Charles II., after the restoration, a grant of what is now the state of Pennsylvania, in full discharge of the sum of £14,000 due him, from the government. It is rather strange that this debt, which laid the basis, remotely, of the prosperity, if not the permanent settlement of the Friends, in North America—was in part, if not principally, for the military services of Admiral Penn, the father of William; and the remainder, for monies lent to Charles I., to support his armies, in beating down the liberties of England. An extraordinary basis, truly, on which to build up a sect, and a commonwealth, renowned for their love of peace and freedom!

Forced by the meanness of a licentious and unjust king, to found a foreign state, that he might obtain the payment of a debt, just in its character, and moderate in extent; God used Penn as his instrument, to lay in peace, in justice, in mercy, in farsighted wisdom, the basis of a commonwealth, at this day unsurpassed in temporal blessings; and rewarded him for his part in the sacred enterprise, by uniting his name forever with the glory of that state, and making him the benefactor of generations

of generations! And where may now be Mr. Charles Stuart Rex? Or who of all the long line that went before, or that has followed him, has done a deed, that in its tout ensemble, exceeds this of an unpretending commoner; itself the fruit of royal perfidy? The same kingdom that grudged Penn his small and honest debt, paid when George IV. was king, a *single* upholsterer's bill, by act of Parliament, to Messrs. Morel and Sidden, for *furnishing* this very Castle of Windsor, £179,300, 13s. 9d., equal to about $896,500! And what may have become of Mr. George Quartus Guelph Rex; after he had finished all his sumptuous fare, and made an end of all his delicious living? Who is there to-day, that would take the place of any George or Charles of them all; either with God or man, in preference to that of William Penn?

A few miles before reaching London, the road conducts the traveller through the midst of what was once Hounslow Heath; a place famous through successive generations, and indeed until within the last twenty-five years, for robberies and murders, and whatever else, thieves, pick-pockets, villains, and desperadoes, could do. At present the greatest part of it is occupied with highly cultivated fields, gardens and nurseries; dotted over with rows of cottages, and smiling villages. For some distance before you enter the city proper, the houses become much more frequent; then they are found in rows; then they become villages, with short intervals; and finally melt into the world of brick and mortar, which constitutes London. The approach by which I entered it for the first time, is from the south-west, along the left bank of the Thames. And as I actually drew onward into its vast dimensions, there was less of imposing circumstance about it than I had anticipated. Yet it is an amazing thing; and for a long distance before reaching its heart, one is, as it were, swallowed up and lost. The travel is exceedingly rapid; the road perfect. Beginning at ten or a dozen miles from the metropolis, some fellow-traveller, familiar with surrounding objects, will say, that is Hampton Court, near the Thames, there in the distance; renowned over the earth. Then before the mind is composed, and in the midst of hurried thoughts of Woolsey and Raphael,

and all the wonders of that princely abode; some one says, there stands Strawberry Hill, the residence of Horace Wallpole; and that is the palace of Kew, the present residence of the Dutchess of Kent, and her daughter Victoria, heiress of the British throne. In a few moments, you are roused again to look at Holland House, the long abode of the noble family of Fox; and for a brief period, the residence of the delightful Addison. There is Zion House, adds another, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland; possessing the finest conservatory in the world. That is Hyde Park, on the left; full of foot passengers and horsemen, and all sorts of equipages; and that on the right is St. James's Park, with the palace of St. James, the royal residence, and the new one of Buckingham, nearly hid in its aristocratic shades. This is Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's; these are streets of Palaces. We are now in Pickadilly;—this is Regent street;—this is Pall Mall;—here is Charing-Cross, We are really in London. We have passed through, or by, two-thirds of its renowned *West End.*

## CHAPTER XI.

London—First Proceedings—Hotels—Small Trades—Police—Public Carriages—Popular Ignorance—State of Public Feeling towards the United States—Temper of the Periodical Press—Popery in America—Lodgings—Expenses.

It was with a start, I heard the driver, after he had asked several times, "where will you be put down sir?"—"Put down? Any where. What is this? "The Golden Cross, in Charing Cross, a very good house sir," said he, looking at my dress, which seemed to puzzle him; and to confess the truth, it was far inferior to his own—"a very good house, and will, I think, suit you sir."

I had before been advised with emphasis by a sensible and well bred English gentleman, who had travelled with us all day, to put no confidence whatever, in any body in London. I smiled at his caution; but felt rather grave when he added, a minute description of the dress of a city policeman, to enable me to recognize them at once; and a strong injunction to hand over to them, man, woman or child, who should give me the least annoyance, in a city which he seemed to look on, as being made up in a great part, of the wickedest of mankind. He stopped at a Club House, which is one of the million of devices of the aristocratic spirit of this nation, which eternally prompts all to get as nigh to those above them, and as far from those below them, as possible; and being left to chance, I disobeyed his council, took the coachman's word and stopped at the Golden Cross. The house was full. I remembered the name of a hotel

which a fellow voyager across the ocean had mentioned, and started to seek it. "Will you have a coach sir," said two or three voices the moment my foot was on the pavement. Yes. "Will you buy a pocket book sir," said one. No. "An Almanac," said another. No. "A walking stick," said a third. No. "A pair of boot straps," "a key ring," "an eye glass," "a guard chain," &c. &c. All declaring their articles to be the best in the world, and cheaper than dirt. I bore this very tolerably; for I looked for instant relief in the arrival of the coach. It came; but to enter it was out of the question; as to use it would I supposed exclude me from any decent hotel to which I might drive. By the way, one will hardly in all England find a *decent two horse* hackney coach. But this one, horses, coach and driver, beggared all description. I said at once, the thing would not answer; and being willing to pay for experience, offered the man who went for it, and the driver of it six-pence each; equal to about twelve cents each of our money. They both peremtorily refused it, and considered a shilling each very little; while at the same moment, the throng of small traders, renewed their attack. The advice of my fellow traveller flashed across my mind; and coolly returning my two sixpences to my pocket; by a broad allusion to a police man, who was in hearing, I got sufficient respite to escape into the house. The police of London, is the most numerous and best organized in the world. They are every where in that great city—at all hours, and are really amongst its chiefest comforts.

As poor Col. Crockett would have said, I was fairly treed. But my circumstances forced me to make another sally. This time I rang for a servant; and told him I wanted a coach. He said he would send up '*boots*' and disappeared. Up came the *porter* of the establishment; who as I have since learned, is called every where and only—boots. 'Get me a carriage of some kind' said I. "Will you have a coach, a fly, or a cab sir,"? "A what?" He repeated the three names. It was all guessing, so I ordered a Cab; and in a few moments I was seated in a *Cabriolet*, which I found the vehicle to be; that is, a gig drawn by one horse, and capable of holding two persons; with the

driver's seat outside of it, on the right side; and defended in front by a curious wooden lap, that is hung so as to move back and forward, or sideways at pleasure. They are very convenient, and number nearly two thousand in London. There are nearly as many, of the most miserable hackney coaches I have ever seen; and besides both, a much smaller number of flys, that is, small close carriages, with one seat, and a single horse.

I drove to the Union Hotel, Cockspur street, kept by Mrs. Chamberlain (most of their hotels are kept by women; and I give names and places, as I have a queer story to tell;) which is rather an important Hotel in the immediate vicinity of Regent street. That street is the very vortex of the West End, when they wish to show themselves, in the city rather than in the parks; and is of recent origin, being cut through well built squares at a cost to the government of above nine millions of dollars. This hotel was also full; and not knowing what to do, I again disregarded advice, and besought Mrs. Chamberlain, to commend me to some suitable place; telling her at the same time, my circumstances, condition, and country. She very kindly recommended me, with *her* compliments to Mrs. Osborne's hotel, at the corner of John's street in the Adelphi; and by way of commending it to me, added, that many Americans stopped there. "Indeed" said she, "the king and queen of America put up there the last time they were in town!" "The *who*, madam?" "The king and queen of America Sir?" I knew something of the ignorance which prevailed in England, over ninty-nine hundredths of the people, about every thing, but their own especial personal business. I knew their still more total ignorance of America. For I had heard them very often express surprise that I and my friends were white; and as many times, unfeigned curiosity to know how we had been enabled to speak English! But this seemed to me so prodigious, that I endeavoured afterwards to get some clue to such barbarous stupidity.

It is due to the good hostess to say that I pretty soon found two bases for her mistake, either of which was quite sufficient to account for it in the existing state of knowledge, amongst the common people of England. It appears first that no great while

ago, some royal couple from some Island, or Group in the Pacific Occean (I believe from the Sandwhich Islands) had actually been in London, and put up, at the house in question. The material parts of the story being true therefore, so much of it namely as touched the facts of king or no king, this tavern or another; it was of small moment, whether Otahite were in America, or America one of the Sandwich Island, either, both, or neither; it is all one to Mr. Bull. How true this is, can be made apparent to all, when the following statement, which contains my second solution of the lady's error, manifests that the very streams of popular knowledge are polluted at their fountains. The Times newspaper, was for a long period, more extensively circulated than any other in Britain. It is still edited with more ability perhaps than any other paper. And although its total, and as is generally believed, corrupt, change from low radical to high tory politics, since the passage of the Reform Bill, has greatly weakened its moral power, it is still possessed of immense influence; as what follows may attest.

Within a few months M. Mendizable, the late Prime Minister of Spain, stated in a speech in the Cortes; that during the invasion of Portugal by Don Pedro, and while his agents were negociating a loan in Paris, the Times spake disparagingly of his cause, in a transient paragraph; that the Paris bankers immediately, and for that reason, refused to make the loan; in consequence of which, Miguel was able to protract the contest for the crown of Portugal during another whole year! Now all the English journals of every kind and degree, more or less misrepresent every thing American. Some through utter indifference about us; many through total ignorance; some out of sheer malice; and amongst these, we may safely enumerate the Quarterly Review, long their ablest periodical, and the Times, long their ablest journal. America, and all in it, are gall and wormwood—to all king-craft, priest-craft, and the whole round of abuses, corruptions, and intolerable nuisances that inhere in every kind of obligarchy. I will prove the crimes of the Times against us by one signal and very recent instance; which at the same moment reveals the atrocious manner in which the people

here, are drilled and bred to ignorance. A leading article in one of the numbers of that paper, about the first of May 1836, contains the following amongst numerous statements like it. "Whoever has been in the United States, and has since his re- "turn marked the "progress" of public events in England; must "be forcibly struck with the awful facts, that whereas the wisest "statesmen there—General Jackson at the head of them—en- "deavour gradually and quietly to bring about the revolution "they know to be inevitable, from republicanism to despotism; "our infatuated rulers, who play at statesmanship, are about by "spurious republican notions, to consummate an event they little "dream of;—namely the overthrow of a monarchy, under the "protection of which, *every native born American* would give "his ears to place himself, and his property."

This is taken from a communication, whose author gives the following account of himself, and his means of getting correct information in America. "When I was in the United States, I "was a member of the Catholic Association at New York; and "wanting to become personally, practically, and perfectly ac- "quainted with every thing in that country, I, under the advice "of friends who well knew that every stranger, wherever he "might be, in that *pays de la libertie*, had better be subjected "to the surveillance of the police at Vienna than travel without "a palpable, declared and approved object; took upon myself "the office of traveller for a newspaper, which was the express "and especial organ of the Catholic Association. The accounts "due to the proprietors of that paper, were my credentials through- "out the union. In this way then I had experience of a peculiar "kind. As a citizen of the world, with plenty of money in my "pocket, I went into all kinds of American society; and as the "representative of adopted citizens, conducting a newspaper, I "had daily intercourse with those (especially Irish) who formed "the innumerable branches throughout the union of the Catho- "lic Association at New York."

Here is much food for serious meditation. Amidst many false opinions these two extracts contain some undeniable and momentous truths. The false opinions mislead the British pub-

lic; and are therefore valued by the Times. The facts concern the American people; and deserve their profound attention. For though we all know that no American statesman high or low meditates, or would tolerate revolution of any kind, last of all, towards despotism; and that no *native American* exists who would not willingly die to prevent the rise of monarchy in his beloved country;—yet *it is true*, that there is a Catholic Association at New-York; that its branches are ramified through the nation;—that it controls a newspaper; that it is composed chiefly of adopted citizens and especially of Irishmen. It is also true that all newspapers employ collectors; and that the possession of the accounts of one, would give a certain access to every class of subscribers to it. Above all, it is true, that this fatal Roman Catholic superstition, has been in all ages and countries, the deadly enemy of civil and religious liberty.

Here then is the source of the false opinions,—in the true facts. And here is most emphatic testimony—subject to whatever drawback, any may choose to make, on the score of mistake, ignorance, or falsehood;—here is emphatic testimony, that a great many papists, in America—not only contemplate the ruin of our republic as inevitable, and busy themselves in preparation to meet such an event; but that they firmly believe civil revolution in America to be desirable,—and actually desired by the great bulk of the people. Let us distinguish between what is actually true, and what papists believe to be true; between what is desired by the nation, and what they imagine it desires; between what will actually be, and what they think ought to be, and will be; and we shall have the clew perhaps to guide us, through these and a thousand similar proofs. They who believe while on this side of the ocean, that Americans, are black, talk gibberish, and have a king; would not be hard to convince on the other side, that they neither deserved nor cared about freedom. Let us add the power of the priest to that of the newspaper as a means of delusion; and the power of religious intolerance, to that of political fanaticism, as a motive for action; and instead of being marvellous, the story most probably exhib-

its the real opinions, principles, and efforts of the great body of *foreign* papists in the United States.

After a good deal of trouble and several days of odd enough adventure, we finally got settled in No. 8 Norfolk street Strand; a wide, quiet, short street, running from the Thames to the Strand (which is a portion of the greatest thoroughfare in London): about mid-way between Temple Bar (which terminates the city proper,) and Exeter Hall,—which was the object that drew us to this vicinity.—For three spacious apartments, on what is here called the first floor, but with us the second; namely, a front parlour and two chambers, we paid six guineas a week. For board (of the plainest kind) for three adult persons, six guineas a week more. Extra charges; fire one shilling a day; lights the same; washing table linen, &c. two shillings a week; *'boots'*, three shillings a week; servant seven shillings a week; door keeper a shilling a week; cook two shillings a week—the two last being mere gratuities. Making a grand total of rather more than £14 per week:—nearly three and an half dollars per diem, for each person. To this the stranger in London, especially if he be somewhat restricted for time, and desirous of seeing what is to be seen, in the way of public curiosities,—may add about one dollar and a half a day, additional; to be paid to coachmen, showmen, beggars, and impostors;—counting of course, that he shall have escaped many, and curtailed many,—if he gets off with this additional daily expenditure—in the midst of this most greedy, rapacious, and venal population. I should suppose that about one sovereign a day—and not less—would cover the necessary expenses of a transient person, who would live respectably in London,—see its sights,—and conform to its lawful habits and notions. If these details seem too minute—or even trifling to some, I must bear their censure for the sake of the greater number, to whom they will be curious, and the few to whom they may impart useful hints.

# CHAPTER XII.

Religious Anniversaries in London—Delegations from the United States—Incident Relative to the National American Societies—Exeter Hall—First Anniversary—Lord's Day Society—Bishop of London—National Mannerism—Speakers at the Meeting—Extraordinary Anecdote of the Pope—Anti-Temperance Practice—Bishop of Chester—Costume—Public Expression of Feeling by the Audience—Political Aspect and Influences—Aristocratical Feasting—General Profanation of the Sabbath.

To an American Christian in London, during that period of the year at which it was my fortune to visit it for the first time, no object can be more interesting than the spring meetings which are held annually there. These meetings extend over portions of April and June; and occupy nearly all the month of May. They are conducted in various ways, and celebrated in various parts of the city. Taken altogether, they cover a great portion of that wide field, which the prevalence of sin and misery in the world, gives to benevolence to expatiate in. The list contained in the foot note below,* though by no means complete, contains

*ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS OF 1836.

Monday, 2d May, 10 morn.—Wesleyan Missionary Society.—Exeter Hall.—Sir O. Mosley, chairman.

Monday, 2d, 6¼ evening.—Church Missionary Society.—St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street—Archdeacon Spooner, to preach.

Tuesday, 3d, 11 morn.—Church Missionary Society.—Exeter Hall.—The Earl of Chichester, chairman.

Tuesday, 3d, 6 ev'g.—Christian Instruction Society.—Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields.—John Labouchere, Esq., chairman.

Tuesday, 3d, 6½ ev'g.—European Missionary Society.—National Scotch Church, Regent Square.—Rev. John Cumming, to preach.

Wednesday, 4th, 11 morn.—British and Foreign Bible Society.—Exeter Hall.—Lord Bexley, chairman.

above fifty services; and may help to furnish the reader with accurate ideas of the nature, extent, variety, and importance of those operations which they were intended to illustrate, and commend to the Christian public.

A slight inspection of this list, will show at once, that it is impossible to attend all these meetings; for if there were no other obstacle, several of them are held at the same hour. But the great length of many of them; the great mental exhaustion resulting from excitement, long and intensely sustained; together with a variety of minor reasons, which will be apparent in the course of the following statements, make it neither desirable, nor

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Wednesday, 4th, 6 ev'g.—Metropolitan City Mission.—Exeter Hall.—Marquis of Cholmondeley, chairman.

Wednesday, 4th 6½ ev'g.—European Missionary Society.—Percy Chapel.—Rev. Edward Bickersteth, to preach.

Wednesday, 4th, 6½ ev'g.—Prayer Book and Homily Society.—St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street.—Rev. Professor Scholefield, to preach.

Thursday, 5th, 12 noon.—Prayer Book and Homily Society.—Exeter Hall (lower room).—Lord Bexley, chairman.

Thursday, 5th, 6 ev'g.—London Hiberian Society.—St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.—Rev. R. W. Sibthorp, to preach.

Thursday, 5th, 6 ev'g.—Sunday School Union.—Exeter Hall.—Edward Baines, Esq, M. P., chairman.

Thursday, 5th, 6 ev'g.—British and Foreign Sailors' Society.—City of London Tavern.—Lord Mountsandford, Chairman.

Thursday, 5th, 6½ ev'g.—Home Missionary Society.—Weigh House Chapel, London Bridge.—Rev. James Stratten, to preach.

Thursday, 5th, 6¾ ev'g.—Trinitarian Bible Society.—Trinitarian Chapel, Conduit St.—Rev. J. L. Galton, to preach.

Thursday, 5th, 6½ ev'g —Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.—John Street Chapel, Doughty Street.—H. Pownall, Esq., chairman.

Thursday, 5th, 6½ ev'g.—Society for promoting Christianity among Jews.—Jews' Chapel, Cambridge Heath, Hackney.—Rev. Hugh Stowell, to preach.

Thursday, 5th, 6½ ev'g.—British Reformation Society.—St. Clement Danes, Strand.—Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, to preach.

Friday, 6th, 12 noon.—Society for Promoting Christianity among Jews.—Exeter Hall.—Sir Thomas Baring, chairman.

Friday, 6th. ev'g.—Religious Tract Society.—Exeter Hall.—Marquis of Cholmondeley, chairman.

Saturday, 7th, 11 morn.—London Hiberian Society.—Exeter Hall.—Marquis of Cholmondeley, chairman.

Saturday, 7th, 12 noon.—Established Church Society.—Exeter Hall.—Lord Ashley, Chairman.

possible, nor indeed quite fair if it were both, for the same audience to be present, at many of the anniversaries. Bearing commissions from four or five of the principal State Societies, in Maryland, with which my brethren and friends in Baltimore had kindly furnished me; and from several other similar institutions, in other parts of the United States; to represent them in similar bodies in Britain, I was left less freedom of choice than I should otherwise have had. I am not aware that any facilities are furnished by such credentials, beyond what any clergyman from America would enjoy without them. Or if there be any, they are so slender compared with the trials and mortifications into

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Monday, 9th, 11 morn.—London Itinerant Society.—Finsbury Chapel, Moorsfields.—Rev. A. Fletcher, chairman.

Monday, 9th, 12 noon.—British and Foreign School Society.—Exeter Hall.—Lord Morpeth, chairman.

Monday, 9th, 12 noon.—Church Pastoral-Aid Society.—Exeter Hall.—Lord Ashley, chairman.

Monday, 9th, 6 ev'g.—Congregational Union.—Weigh House Chapel, London Bridge, Introductory Devotional Service.

Tuesday, 10th, 12 noon.—District Visiting Society.—Exeter Hall.— —— ——, chairman.

Tuesday, 10th, 12 noon.—Naval and Military Bible Society.—Freemasons' Hall.—Marquis of Cholmondeley, chairman.

Tuesday, 10th, 6 ev'g.—Church of Scotland Foreign Missions.—Exeter Hall.—— ——, chairman.

Tuesday, 10th, 6½ ev'g.—Irish Evangelical Society.—Finsbury Chapel.—Thomas Walker, Esq., chairman.

Tuesday, 10th, 6¾ ev'g.—Newfoundland School Society.—St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street.—Bishop of Chester, to preach.

Tuesday, 10th, 6¾ ev'g.—Moravian Missions.—St. Clement Danes, Strand.—Rev. W. Dalton, to preach.

Wednesday, 11th, 10¼ morn.—London Missionary Society.—Surry Chapel, Blackfriar's Road.—Rev. H. Grey, to preach.

Wednesday, 11th, 12 noon.—Newfoundland School Society.—Exeter Hall.—Lord Bexley, chairman.

Wednesday, 11th, 12 noon.—Protestant Association.—Exeter Hall.— —— ——, chairman.

Wednesday, 11th, 6 ev'g.—London Missionary Society.—Tabernacle, Moorfields.—Rev. Dr. Redford, to preach.

Wednesday, 11th, 6¾ ev'g.—Church Pastoral-Aid Society.—St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street.—Rev. Hugh Stowell, to preach.

Thursday, 12th, 10 morn.—London Missionary Society.—Exeter Hall.—Thomas Wilson, Psq., chairman.

which the general subserviency to rank, and equally general indifference, if not disesteem towards America, which pervades most ranks of English society, will certainly betray every American who is deputed to stand on an English platform, with English Prelates, and Lords, and Members of Parliament; that I am sure no one who has once tried it, will be easily persuaded to try it again. I say this, and somewhat more, which I may add on this subject, for two reasons. The first is, to caution my brethren at home, against a very prevalent error. The second is, to direct attention to the subject here; if these lines should be so fortunate as to meet the eyes of those who can remedy the evils hinted at. It is due, also to truth, and to the present occasion to say, that although I had been twice elected by the General

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Thursday, 12th, 6 ev'g.---Seamen and Soldiers' Friend Society.---City of London Tavern.--- —— ——, chairman.

Thursday, 12th, 6 ev'g.---London Missionary Society.---St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row.---Rev. Sanderson Robins, to preach.

Friday, 13th, noon.---British Reformation Society.---Exeter Hall.--- —— ——, chairman.

Saturday, 14th, 11 morn.---Protestant Association for Protection of Religious Liberty.---City of London Tavern,--- —— ——, chairman.

Monday, 16th, 11 morn.---London City Mission.---Exeter Hall.--- ——, chairm.

Monday, 16th, 6 ev'g.---British Voluntary Church Society.---Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields.---Edward Baines, Esq., M. P., chairman.

Tuesday, 17th, 12 noon.---British and Foreign Temperance Society.---Exeter Hall.---Bishop of London, chairman.

Tuesday, 17th, 1 afternoon.---Trinitarian Bible Society.---Exeter Hall.---Rt. Hon. Thomas Erskine, chairman.

Tuesday, 17th, 6 ev'g.---Home Missionary Society.---Exeter Hall.---Thomas Thompson, Esq., chairman.

Wednesday, 18th, 10 morn.---Home Missionary Society.---Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand.---Sale of Ladies' Work.

Wednesday, 18th, 12 noon.---European Missionary Society.---Exeter Hall.---Hon. J. J. Strutt, chairman.

Wednesday, 18th, 12 morn.---Irish Society of London.---Hanover Square Rooms. — —— ——, chairman.

Friday, 20th, 12 noon.---Sailors' Home, and Destitute Sailors' Asylumn.---Exeter Hall.--- —— ——, chairman.

Tuesday, 24th, 6 ev'g.---Book Society, (for promoting Religious Knowledge.)---King's Head Tavern, Poultry.---Thomas Challis, Esq., chairman.

Tuesday, 31st, 12 noon.---Labourers' Friend Society.---Exeter Hall.--- —— ——, chairman.

Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, a Commissioner to represent her, before the churches with which she held intercourse in England; yet on neither occasion was the slightest intimation made, by any of the great societies in America, calling themselves National, for the spread of the Scriptures, for the publication of Tracts, for Missions, for Temperance, for Sunday Schools—to commission me, as the delegate of any one of them, before any kindred institution in Europe. This was the more remarkable, as at that period the principal support of most of those institutions, was actually derived from the body which thus distinguished me; as my colleague who went out in 1835, was commissioned to represent, nearly them all, at a time when he and I and these societies expected that I would accompany him; and as still further, in 1836—when I actually went, some of them sent a special delegate, and others preferred to be wholly unrepresented. The solution of this extraordinary indignity offered to the church, is to be found in the doctrinal controversies of the era—in the bold and pious zeal of the orthodox, then newly organized for an effort at general reform—in my intimate union with the evangelical party, and in the hold which the spirit and temper of Semi-Pelagianism, afterwards so rampant in the country, had even then acquired, in the committees and boards of all the great voluntary societies. Since that era, prodigious revolutions have occurred. How far they may have mitigated or rebuked this deep-rooted jealousy of evangelical Presbyterianism, or restored the church to her just posture, as touching these institutions; this is not the occasion to enquire.

Making the best use of the circumstances in which we stood, and of the advice of judicious friends, our party made its selection of meetings to be attended. We determined to attempt one every day; and proceeded accordingly to get tickets for about a week in advance. Admittance into Exeter Hall, is exclusively by ticket; of which there are three kinds. One kind admits to the platform, which is nominally reserved for ministers, and would seat perhaps four hundred; but I have seen it decorated with ladies and deformed by boys. Another kind admits to the elevated seats, as they are called; that is, about three

quarters of the floor, commencing from the line, where the seats rise towards the end of the hall; and are occupied by *the public.* The third kind admits to the raised, or reserved seats; which commencing at the same line with the foregoing, rise towards the front, instead of the rear, and are reserved *for us;* as *all* who can get access to them, delight to say. The Hall itself is in the Strand; a plain, rectangular room, in the second story (as we should call it) of an edifice erected in 1830; its length 136, its breadth 76 feet; and seated for 2500 persons, exclusive of the platform, a temporary gallery, the narrow aisles, and intolerable crowding. The aspect of the Hall, when full, is very imposing from any part of it; but from the broad platform elevated about eight feet, and occupying one whole end of it, with a concave railing in front—the mass of human beings before you seems immense; and the peculiar construction of the seats, springing from a point in the floor, upwards, both in front and rear, with elevated side seats, as they approach the wall, gives an undulating surface, which rather increases the idea of vastness.

The first meeting I attended, was that of the Society for promoting the better observance of the Lord's Day. It is not in the list above furnished, having preceded, as did many others, any mentioned in it. I got a ticket for the platform, went early, and had no difficulty in getting a good seat. Neither the hall nor platform was crowded; nor do I think the Society is a public favourite. Though nominally Catholic in its spirit and organization, as are most of the great associations of the day, yet like most of them in England, it has gradually slid into the hands of a particular party. The very structure of society, as well as the whole relations of religious sects in this country, apparently forbids a cordial and sustained union of Christians for any, even the most Catholic and simple operations. Following this general tendency, this Society has fallen chiefly into the hands of a portion of the Church of England.

At noon, the Lord Bishop of London took the chair, and commenced the exercises without any religious service, of any kind. His family name is Bloomfield; on which account he is often

confounded, in America, with the author of the Critical Digest; though this gentleman's rank as a scholar is also high. He is a handsome, middle aged man; of moderate stature; quite bald; and wore a dark green surtout, buttoned up tight in the throat. At all their meetings, the chairman makes the first speech. On this occasion, it was all smooth, clever, and gentleman-like; but there was nothing special in it, except an allusion to a plan for the erection of fifty new Episcopal churches in London, which the bishop has proposed, and has deeply at heart. When mentioned, it was loudly cheered. I shall have occasion to speak of it, in another and more appropriate connexion.

When the bishop's address was concluded, the secretary did what I supposed he considered tantamount to reading, a long paper, which I was informed was the annual report. He was an elderly, and most respectable looking gentleman; and was listened to with apparent respect. After repeated attempts, in the exercise of fixed and painful attention, I was unable to catch the import of any single sentence; although I was within thirty feet of him, and could hear distinctly, every sound he uttered. Such tones, such intonations, such mouthing of words, beggar all description. These matters are to a certain degree national; and to that degree, I thought I had become somewhat familiarized. I was mistaken. This at least, I concluded, is unique and personal. I was mistaken again more egregiously than before. I affirm most seriously, that from the highest to the lowest society in England—and from the most formal speech, down to the answers of shopmen—I have had constant difficulty to understand what was said. I speak not now, of provincialisms, but of indistinct utterance, and monstrous tones. And I am now led into these remarks, on account of their peculiar appropriateness, to several of the most prominent speakers, as well as the gentleman already refered to.

Amongst others, Sir Oswald Mosley, Sir Andrew Agnew, and Mr. Hardy,—all three members of Parliament: Dr. Daltry and the Rev. Mr. Benson master of the temple, popular churchmen; the Rev. Mr. Cubits, a Wesleyan, and the Lord Bishop of Chester addressed the meeting. Mr. Hardy had very recently be

stirred himself in the House of Commons, against Mr. O'Connell, in relation to the Carlow election; in other words, O'Connell having bargained with some one, whose name I forget, to insure his election for the county of Carlow, provided he would pay £1,000 in hand, and an equal sum when returned; the affair took wind—was brought before Parliament—and Mr. O'Connell acquitted of bribery, which was the specific accusation.—Mr. Hardy became at once a favourite with the conservatives, which nearly all churchmen are; and hence his presence here. He made the best speech I heard that day. The other members of Parliament were the mover and seconder of the bill for the better observance of the Lord's Day; which had been so contemptuously treated at a former session; and which was very shortly after the occasion now spoken of, rejected with every mark of contempt. Hence, very properly their presence now.

Sir Andrew Agnew, is a very poor speaker; and said but little on this occasion. Sir Oswald Mosley, speaks pretty well, and spoke at some length, and about all sorts of things; giving a decidedly personal and political turn to the whole. He alluded several times (as Mr. Hardy and Mr. Cubits did still more pointedly after him) to Mr. O'Connell; and was loudly cheered, at every stroke; and some of them were very hard. In the course of his speech, and in direct connexion with a sort of attack on O'Connell, for his latitudinarian sentiments on the subject of the Sabbath day; he produced quite a scene, by pulling out from his pocket, a recent bull, of the reigning pontiff, on the identical subject. The document was in the shape of a newspaper; printed in Italian, on a mammoth sheet; and dated *Rome*, February 18th, 1836. Sir Oswald did portions of it extempore, into very good English, and narrated the progress of the whole affair—which is curious enough. For it seems that the universal and absolute desecration of the Sabbath day, at Rome, had become so dreadful, as to shock the sensibilities of the Pope himself; while the multiplied crimes to which this state of things led, appealed to him as the temporal head of that city. Upon these and other equally cogent statements, all very well put in the decree; the pope proceeded to command, and did command,

the theatres to be shut—the markets to be closed—the inns to be allowed to serve only their regular daily customers—the shops to shut—rioting to cease—and the Sabbath day to be truly and really kept as a rest in the eternal city. The detail was heard by us all, with the most profound astonishment. And it was with real sorrow, that when the denouement of the story came, we learned that the decree had thrown the whole city of Rome into a ferment; that it was received with universal execration, and not only openly resisted, but immediately cancelled. So that after all, the rabble of the city of Rome appear to be the real visible head, of the holy, Roman, Catholic, and Apostolical church; the practical expounders of faith and manners, infallibly for the human race. The whole affair is very strange. That the Pope of Rome, of all men in the world, should have true, and really evangelical notions on a subject most of all misunderstood by the world; when the world's delusion thereon, was created, and confirmed by the long continued heresies of the popes themselves, on the very subject, is most singular. That he should spontaneously come forward with a plan of reform, when the same subject is engaging the labours of good men every where, is peculiar. And that, while his myrmidons, are making such great efforts every where else, he should be despised, at the foot of his throne: while he is mighty to do harm in so many lands, that he should be impotent for any good, under the walls of his palace—is perhaps strangest of all.

The only person not of the establishment who took part in the exercises, was the Rev. Mr. Cubits. I have before said, he was a Wesleyan; and I have had many opportunities to perceive the great and increasing desire, on both sides, that the breach occasioned by John Wesley, if it cannot be healed, should not at least be enlarged. This gentleman's speech was barely tolerable; and contained a most severe attack on the majority of the House of Commons, many of whom he plainly and plumply denounced as "beastly drunkards." Speaking of 'that ilk,'—led him to narrate several pretty pointed temperance anecdotes, which were rather dryly received. No wonder; for at that moment, several bottles of wine or spirits, were within

six feet of him; behind the seat of the chairman. This is very common: and even in cases where the bottles are excluded from the platform, they are very often introduced into an adjoining room; in which those persons who are to take part in the proceedings of any particular meeting, assemble before it commences. If I should express an opinion, it would be, that few, perhaps none of the meetings use spirits; but that at very nearly all, wine is provided, either on the platform, or in the committee room adjoining.

The Lord Bishop of Chester (John Bird Sumer, D. D.) who besides his bishoprick, has the rectory of Waverton, and a prebend's stall in the Cathedral church at Durham, also made a speech, in no respect remarkable. He is universally respected; and considered an excellent man, and an evangelical prelate. What is expected of such a person in the establishment, is made the more obvious, by my stating his preferments; which I have done above on that account; from whence it appears that he is a pluralist, holding at least two more preferments than any human being can properly perform the duties of—and deriving from the three, probably from fifty to eighty thousand dollars a year; while many thousand ministers in the same church, have no preferment at all, and utterly inadequate compensation for the duties they perform. I say this without the least intention to implicate this individual, in any thing which is here considered wrong in his sect; or which is not more largely partaken of by his brethren, of equal rank with himself. I will not say of equal excellence, for I believe the public voice here, would say that number was not large. He is a middle aged man, of slight figure, with a Grecian face; and wears so much powder that I at first thought his hair was grey. He was dressed now, and constantly on several other occasions when I saw him, in the costume of his order. The entire dress black; the old fashioned buckled shoes—knee breeches—a Quaker coat—and to crown all, a black silk apron! Bona fide—neither more nor less—a black silk apron of the same shape and dimensions, and put on apparently, in the same way as a blacksmith's leather apron! I had never heard of this; and it put my manners, on several oc-

casions, to a most severe trial. How wonderful it is, that superstition, at once so absurd and childish, should keep its hold over enlightened minds?

The meeting lasted about four hours; and as it was the first, so it was the shortest of any I attended. When it was about half over, the Bishop of London retired; and Sir A. Agnew, was called to the chair amidst great applause. Both these events are common. At nearly all the meetings, the chairman, and the first speakers leave the platform; and a new chairman, and other speakers generally to the number of eight or ten in all, succeed them.

The expression of approbation and disapprobation is constant and boisterous. Hear! hear! they exclaim, when any thing strikes them; hundreds at once, and at the top of their voices. They clap with their hands; they stamp with their feet; they beat the floor with canes and umbrellas; they deliver themselves in short ejaculations, such as "no! no!"—"shame"—"Oh!"—&c. &c. They all do it—every where, except in church on the Sabbath. Every where else, I have witnessed its performance, by all ages, sexes, and conditions. In religious meetings (so called), it is not usual to express direct disapprobation.—Sometimes, however, it is not very evident what is meant; and sometimes their demonstrations of impatience, are plain enough. I saw several instances, where gentlemen, were clapped down; once where a master of ceremonies interfered, and privately asked a speaker to stop; several where the chairman interfered and stopped speakers; and once, where they hissed, or rather hollowed, a speaker down, by crying, "off, off, off."

If I entered this renowned hall with feelings of awe, and profound religious sensibility, I have very imperfectly conveyed to the reader the impressions made on my own mind—if he does not see how unlikely such feelings were to be cultivated or sustained in such circumstances as I have, faithfully, but very imperfectly described.

This meeting was very much more a political, than a religious one. It took place on Friday, and on Monday the leading Ministerial paper of London (the Morning Chronicle) had a violent

attack upon the meeting, and Sir Andrew's Sabbath day bill. In the same paper, was a communication, putting the subject in a very solemn light. It seems that the Monday following the meeting, being the first Monday in May, was the day for the opening of the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. As usual, the annual dinner is eaten on the preceding Saturday; which was the next day after the meeting described above. At that dinner three hundred persons, bishops, lords, officers of state, foreign ministers, gentlemen, artists, &c., sat down about eight or nine o'clock, and caroused till about, or perhaps after, midnight. The apartments where they dined in Somerset house, were needed by the Academy, on Monday. So that perhaps forty men and as many women, were employed all the fore part of the intervening Sabbath, in removing the relics, and effacing the memorials, of the reverend and noble festival. The Lord Bishop of London, who presided at our meeting, was a guest at this; in company with many of his reverend brethren. It is needless to say, the feast did more harm than the meeting did good. And nearly as much so to add that it is vain to attempt to sustain a healthy state of public sentiment on this all important subject, when all the fountains of influence are polluted. A large party in the House of Commons openly ridicule all ideas of a religious observance of the Sabbath; and there is now depending a struggle, commenced by Mr. Hume for keeping open the British Museum on the Sabbath, as a place of public recreation. The principal noblemen and gentry, use the Sabbath as a day of feasting and parade. And many of the most serious persons I met with in England, seemed to me, to have exceedingly vague and erroneous notions about the nature of those duties which the state can perform towards the just observance of the Sabbath, by all classes of persons. While some of their nominally religious newspapers, disparage the commendable conduct of Sir A. Agnew, and prate about the pharisaical rigidity of the Scotch churches.

# CHAPTER XIII.

Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society—Gentlemen on the Platform—Incidents—Chairmen—Labours of the Society—Speakers, and Speeches,—Description of Two out of Sixteen—Characteristic Occurences—London Missionary Society—Church Missionary Society.

THE second meeting I attended at Exeter Hall was that held by the Wesleyan Missionary Society.—I had been requested to take some part in the proceedings, and was called for at my lodgings, by the elder Mr. Entwistle, now Governor of the Theological Institution of the Wesleyans, at Hoxton near London. I met no one in Britain, who interested me more than this venerable and most interesting gentleman; who was for many years the friend and fellow-labourer of Mr. Wesley, several times president of their Conference—and for above half a century a travelling preacher; and now in a green old age, presents an inexpressibly delightful picture of Christian life fully matured. Under his guidance I entered the hall, and took a seat on one of those benches appropriated for the speakers, an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the services.

The body of the Hall had already been crowded for above an hour; and during two full hours, three thousand persons were willing to endure all the horrors, may I not call them, incident on such a state.—in preference to being excluded by the hundreds that would gladly have taken their places. The tedium was relieved by occasional singing of hymns; and loud greetings, to public favourites, as they entered. Amongst these, was the Hon. and Rev. Baptiste Noel. He seemed exceedingly embarrassed,

by the applause with which he was greeted; and sinking down into the nearest seat, happened to get immediately behind me. I was introduced to him. He was the worst dressed man, I saw on the platform—both as to the *manner* and *matter* of his apparel. His features are thin and prominent; and his complexion, eyes and hair very light. The expression of his countenance is composed—and rather cold. He is one of the most popular preachers, in the evangelical part of the Church of England —and respected and beloved, by all who love Christ. This is the more worthy of remark—as it is the candid and upright character of the man, and the sincere and catholic spirit of the Christian, which give him his great influence with the Christian public; for all seem to consider his abilities moderate. He is said to be openly and decidedly in favor of extensive and fundamental reforms, in the establishment; and a few days after the occasion to which I now allude, he delivered a speech, at the City Mission, which in defending the liberal course he pursues in religion, revealed at once his own principles, and the tyrannical and audacious attempts made by the dominant party in his sect, to prevent the communion of saints, and the spread of the gospel of God. Immediately after Mr. Noel entered, an elderly man, very much wrapped up, and walking with difficulty, came in alone, and quietly took a seat, apparently not aware that the burst of applause, and the spontaneous rising up, of multitudes of the assembly were meant for him. One, taking his hand cordially, said "see, they are glad to see you"—and the old man put his thin hands, over his palid features, and burst into tears. "It is Mr. Gauter," said my old friend, wiping his own eyes; "one of our oldest preachers. He has had a stroke of palsy, and we feared we should see him no more." Such incidents go very far to reconcile one to the extreme improprieties of the public uproar at these meetings.

At eleven o'clock, Sir Oswald Mosely M. P. of whom I have spoken in the preceding chapter, took the chair. The Rev. Mr. Reese, now President of conference, whose immense figure cannot have been forgotten by any one who saw him during a visit some years ago to America, gave out a hymn; with the singing

of which, and prayer by the Rev. Robert Newton, the meeting was opened. The chairman as a matter of course made a speech; and as a matter of course also, left the meeting before it was half over. He was succeeded, by old Lord Mountsanford; who from a plain and almost superannuated captain in the navy, suddenly acquired his present rank, by the violent death of the preceding Lord Mountsanford, a lad at Eaton school. He in turn was succeeded by Sir Launcelot Haslope, as the third chairman of the meeting. I have in vain attempted to ascertain the real cause of this procedure; and after having heard a dozen inadequate reasons given for it, prefer to suggest none; as I cannot imagine one that would account for so general an adherence, to so extraordinary a practice, without at the same time implicating all concerned, in a very unworthy system of trickery.

The reading of an abstract of the report occupied more than an hour and a half. It was excellently read by Dr. Bunting, chief secretary of the society—a stout, red faced, bald man; but reputed one of the ablest men of his sect; and certainly a great favorite with his brethren, if we may judge by the enthusiastic cheering with which he was greeted, when he presented himself to read the report. The matter of the report too, was full of deep interest. And yet I agreed with the assembly who clapped when the Dr. said '*finally*'; for it was far too long for the occasion; a fault shared by all London societies; perhaps by all every where. It struck me too, as decidedly improper, that the whole of the report, especially of so long a one, should be read by a single secretary, where there were four of them—all present. This last fact, is also common here; though on several occasions, I witnessed a contrary proceeding.

It appeared from this abstract, that the society is in a state of great prosperity: and actively engaged in the missionary work in every quarter of the globe. In Europe, it has missionaries, in Ireland, Sweden, Germany, France, at Gibralter, (whence a most effectual door, is already opened into Spain,) and in Malta. In Asia, their missions are established, in India, and on the Island of Ceylon. In the South Sea Islands, especially in the Friendly Islands, their efforts have been most signally owned of God. In

Southern and Western Africa; in the West Indies; and in British America also, their operations are extensive and increasing. Their missionaries, accredited ministers of the Methodist connexion number nearly three hundred; who are aided by sixteen or eighteen hundred persons as catechists, local preachers, assistants, superintendents of schools, school masters and mistresses, and artizans. The members of societies under the care of the missionaries, (excluding Ireland) amount to about 54,000: and there is about an equal number, in the mission congregations who are not in society. If to these be added the number of individuals under school instruction, it will exhibit a total of more than 150,000 persons, who are directly receiving spiritual advantage by means of the society's missions. In Ceylon, in Southern Africa, in Tongataboo, and in New Zealand the society has printing establishments. Translations of the Scriptures, and of various other works, have been made by the missionaries; by whom the gospel is preached in twenty different languages, to some of the most remote and barbarous nations of the earth. The ordinary income of the society for the preceding year, was stated at somewhat more than sixty thousand pounds sterling, equal to about $300,000.

There were sixteeen or seventeen speeches delivered during the meeting: one of which, was over an hour in length.—Amongst the speakers were Sir Andrew Agnew M. P. Mr. Hardy M. P., Edward Baines Esq. M. P., for Leeds (the author of a voluminous History of the Wars of the French Revolution): Colonel Connolly M. P. for the county of Donegal in Ireland; Andrew Johnson, M. P. for the University of St Andrew's, in Scotland; Capt. Pakenham of the R. N. (a near connexion, perhaps a brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington;) Rev. Mr. Waugh, of Belfast; Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith; Rev. Mr. Shaw, missionary to Caffraria, &c. &c. The five members of Parliament made just such speeches, as would naturally be looked for from men, who knew very little of what they had to speak about and who had the particular resolutions they were to advocate put into their hands, perhaps some of them manufactured out and out, after they came on the platform. They were members

of Parliament, and on 'that hint'—were spoken to. All of them, but one, were conservatives; and all but that one seemed to have a far more earnest desire to conciliate the Wesleyan body and chain them to the Tory party, than to use the great occasion, for purposes of good, to a lost world. Their speeches were therefore full of the most gross flattery of the Wesleyan body, principles, politics, &c. &c.; and I sometimes smiled, and sometimes blushed, at the simple, undisguised, and cordial gusto, with which it was all swallowed. Having discharged themselves of this "delightful duty" the privileged body withdrew, like the light troops that fire and fall back; and left the regular work to be done by other hands. It is extremely humilating that Christian men, should participate in so wretched a subserviency to mere place and power; and not only connive at, but contrive, the making of their sacred places, arenas for the display of some of the meanest and most selfish passions.

Of the remaining speeches, some were very happy impromptus—short,—pointed and clever;—others equally the reverse—lame, drawling, and meaningless. There were two of very considerable length, which demand some more special notice: and for directly opposite reasons. A Mr. Waugh, a Wesleyan preacher from Ireland delivered a harangue of an hour's length, which for the irrelevancy and unsuitableness of its contents and the extreme vulgarity of its manner, exceeded any thing I have witnessed. He was a handsome,—well dressed—dark complexioned—pert looking little man; was received very cordially, and great things seemed to be expected, by others as well as himself. He commenced at the very top of his voice—got out of breath, stopped, panted, re-commenced, raved away, stopped again, and very deliberately peeled, and ate an orange;—then resumed and finished his melange. He told anecdotes of Ireland, the interest of one of which turned on his getting into a bog; a second on a goat's pressing into a cabin door before him; a third on the unprecedented generosity of a peasant, who at the bidding of his wife, piloted him several miles, in the dark, without any compensation. The argumentative part of the oration went to prove the ancient civilization and refinement of the Irish nation;

which he established, no doubt to his own satisfaction, from scraps of ancient laws, regarding the preservation of timber now extinct; and scraps of evidence going to show, that the working of coal mines was of great antiquity in that kingdom. And yet the speech, including the stories and the orange, was received with every mark of favour!

I recall with very different feelings, the only remaining address delivered at this meeting, of which I will speak. The Rev. William Shaw, was introduced by Dr. Bunting, in the most kind and flattering manner, to the meeting. "It is not too much to say"—said he, "that he is the apostle to the Caffres, amongst whom he has spent thirteen years." And the vast assembly responded to the statement, by a burst of feeling so unanimous, and sustained, that the meek spirited missionary lost, for a moment, all power of utterance. He then commenced, and for nearly an hour, delivered one of the most simple, modest, and delightful narratives, mixed up with some of the most enlarged views both as a philosopher and Christian, and enforced by several of the happiest appeals I have ever heard attempted. As a mere speech, it was worth all the rest delivered on this occasion; and seeing stenographers present, I anticipated the pleasure of possessing a good report of it. I had not then discovered that this is not usually attempted except in the cases of a few very popular speakers—and *all titled ones.* The rise of the Caffre war, provoked by the British authorities in Africa; the noble and steadfast confidence of the Caffres in the missionaries; the ruin of the stations, and the turning back of the cause of God, through the passions of wicked men; were clearly laid open.—The mode of instructing a barbarous people; the formation of letters; and the teaching of them for the first time; with the manner and effects of their reception; the first inculcation of the great truths of the Bible, upon an acute, thoughtful, and yet barbarous people; with details of their inquiries—involving some of the most profound and dark questions of moral and metaphysical philosophy, were all briefly but powerfully illustrated. And then the detail of his own difficulties, as to the path of duty, was closed with a stroke of real eloquence, that thrilled

the whole assembly. It appears that in the difficulties which have arisen in the Wesleyan body in England, within a few years, and which threaten great ills to it—some who took offence at the conference, suggested as a means of coercing them to terms, the stopping of the supplies of money—embracing, as Mr. Shaw understood, those for the missionaries. Being a man with a family, just on the eve of his return to his station in Africa, this threat awakened his attention, excited his alarm, made him waver, and for a time, defer his voyage. At length he had resolved to go in defiance of the threat, and the question was, is the Wesleyan body worthy of this heroic confidence! He did not ask if they were; he said he was sure, for he felt that they were! And appealing first to the mighty mass before him—and then turning quite around and appealing to the five hundred ministers and leading men on the platform, he laid the case upon them with inexpressible pathos. He was responded to, by one long continued and universal burst of enthusiasm. It was a glorious moment; one to make a man proud of his species!

Very extraordinary incidents sometimes occur at the meetings in Exeter Hall. On one occasion, the plates were robbed of a considerable sum of money collected at a meeting, in the very act of pronouncing the benediction; and the thief never discovered. During the progress of the meeting I have been speaking of, two men standing in a dense crowd, near the main entrance, quite within the area of the hall, and not far from the platform, commenced fighting each other with their fists. It excited, of course, a considerable commotion in the immediate vicinage of the combatants; which began to spread, and one or two voices cried out "fight," "fight." Sir Oswald Mosley who was in the chair —rose, and really misunderstanding, or affecting to misunderstand what was going on, proceeded to say, that he hoped the cry of "*fire*" would disturb no one, &c. &c.! The hint was taken; order restored; and the thing passed off. On enquiry for the cause of the affray, which was palpable, and pretty severe; some said one thing, some another; but the greater part seemed to agree, that one of the parties had charged the other with an attempt to pick his pocket, or caught him in the act. I

did not learn whether Mrs. Trollop, Capt. Hall, or Mr. Abdy, were either parties or spectators of the rencountre; nor can I recollect that either of them were so fortunate as to witness a like evidence of civilization in America.

Every American clergyman will understand the hint I have already given of what he may expect on a British platform, when I say that having been most kindly treated, and pressed beforehand to take a resolution at this meeting—I attended in considerable bodily weakness; sat six hours; heard nine speakers, (exclusive of the chairman and secretary,) and then when compelled from physical and mental exhaustion, to leave the platform, was pressed to stay; with an assurance that my resolution would pretty soon be prepared! I fully believe that not the least unkindness or disrespect was meant; and so thinking, apologized for being obliged to retire. The whole explanation I am sure was, first, that I was only an American, and secondly, that more churchmen and members of Parliament than were expected having attended—one of them got my resolution.

Before closing this account, I will briefly refer to two other great foreign missionary oganizations, which have their seat in London, and which held annual meetings shortly after that described above. I allude to the Church Missionary Society, and London Missionary Society; both of which I was prevented by sickness from attending. But I think it important to say a few words of each.

The London Missionary Society, held, this year, its forty-second anniversary. Its entire income for the past year was above fifty-five thousand pounds sterling. Its missions are in the East Indies,—India beyond the Ganges,—the South Seas,—Russia,—various parts of the Mediterranean Coasts,—south Africa,—African Islands, and the West Indies. There are in its service one hundred and eleven ordained missionaries, and above two hundred male assistants of various kinds. There are seventy four missionary churches five thousand two hundred and thirty nine communicants; four hundred and fifty school masters; twenty-nine thousand six hundred and one scholars. As I may again have occasion to speak of this institution, it is at present

only necessary to add that it is supported by three or four denominations of Christians; the immense majority, however, are Dissenters, and the bulk of them at present Congregationalists.

The Church Missionary Society belongs exclusively to the Episcopal establishment. It held, this year, its thirty-sixth annual meeting. Its income for last year is reported as exceeding sixty-eight thousand pounds; which is not more than one year's income and perquisites of the two English Archbishops. The missions of the Society are in the Mediteranean, South Africa, the East Indies, Egypt, Abyssinia, New Holland, and the South Sea Islands. I have not been able to ascertain either the number of their stations, churches, missionaries, church members, schools or pupils. Last year ten ordained persons and five catechists, in all fifteen persons, were sent into the foreign field; which is about one to every thousandth occupied minister—and one to perhaps every five thousand men in holy orders, connected with the English Establishment. Considering that these brethren claim to be the only true church on earth, they ought to make a fairer distribution of their gifts, than is imported in this statement;—else the world may be obliged to conclude that it is better for the heathen to get the gospel without "*the succession*" than abide much longer in the double destitution of them both.

## CHAPTER XIV.

British and Foreign Bible Society—Lord Bexley—Extent—Income—Operations—Aim of the Society—John Pye Smith—Origin of the Society—Speakers—Lord Glenelg—National Manners—Anecdotes—Controversies—Indifference of the Clergy of the Established Church—Devotion to Rank—Omission of Prayer—Meeting to Welcome Dr. Philip from South Africa—Speech of a Converted Hottentot, in Exeter Hall.

On Wednesday, the 4th of May, some time before the hour fixed for holding the 32d anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the great room in Exeter Hall, was crowded to excess. When the moment for opening the meeting arrived, it was anounced from the platform that a smaller Hall, in another part of the edifice, was opened—and that Lord Trignmouth (son of the former president of the society,) would preside in a meeting to be there conducted, simultaneously with the one on which we were about to enter, and relating to the same great interests.

The president of the society then came forward; a plain, small man, considerably advanced in life, and dressed in the simple fashion of our fathers. He seemed greatly embarrassed, tripped as he advanced to the railing, and read in a low tone of voice, and with a considerable lisp, a short address. What he said, was simple, affectionate, and solemn; and the whole effect pleasing. It was Lord Bexley, formerly Mr. Vansitart, and for some years chancellor of the Exchequer. He was greeted with the universal clapping, by which these people express their applause, even on such occasions as this.

Mr. Browne and Mr. Brandram, the former, I think, a dissenter, and the latter a churchman—then read alternately, as secretaries

of the society portions of its annual report. I gathered, in substance, that continued prosperity attended their operations, and that they were gradually extending their benefactions to every part of the globe. Nearly five hundred and sixty thousand copies of the whole, or considerable parts of the Bible distributed during the preceding year—made, when added to what the foregoing thirty-one years had effected, a grand total of nearly ten millions of copies, put into circulation through their agency. The income from all sources, was stated at nearly half a million, of our currency, of which about one half had accrued from the sale of the Scriptures. The actual expenditures of the Society, within the year, had considerably exceeded its income, and its existing engagements were stated at a sum equal to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As I did not understand what had been the state of the treasury at the beginning of the year, it does not appear whether this excess leaves a debt, or was provided for out of existing means. Nor is it material. For a portion of the people of God are at length beginning to understand that *theirs*, as well as *they*, are his; and a generation is forming, which may comprehend the luxury, as well as the duty of doing good.

The grandeur and the extent of the objects which are set before us for exertion, are not always allowed to exercise their just influence upon us. When we had heard recounted the great resources of this organization, and the immense results of its efforts; when we had listened to the names of companies of strange and widely scattered nations, at whose feet it had already laid the treasures of eternal life; and heard the detail of its comprehensive and far-sighted plans to cover the earth with light from heaven: it was with a sort of shock, that one would recall the declaration of the noble president, that "the operations of this Society during thirty years, extensive and magnificent as they appear in the aggregate, have yet but superficially touched the great body of mankind."

We are prone, too, to depreciate the day of small things; and while we over-look the secret, but adamantine chain, which binds the tenderest beginnings, with the grandest results,—we commit

the double error of despairing of the future, which we might control and, when we have commanded success, dispising the past, which made us what we become. Amongst the speakers on this occasion, was Dr. John Pye Smith, of Homerton College, who had been present at the meeting which formed the Society, and who carried us back to that little gathering of doubting and hesitating men, seated around a single table,—and placed before us the touching and instructive scene. There sat Wilberforce, and there Granville Sharpe. Sacred names!—And there was Owen, hardly a willing visitor, till what he heard from those around him, and what the letters of Steinkopff, Van de Roche, and Oberlin had to urge, fired his soul, and melted him into that mass, which he was destined so materially to shape. Then the speaker, by a happy transition, made mention of the commission which the Emperor Constantine, early in the fourth century, had given to Eusebius, to cause fifty copies of the Scriptures to be carefully and accurately transcribed, and deposited in as many of the most important churches of his empire, for the free use of his subjects. And then with his pale, thin features, heaving with joy, and his slight figure dilated with emotion, he called upon us to remember that an equal number of volumes of the same sacred book, which had cost an Emperor so much labour, and expense, and time to prepare, had been distributed every hour, for the last twenty-two years, at small expense and without notice or pretension, from the depot of this society! If the past be a measure of what is to come, with what glories is the future big?

The meeting was also addressed by the bishops of Winchester and Chester (who are brothers, and the latter of whom I have mentioned before); by Lord Glenelg, principal secretary of state for the colonies; by the Rev. Mr. Shaw, of whom I have spoken in a former chapter; by the Rev. Mr. Keurtze, of Berlin; by Josiah Foster, Esq., a member of the Society of Friends, and for a number of years, a director of this Society; by the Rev. Mr. Ackworth, one of the Society's agents; by the Marquis of Chalmondelly; and by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, from New York, and myself.

Lord Glenelg (formerly Mr. Grant) is a very tall, bony man,

with grey hair; though apparently under fifty. His enemies represent him as a being of a peculiarly sluggish disposition; and he did not, on this occasion, strike me favourably as a public speaker. But I believe he is admitted by all, to be a man of blameless character, which is the case with few of his order; and I am happy to say, that his influence as a minister of the crown, has, on several trying occasions, been thrown decidedly into the scale of humanity and justice. I add with pleasure also, that he seemed to me more of a gentleman, in the true sense of that word, than any other member of the privileged classes, with whom I had any intercourse, in England; except the venerable and excellent Lord Bexley—who is a most interesting and unpretending old man. It is, however, instructive to remark, that both these individuals were not originally Lords.

At this, as at other meetings, I had occasion to observe minute things, that seemed to me characteristic. Mr. Foster, in his address, becoming, as the crowd seemed to think, tedious, was producing such a state of affairs, that an individual rose from the platform, and coming behind him, whispered something in his ear—which was understood to be, and which I have no doubt was, a hint to stop. It was, I presume, with the best intentions, that this dreadful alternative was ventured on. But what shall we say of an audience that renders such a proceeding necessary? Especially in the case of an old man, and a valuable officer? And above all, when that man was really talking in a sensible, simple, and by no means, heavy way: and about the very things they came there to hear? What added to the pain of the whole affair, was, that the speaker, embarrassed by the communication which was whispered to him, made a verbal mistake; and in attempting to say he would detain them but a "few moments," said "but a few years;" at which a loud laugh rang through the hall! This same exhibition of a national trait, occurred again, when Mr. Ackworth related how, during his travels in Italy, where the Bible being prohibited from circulation, is generally taken by the authorities, especially in the Papal states, even from travellers; his had been permitted to escape. In the same parcel with the Bible, as he said, and above it, lay Bun-

yan's Pilgrim's Progress. The officers of the customs, bungled at the name of good old John; but seeing what was the subject of the book, passed the whole, as franked by one, "which seemed to recommend Pilgrimages." At the recital of which, we had another loud explosion of mirth, from the vast assembly.—It is astonishing how one is disgusted, when for the first time, we see two or three thousand people burst into a loud laugh. Great assemblages of people seem to demand, nay, even to inspire seriousness, and to favour deep emotion; as we take for granted that they are convened only for weighty subjects. But when the particular occasion is itself not only highly religious, but deeply solemn and affecting, and the whole mass perhaps composed of professing Christians; when nothing seems to favour or even tolerate boisterous mirth, and every thing appears to forbid such explosions; it is not so surprising that one accustomed to the severe decorum of American audiences, should be offended, as that any thinking and educated people could be made conformable to such a shocking impropriety of national manners.

I had a very striking illustration at this meeting, of another national trait. Exeter Hall is filled with seats, open at each end, and therefore easily accessible, except as prevented by the mass of people themselves. In all the instances in which I was in the hall, I never saw a young man offer his seat to an old one; nor any man offer his seat to a lady; nor any body put themselves to the least trouble to show another any sort of accommodation. But it is all the other way, to such a degree that I have known people with the most astonishing impudence, ask others on whom they had no sort of claim, to give place to them; nay, even make demonstrations towards crowding others out of their way. On this particular occasion, I had conducted two ladies, who were very desirous of being present at this meeting, to the reserved seats, for which they had tickets; and procured at an early hour, good situations, as I thought. It so happened that one of them who was in delicate health, sat at the end of a bench, next to an aisle. The hall filled; the aisle filled; a *gentleman* took his station against the end of the bench, turned him-

self quartering to the lady—and pretending to think he was leaning against the arm of the bench, in defiance of repeated requests of the lady, who had no protector at hand, leaned on her for the greater part of four hours! The consequence was, a confinement to the house, for several days. This, it will be remembered, was at a meeting where none were admitted, except by tickets; which are given only to persons deemed respectable. It was more; it was in the *reserved* seats of such a meeting. I am sorry to be obliged to express what these and many such facts render too certain to be questioned by any candid observer of English manners; but it is not to be disguised that in all their public assemblies, there is a most singular destitution of general, and in many respects, even of personal decorum.

The Bible Society of all others, should be the most decidedly Catholic in its composition; and of all other possible organizations would appear to be the least liable to sectarian objections. Yet this Society has had to pass through several hot ordeals.—Some years ago, a violent controversy was carried on in Scotland, which originated in the practice which had been adopted of putting into circulation copies of the Scriptures—under certain circumstances, which had the Apocryphal books printed in them. And though it is not to be questioned, nor is it perhaps now questioned, that the practice was improper; yet the controversy raged, and its effects were continued long after the original occasion of it was removed. They who care to remember such things, can hardly have forgotten the publications of the late Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh—nor the painful result of the matter in relation to Dr. Gray, of that city; as well, indeed, as upon the general interests of the Society in Scotland. More recently the attempt to exclude persons of particular religious sentiments from membership in the society, after many struggles, and much trouble, resulted in the formation of the Trinitarian Bible Society—to which, I understand, the high-toned members of the establishment, lend their countenance, so far forth, as they deem it needful to countenance any plan for the conversion of the world. It was well argued in the time of the long Parliament, by those who defended the people of the lower classes for preaching the

gospel to each other: "the bakers, and butchers, and tradesmen, have all left their business, to do that of the bishops," said the royalists; "yes," it was replied, "but the bishops had first left their business, and gone to meddling in political, and civil, and sumptuary matters, that belong to others."—And so even yet; there is nothing they meddle with less than the Bible Society; to which the majority of the high dignitaries openly refuse to show any favour; and in regard to which so little interest prevails even among many excellent men, in the establishment, that at this meeting I heard with surprise, Dr. Lougley, recently appointed a Bishop, tell the audience, in the course of a few words he uttered in seconding a resolution, that he had never before been present on a similar occasion; though, as I knew, he had been for many years residing within a few hours' ride of London. It is possible that the hope of a better state of things is cherished, by the managers of the Society; and for its sake, they felt justified in paying rather unusual respect to *the* church, on the present occasion. At least I observed that the only four new vice-presidents, whose names were announced, were all of the established church; two being bishops, and the other two, titled persons. It may, however, be only the same reverence for *place*, that pervades all English society.

I was both grieved and surprised, that a direct appeal to the God of the Bible, formed no part of the services of the occasion; that no formal and associated act of Christian worship, distinguished the meeting as one essentially, indeed preeminently religious. For where more peculiarly than in the midst of the representatives of all evangelical sects, and most Christian nations, should the open and joyful acknowledgment of our Great Captain, and his spiritual kingdom, be manifested in acts of praise and prayer? Where, if not where the very word of life is the subject of our proceedings—that which is the basis of all Christian action—the rule of all effort—the standard of all excellence—the instrument of all attainment?—When, if not at a moment like this, should God's people thank him for that word, which he has magnified above all his name?

A few months after the period of which I now write, a great meeting of the London Missionary Society, was held in this same

place; for the purpose of welcoming the Rev. Dr. Philip, who had about this time, arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, accompanied by several native Christians from South Africa.—Three of these, Jan Tzatzsu, a Caffre chief: Andries Stoffles, a Hottentot: and Mr. Read, the younger, a half bred of the same race, addressed the public—in company with other individuals. The speech of Stoffles, recounted the effects of the Bible upon his own and neighbouring nations. The sentiments of that speech are so just and noble, and the style so eloquent and poetic—that my readers would excuse me for quoting the following extracts, even if any one should consider them not so pertinent to the present occasion, as they seem to me to be. But when we remember that the philosophers of our day, mis-led by their shallow vanity, have not only relied on the pretended ignorance and brutality of the Hottentot, as proof-positive that the Mosaic cosmogony is false; but have imagined that in him they had found the connecting link between their own vast powers, and those dim lights which guide the half reasoning ourang-outang: it will be the more interesting even to them to hear that the Bible is so irresistible for good, even upon these inferior beings; and it may possibly induce them, in obedience to their common method of making second causes every thing, and first causes nothing—to appreciate it, in proportion, as they degrade its author and his creatures. Let it be borne in mind, that these extracts form a small part of a long speech; that they are taken from a mere newspaper report; that they were not spoken in the vernacular language of the Hottentot, but in Dutch, and then rendered into English, by the half-bread (Mr. Read)—having virtually passed through two translations;—let these things be considered, and the most cultivated enemies of Divine truth, may be challenged to surpass the tenderness, and dignity of the half-human savage.

"God has done great things for Africa, for which we have reason to be glad. God has done great things for me, in that I am permitted to address you on this occasion.

"Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Read, told us that the English nation sent us the word of God. I wish to tell you what the Bible has done for Africa: the Bible which your ancestors sent

to us, when the English nation understood the word of God, and when they felt the saving influence of that word. What would have become of the Hottentot nation, and every black man in South Africa, had you kept the word of God to yourselves! When you received the word of God, you thought of other nations who had not that word. When the Bible came amongst us, we were naked: we lived in caves, and on the tops of the mountains. When the Bible came amongst us, having no clothes, we painted our bodies with red paint. At first we were surprised to hear the truths of the Bible. The Bible charmed us out of our caves, and from the tops of the mountains The Bible made us throw away all our old customs and practices and we lived among civilized men. We are tame men now. Now we know there is a God: now we know we are accountable creatures before God. But what was our state before the Bible came? We knew none of these things. We knew nothing about heaven. We knew not who made heaven and earth. The Bible is the only light for every man that dwells on the face of the earth. I thank God in the name of every Hottentot, of all the Hottentots in South Africa, that I have seen the face of Englishmen. I have been looking whether another Hottentot had found his way to this meeting; but I have looked in vain; I am the only one.

"I have travelled with the missionaries in taking the Bible to the Bushmen, and other nations. When the Word of God has been preached, the Bushman has thrown away his bow and arrows. I have accompanied the Bible to the Caffre nation; and when the Bible spoke, the Caffre threw away his shield and his vain customs. I went to Lattakoo, and they threw away all their evil works—they threw away their assagais and became the children of God. The only way to reconcile man to man, is to instruct man in the truths of the Bible. I say again, the Bible is the light; and where the Bible comes, the minds of men are enlightened. Where the Bible is not, there is nothing but darkness.

"I thank you to day: I do nothing but thank you. Are there any of the old Englishmen here, who sent out the word of God? I give them my thanks. If there is not, I give it to their children!"

# CHAPTER XV.

Illustration of National Manners—Jews Society—Movement amongst them—Mr. Bickersteth—Curious Fact of a Cardinal—Prayer Book and Homily Society—Professor Scholefield—School Society—Speakers—Suppressed Speech—Lord Morpeth—Society for the Protection of Civil and Religious Liberty—Bigotry and Superstition—A Regular Row—Lord Ebrington—General estimate of the English Anniversaries—Declension in the Spirit of the Great Societies in Britain—Difficulties of American Delegates to them—Incidents.

If it were not for the personal traits, and the more important general information which we find always developed, on occasions like those of which I have been speaking so much; I should not have ventured to expect the attention of any reader, to be engaged so long on the meetings of the London Societies. A sample of them, at once full, and I think favourable, has been presented to him; and what remains, will require less detail.

At some of these anniversaries I was present to hear a particular speaker; at others, to spend an hour upon whatever chanced to be offered. It was in this way that I stepped into the annual meeting of the *Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews*, to hear a speech from the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, whose name has become well known of late years, in the United States. His speech was not different from what a reader of his works would have expected. Sensible, rather more than common place, but much of it not relevant to his subject, and the whole destitute of any thing either original or striking. His person is tall, and exceedingly emaciated, and his complexion saturnine to an unpleasant degree. He stated several facts which are at once curious and interesting. A cardinal at Rome, (he had per-

sonal reason to know; though denied the liberty of naming the individual)—had applied for aid in circulating the Old and New Testaments in the Hebrew language, amongst the Jews; and he (Mr. B.) had lately sent him fifty copies granted by the British and Foreign Bible Society. He added that the Society, on whose behalf he then spoke, felt authorized to assure the public, that so great a movement actually existed amongst the Jews, especially in Germany, that many in the absence of true light were giving up their skepticism in despair, and throwing themselves into the arms of the Roman church; while, notwithstanding the feeble and almost faithless efforts of the Protestant world, to save the ancient people of God—more of them have actually embraced Christianity in its pure form, within the last twenty years, than in the preceding fifteen centuries! Reader, believest thou the prophets? Then what do such facts as these import, to thee, to this guilty world, and to the slumbering church of which, it may be, thou art a useless member?

On another occasion an hour spent in the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the *Prayer Book and Homily Society*, was not without its use. It seemed to be assumed on all hands, that the book they were met to aid the circulation of, was the best in the world after the Bible, and one quite indispensable for the spiritual good of mankind; and yet as far as I could learn the state of their operations, their annual income, after a quarter of a century of exertion, was not much above two thousand pounds. A sum which the gentlemen on the platform could have multiplied fifty fold, perhaps, by giving up only so much as they themselves derived from pluralities, and other preferments, for which they rendered no sort of service! It would be a curious balance sheet, to compare the amount forced out of dissenters, to keep the lawn of the established ministers clean, with that paid by themselves to give the world forms of worship, and rules for ceremonies which they deem so vital to true peace of the soul. That I present this subject in no exaggerated light, will be the more apparent when it is known that one of the speakers asserted, in the most unqualified terms, that missionaries, after translating the Bible into all languages, next translated the prayer

book! "For when they went to visit the heathen, the first thing they did after making translations of the Bible, was to give them translations of our Prayer Book." Such were the words of the Rev. Professor Scholefield, of one of the universities. And he added his authority; "this was attested by Dr. Morrison, by Dr. Carey, by the Rev. Mr. Yate, and by many missionaries of the highest character." It was a most singular commentary of another speaker, on the same occasion, upon statements, which I will not venture to characterize; who after praising the Homilies, nearly as extravagantly as Mr. S. had the Prayer Book; candidly confessed, he had never read them! Whereupon the audience, instead of hanging their heads in ingenuous shame; burst into a laugh!

*The British and Foreign School Society*, had an exceedingly interesting meeting. The whole was conducted with peculiar propriety, under the management of the excellent secretary, Mr. Dunn; who exhibited sense and tact, in nothing more clearly than in substituting a short and lucid statement, in the place of the tedious, and ill-read reports, which are the bane of these meetings. Would it not be better for the proper officers to make themselves masters of their business—and state in a short comprehensive address,—what is dilated over an hour of restlessness and impatience on the part of every audience on which I ever saw it inflicted? Most of the speakers on this occasion too were excellent. Sir Cullen Eeardly Smith, a short, broad Irish member of Parliament; the Rev. Mr. Robins, an evangelical minister in the establishment; the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, a dissenting minister from Leeds; and the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Sheffield, a professor in the Dissenting College at Rotherham, in that neighbourhood—deserved, and some of them obtained, the thanks of the audience, in the most boisterous manner, for a very pleasant and profitable entertainment. All of them, however, did not satisfy "*a British audience;*" which is a formulary their speakers always use, where one of another nation would say "*a Christian* audience," or "an *enlightened* audience." The last named of these gentlemen, was virtually applauded down; or at the least would have been in a few minutes more, if he had not broken off his speech in the midst For the last

two minutes of it, nobody could hear a word he said, for the clapping and stamping; sometimes, in a sort of a roll, like random shooting,—and then in a volley, like a whole line firing at once.

This was peculiarly edifying to me, as I was just on the eve of making a speech myself,—the second one I had made in the realm; and just after I had seen the first one (made at the Bible Society) so horridly reported, that I was forced to report briefly what I had said, and send it to America, to prevent any one at home from supposing me capable of uttering the gross folly, adulation, and lies, which I had been made to speak. One of the Speakers had made an allusion to Franklin; two of them had argued the question somewhat at large, and on opposite sides, as to the value of knowledge in itself considered. I seized the two suggestions to make a speech of ten minutes. The chairman of the meeting had admitted in his opening address, that "it is a just cause of reproach to England, that in the great work of the elementary education of the people, she lags behind cotemporary nations." I first compared the state of public instruction in America, very briefly with that in Britain; then pointed out the difference between public crimes in the two countries; then the difference between the actual means of preserving the public peace. On one side no system that deserves the name for general education; on the other, in many states every body educated, and almost gratuitously. On one side, hundreds of offences punished capitally; on the other, in all the states not above three or four—in a few, one only, namely, deliberate murder. On one side, a standing army of a hundred thousand men; on the other, a few half filled regiments, along thousands of miles of frontier. I then pointed out, that it is by the condition of the great mass of the people, that the power and happiness of a state, and the utility of its institutions, are to be estimated; quoting these noble lines of Goldsmith:

> Princes and Lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them, for a breath has made;
> But a bold yeomanry, a country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied!

Behold then, I added, in that Ben. Franklin, of whom you have heard from this platform to day, the epitome of his country:

itself an emblem of freedom, vigour, and enlightened common-sense! That Franklin whose epitaph is written in the earth, and upon the skies "*Eripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis.*"

I think I should not have made the last allusion, if I had not had my "dander up"—as Major Downing says,—about their outrageous treatment of some of their public speakers. The result was curious. The speech was never reported. Nor was it ever mentioned in any report I have seen, of the meeting, that I had made a speech at all!

I had nearly forgotten to say that Lord Morpeth, secretary of state for Ireland, and a member of the House of Commons, presided—in a snuff coloured coat, almost without a body, and with skirts enough for two coats; garnished, as to his nether man, with pantaloons, the large black stripes of which ran round, instead of up the leg. He made a pretty good address—in a most affected tone; and I am not sure whether his speech was committed to memory, or whether he was followed by the best reporter in the world. I am certain it was reported verbatim. For a *born* nobleman, he is considered rather a clever young man—and has a hard time of it, in so managing Irish affairs, as to concede the least that is possible to prevent the universal rising of the people of that unhappy country. I believe it enters into the head of no party in England to do any more; and Mr. O'Connell himself, as his quondam friends Mr. Sharman Crawford, and Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, (both members of Parliament, both men of fortune and talents, and both radicals) are beginning to make the world perceive—is actuated in all his agitations, rather by an intense selfishness, than a great and capacious love of justice or of country.

About the middle of May, the *Society for the Protection of Civil and Religious Liberty*, held its twenty-fifth anniversary, in the city of London tavern, in Bishop's Gate Street, towards the eastern side of the city, and several miles from Exeter Hall.—The Right Honourable Viscount Ebrington presided, and made a short speech, both at the beginning and end of the meeting. I believe there is not a single English peer, who is a protestant dissenter; and on this occasion the individual who presided, took

care to let the meeting know, that there was no one more devoted to the interests of the establishment than himself; and that he never could agree to some of their most fundamental principles; as for example, the abolition of church rates! Then, I asked myself with amazement—why is he here? Or why have these people so far forgotten, not only their principles, but their prudence, in their subserviency to the aristocracy, as to give this man the best point d' appui, to defeat their own most favourite and necessary projects? The utter absurdity of such conduct, is obvious from the mere detail of the heads of the Secretary's Report. It is a Society of Protestant Dissenters, held together for the purpose of affording aid, advice, and protection, to persons deprived of their liberties—by or in favour of the aristocracy or the established church. And yet an aristocrat and churchman presides, to hear details and indignant speeches, about Sunday tolls, unequal poor rates, oppressive church-rates, burdensome assessed taxes, vexatious and insulting personal wrongs to dissenting ministers, and fines and imprisonments inflicted on the people as trespassers and rioters, for worshipping God in the open air! Of the last named class, it was officially reported (by Roland Wilks, Esq., who read the Report, in the absence of his father who is a member of Parliament,) that "in Wilkshire, six men had been fined 2*s.* each for trespass, and 5*l.* 4*d.* each costs, for having attended the preaching of the gospel on a piece of waste ground belonging to the marquis of Aylesbury; and in default of payment they had been committed to five weeks' hard labour in the jail at Devizes." In the last class of cases but one, instances of the most intolerant and unfeeling bigotry were stated by nearly every speaker; and the report itself affirmed cases in which the established clergy "had refused to bury children, who had not been baptised, or who had been baptised by Wesleyan Methodists."

During the course of the business, these staunch defenders of liberty, proved that they who could, when occasion served, truckel to the great, could also, if need were, cruelly oppress their equals. A Mr. Russel who had been for seventeen years a laborious member of the committees of the body, came forward

to make one of the regular speeches. This gentleman, it seems, had fallen under the suspicion of having embraced religious opinions, which were not deemed to be, perhaps really were not, evangelical; I forget what they were, nor is it important to the present matter. Amongst other notions, however, he had become thoroughly imbued with the acutest hatred of all religious creeds; which under the name of *Tests*, it is a principal characteristic of English Congregationalism to abhor. Mr. Russel thought his former friends, for he was long a minister amongst them, were not consistent with themselves on this important point of what he deemed religious liberty; and seemed to consider this a fair occasion to enlighten them. There were two things which concurred to entrap him irresistibly to a course which possibly he had meditated before. For, in the first place, the speaker who preceded him (Mr. Lushington, an Episcopal member of the House of Commons) had concluded an ordinary speech —with the noble maxim of the great John Locke,—"Absolute liberty—just and true liberty—equal and impartial liberty, over all the world;" which I suppose, hit precisely upon his mood And in the second place, repeated allusions had been made to the exclusion of dissenters from the Universities—as a piece of intolerable bigotry and injustice; it so happening that Mr. R. had two sons, at that moment, at Oxford. The temptation was irresistible. So he undertook to prove that the bigotry of Oxford, in forcing all its pupils to subscribe the XXXIX articles—great and grievous as it certainly was—was not at all beyond the habit of the dissenters, to force assent, to certain dogmas of their own, before they would admit persons to their fellowship; and that although they nominally rejected all subscriptions, yet their practice, and especially their trust deeds, did in fact amount to so decided a *religious test*, that his sons would have more trouble on that very score in becoming Independent ministers, than Oxford graduates; and that for his part, he thought the nominal friends of religious liberty should correct their own errors, as well as denounce those of others. Such was the drift of his speech so far as I could hear, in the uproar which was raised, as soon as the audience perceived what he was at. I

was at first amused at his error in confounding church discipline and order for the preservation of truth, peace and unity—with mere collegiate, or even civil regulations. But I remembered that all the audience, nearly, coincided with him, in the fundamental mistake about subscription to systems of religious belief, which had betrayed him into the false analogy on which he was arguing; and then I became curious to hear some one answer him—which I had no doubt would be the immediate result.—But they took quite another view of the thing. At first they called him to order; but the titled chairman said, "he could not think the remarks of the rev'd gentleman beside the question of the resolution." This brought on the crisis. Some contradicted him—some mocked him—some hissed him—a few hollowed to him to go on—one or two shouted, he is right—but the great bulk roared, off, off, off, off! They fairly, and literally scouted him from the stand! I presume there were more people in the row of Ephesus; and doubtless they were engaged in a worse cause, and against better men. But I greatly question if they made more noise in proportion to their numbers while they were at it, or if their proceedings involved a more radical breach of decency. The truth is, that old Mr. Bull, is at times, a terrible blackguard.

Not satisfied with this cruel insult, a more formal and pointed one was attempted afterwards. The Rev. Dr. Ross of Kidderminster, in offering towards the close of the business, a vote of thanks to the officers of the society, moved expressly to except the name of Mr. Russel; and a Mr. Green, of Birmingham, seconded the motion and the exception, which the meeting received with cheers. It required a decided and generous speech from a Dr. Brown, a lawyer of eminence, and a leading man in this Society; and two very pointed insinuations by the noble chairman, that he should vacate the chair, if the thing were persisted in—before the mover or meeting would agree to waive, the deliberate injury, involving so mean a personal revenge, against an ancient and tried ally, whose only crime seemed to me to be —the making of a speech, which on their principles, they were puzzled to answer.

These various societies are certainly of incalculable value as instruments in enlightening, arousing, and concentrating public sentiment; and in making it available in a degree otherwise wholly impossible. Whether the action thus powerful for good, is not sometimes turned to the support of objects, personal, selfish, insignificant, or even bad in themselves, need not be questioned. What is more to be considered, as being more under our control —is the best means, and the great importance of making them available at all times, and especially on occasions like those of which so much has been already said—of the largest amount of good. It was the result of all I witnessed in London, that there are immense defects on this vital point, in most of the proceedings I had an opportunity of witnessing. An absurd and almost criminal subserviency to rank, power, place and wealth, a subserviency which is abused, often in the most selfish, and often in the most silly way: a nearly universal want of preparation on the part of the speakers, and the consequent crude, superficial, and inappropriate addresses, of which you hear such multitudes; the irreverent and often indecorous conduct of the vast assemblies, which while they encourage each other by example in that which is wholly unsuitable to such occasions—seduce the speakers into a mode of discourse, which if it does no actual harm, is certainly incapable of imparting lasting instruction, or creating deep and permanent emotion; these are evils scarcely ever missed at the English Anniversaries. I have said enough surely, to make it obvious, that all is not thus; that much, very much, is nearly all that we should expect it to be. But when we look at the means, such facts to communicate—such motives to present —such principles to discuss—such men to speak—such multitudes to hear—such a prolonged, varied, exalted occasion; we are ready to say, now we have all the ancient sage demanded; here is the Δος που στω—and we will shake the world! The influence exerted, not only comes short of such a result, but is in fact unsuited to produce it. And while the profound and pervading spiritual unction, which is the soul of such occasions, is missed from their midst, their chief glory and power are shorn.

There are other evils of a personal kind, which press heavily

on many of those who are the most important public supporters of these societies. Personal slights, pointed and humiliating; official incivilities, and indifference, slight perhaps, but constant; the passing away of the first spirit of love and union and candour and humility and confidence and singleness of eye and heart to the great end—the passing away of this spirit, with those who founded and first sustained these mighty operations; and the gradual coming in behind it—of the spirit of a paid agency, a corps of placed subordinates; such things are, though not universal by any means, yet so grown already, that good and wise men in Britain, speak of them as of things which they weep over, but cannot remedy.

I took occasion, again and again, to open my mind freely on these subjects—and to express at large the foregoing general views, to the wisest and best men I met in England. Upon two points the agreement in their views seemed to be universal; namely, that the anniversaries were not what they might be, and ought to be; and that whatever change had occurred in the general spirit of the societies themselves, had not been fortunate. I shall never forget the fervour of Dr. Philip of South Africa, (with whom I had much and delightful intercourse,) on one occasion, as we were threading our way through the intricate streets, to the rooms of the London Missionary Society, and communing on these subjects;—stopping suddenly, as is his wont when deeply excited—he grasped both my arms, and cried with deep emotion, "tell my brethren in America, this is the day of happiness in their labours: the dew of youth is upon them and their societies; now, now, let them do their great work, while the true spirit of it is fresh and incorrupt."

I have already illustrated from my own personal experience something of the existing spirit in the management of many of these societies. I have no object but to record what is proper to be told, for the aid of all to whom it may be useful; and by my own case, therefore, I still further elucidate my meaning.—Amongst the societies to which I had borne commissions as a delegate from similar ones in America, were the *Reformation Society*, the *Religious Tract Society*, and the *British and Foreign*

*Temperance Society.* As soon as I was settled in London, I called at their respective offices, and left my credentials, my address, and at the first named, letters of introduction. Not a human being connected with either of them, or on behalf of either of them ever came near me! One of the Secretaries of the first named Society, gave me a ticket which he said would admit me to the platform at the anniversary, and there ended that lesson. I had two commissions to this association, and a letter of introduction also, from one of its most active English friends.

The intercourse with the second society proceeded thus;—when I called and left my credentials, a very civil young man, who seemed to be an attachè of the Society's book store, said the Committee of the Tract Society *breakfasted* together once a week; and he had no doubt they would be happy to receive me. I got no confirmation of this hint; and as I was neither very well nor very well invited, I missed the first, and the second, and the third weekly breakfast. Meantime I got a civil note, from a proper quarter, desiring my services at the approaching annual meeting. The day came; I went to Exeter Hall by the usual way to the platform—and was refused admittance by a police man, who said it was thirty minutes too soon, and that my declaration that I was to take some part in the exercises, could hardly be true, or he supposed I should, in that case, be accompanied by some member of the committee, or some one on their behalf. I was quite of his mind, and therefore loitered about till the full time had come; and then, on trial, found the platform filled with four or five hundred people; and betook myself to my lodgings. I subsequently breakfasted with this committee, thirty or forty strong, on the invitation of a member, whom I casually met; and so terminated that deputation.

The intercourse with the Temperance Society had rather a sharper termination. At the period of its meeting I was recovering rather slowly from a short but severe indisposition; and on the solicitation of a mutual friend (for I had not had the honour of a note, much less a visit from any person connected with the Society)—had agreed to make a short speech, provided I could

do so, early in the meeting. At the appointed hour, the Lord Bishop of Chester took the chair; the report was read; the Right Honourable Lord Teignmouth, a handsome young man, made a speech, which seemed to me to be in favour of moderate drinking. Then followed a Mr. Montigue, who had lately returned from New South Wales, where he had written a book in favour of Temperance, from which he read extracts in favour of *tetotalism*—against which the society, it seemed, was expressly committed, until he was privately asked to stop. Then followed a capital speech from the Rev. Hugh Stowell, an evangelical churchman. It was my part to second his resolution, and make a speech. I held a copy of the resolution in my hand, and was racking my brain for the shortest possible speech; when just as Mr. S. closed, I was told that it had been concluded to let a Mr. Evans follow him, and that I could come afterwards. I demurred, but it was useless. When Mr. Evans was nearly done, and I in a fever with another half digested speech, I was told again, that it had been concluded to let "the Birmingham Blacksmith" follow Mr. Evans, and me follow him! The who? said I. The singular appellative was repeated, with the declaration that it must be so, as the Bishop desired it. I of course surrendered the resolution to the secretary, only asking him to erase some private notes on the margin, which he tore off and handed to me. And the Birmingham Blacksmith got up and made a strong, sensible speech. By this time my body was exhausted, my thoughts scattered, and my nerves ruffled. As the speaker drew towards a close, I told the Secretary he must not permit my name to be announced, as I did not intend to speak. He said it was too late; he would announce me; and I must speak. I replied if he did force me to speak, I would soon make him repent it; for I should tell what he had just done—with such comments as the case required. He then threatened to complain to the bishop. I told him I had already caused the bishop to be informed of what he had told me of him—and had cautioned him against believing any thing he might tell him of me. This put an end to our conference, which occurred immediately behind the chairman, and began to attract the notice of those around us.

I therefore left the platform; and "Mr. G. Thompson, lately returned from America"—withdrew his arm from over the shoulders of the "Honourable Mr. Buckingham, M. P.," since somewhat known in the same country,—and spoke in my place; thus throwing into my very tracks, the man who of all others in Britain I had the worst opinion of; and with whom I was destined so soon to have a prolonged controversy, on a subject of such vast interest to America, and of such importance to all the Christians of it.

I suppose there were some subsequent explanations, perhaps difficulties, amongst the officers of the Society; for I got, besides several private notes from friends, a letter from the bishop of Chester, one from Mr. Copper, joint Secretary, and one officially from the committee; all explaining in part, and apologizing in part. I replied to the first one only—simply to state the true facts of the case, and to express my sentiments regarding them; and refused afterwards to say or hear any thing on the subject.

I trust all future delegates from the United States, will have more reason to record acts of personal and official kindness from most of these institutions, and especially from the active agents of them, than their predecessors have been permitted to discover.

# CHAPTER XVI.

Intercourse between American and Foreign Churches—Delegation to England—Meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in 1836—Preliminary Meeting at the Weigh House Chapel—Business Meeting—Nature of the Union—Its Sessions—Mr. Payne—Mr. Blackburn—Subjects of Discussion—Proceedings—Acts—Missions—Slavery—Political Aspect of the Body—Difficulty from this Source, of holding Intercourse with other Churches—General Character of the Congregational Dissenters.

Most of those who will probably see these pages, know that the various religious sects in the United States, have been for a number of years, desirous of promoting a more cordial sympathy with the Christians of other countries, than had formerly existed; and that for this purpose, several of the more powerful of them, have occasionally corresponded by letter, and more rarely by commissioners, with several foreign churches. These feelings have in an equal degree influenced the Christians of other nations; and the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, throughout the whole world, having begun to realize that they are indeed but one great family, have sought means to manifest and to cultivate the mutual sentiments which had been too long permitted to slumber. The Presbyterian Church in the United States, in the exercise of that large and Catholic spirit which has always marked her conduct; had long ago perfected arrangements for stated intercourse with every evangelical portion of the church of God, in that country, which seemed disposed to enter into them. In the exercise of the same policy, she had for some years corresponded with one section of the church of Scotland, with another in Ireland, and had now for the third time

elected a delegation to visit a third sect in England ; having in the mean time received one from it. Constituting this commission to the Congregational Union of England and Wales, I met that body, for the first time, on the evening of the 9th of May, 1836, in the Weigh House Chapel, near London Bridge.

I found my way with difficulty, accompanied by another stranger in London—from our lodgings several miles distant, towards the opposite end of the town ; and on my arrival, was ushered into a very small apartment in the rear of the building. It was one of several, crowded to excess with gentlemen, who were just finishing their repast of tea, and bread and butter, usual on such occasions. For in England, nothing appears to be undertaken, but in the strength, of this kind of creature comfort. Men called to deliberate, eat first; men called to act, eat and then act; men called to listen, hearken better after a collation. Of the provision for drink I have already sufficiently spoken. My firm belief is, that no official or stated gathering, takes place in the kingdom, of which food or drink is not, one or both, a stated part. In nine cases out of ten, of my preaching in England, I was pressed to drink and eat, either immediately before, or immediately after the exercise.

In a little time we were ushered into the chapel, where we found an audience that did not fill the lower part of a moderate sized church, even after the addition of those who constituted more particularly the Union itself. The Rev. Mr. Payne of Exeter, a very venerable man, presided ;—and after appropriate religious services, a number of addresses were made, and resolutions suitable to the occasion past. The meeting seemed to be more devotional than otherwise, in its purpose ; or perhaps intended to occupy in regard to the public—the same relation that the subsequent meetings held to the ministers of the congregational churches. A representative from the Scotch Union, a sort of informal one from Ireland—a minister resident in France who happened to be present, and myself, were respectively introduced to the president and the meeting ;—made each a statement, rather than a speech—and were each first welcomed in a very cordial manner, by the chairman, and after they had them-

selves concluded, were responded to by some member of the body, selected for that purpose. In reply to my own statement, on behalf of the body I represented, Professor Vaughan, of the London University, then known to me chiefly by the violence of his prejudices against Presbyterianism, exhibited in his "Memorials of the House of Stuart"—was, strangely enough, the spokesman of the body. His address was polished,—rather elegant; but of course, considering who he and I were, it could be nothing to the matter in hand, without being either decidedly uncivil, or uncandid. The whole time occupied was about two hours; and the meeting closed with appropriate acts of worship. It was on the whole, a simple, and rather appropriate service.—Such a one as the heart might profit by, as it transpires—and the memory dwell on pleasantly, when after years recall it.

The next morning at an early hour, what was called "*the usual business meeting of the Union*"—was held in the Congregational Library, in Bloomfield street, quite in another part of the city. Here again I went unaccompanied, almost uninvited. Having some trouble to find the house, I was somewhat too late. Not comprehending the forms required by the door-keeper, I had so much difficulty in gaining admission, that I had given up in despair, and turned away to leave the place—when he relented, and agreed to hand my address to a friend within. On my entrance, I found about two hundred gentlemen, or probably not so many, seated thickly on benches placed across a large rectangular room, which was what its name implied—*a library* of considerable extent.

The same interesting old gentleman occupied the chair. The meeting was said to be the largest which had yet been convened during the six years of the existence of the Union, which this anniversary completed. And although the churches of the denomination, are by no means unanimous in support of this body, and indeed a number of ministers, and some entire associations still refuse to come into it; yet, all who have gone forward in the enterprise, rejoice with increasing confidence in its success; while every returning year diminishes the number, and strenuousness of its opponents. To me the only surprise

was, that a body of Christian churches and ministers should have been content to remain so long, without some outward and available bond of union.

The composition of this body seems to be, in practice at least, as imperfect as its powers, when it is organized, are feeble.—Although a delegation of an equal number of ministers and laymen from smaller associations seems to be contemplated; yet the number of these is left entirely optional with those who appoint them; and while any ministers or churches of this sect are said in their Plan to constitute a part of the Union, it is still further added, "that at the annual meeting of delegates, every minister and officer connected with any Association united in the general body, shall be eligible to attend and vote." In point of fact, many do so attend on their own motion; and the laymen who do attend, may be without exception, I believe, un-ordained.

The order of proceeding was, after religious exercises, the reading of a Report by the Secretary, the offering of various resolutions, and the reading of an address, to the churches of their order. Two sessions of four or five hours each, completed the whole business; and many seemed to consider it rather a hardship, that even a second session should be required. The debates to which various parts of the business gave rise, were conducted in a spirit of kindness and candour; and were received by the meeting, though composed almost entirely of church officers, and relating to subjects of much gravity, with the same uproar, of clapping, contradicting, bawling, and loud laughing, which constitute so dreadful a characteristic of "*a British audience.*" I shall best display the character of the body itself, by mentioning some of the principal topics before it, with the disposition they made of them.

The Rev. M. Blackburn, as senior Secretary, read a Report of the Proceedings of the Standing Committee of the body, for the year just ended. It spoke of a Congregational Hymn Book as ready for use—and as being one of the first fruits of the Union, and certainly one of the most obvious importance; for nothing strikes the observer more forcibly in the present state of

this sect, than the multiplicity of collections of this sort, and the consequent evils attending the want of a uniform standard and system, in this important and delightful part of public worship. It alluded to a history of their churches, prepared by a Mr. Hanbury, and now ready for the press; a large number of copies of which were immediately subscribed for by the persons present. It exhibited a statement of the debts of their chapels, as far as they were ascertained—which were treated as an affair affecting the whole body—and arrangements for their gradual liquidation, were spoken of as being under mature consideration. It referred to certain efforts already made, to spread their system in Canada; and urged most decidedly the taking up of the cause of domestic missions, by the Union, in its distinctive character. This last subject occasioned considerable discussion, which resulted in the almost unanimous decision of the body, to take up the subject of missions, distinctly as a sect, upon strictly Congregational principles; to prosecute the subject both at home and in their colonies —and to begin at once with the colonies. In consequence of this determination, a public meeting was held, a few nights afterwards, and the necessary arrangements made, to prosecute the work of foreign missions in the colonies, through a committee of the Union. Preparatory to which the body appointed a treasurer, three secretaries, and a committee of fifteen persons, with power to increase their number; to act during the ensuing year.

This proceeding struck me, not only as proper in itself, and perfectly natural and praiseworthy; but as a new indication, of which so many have already been given, and new ones are furnished every day, that every church which really understands the great end of its existence, will not only take up in its organized character, the total subject of the world's conversion, in its whole length and breadth; but will at length perceive that the moment any one admits that there exists in its faith, order, or practice, any thing which prevents this—it admits at the same time, its own unfitness to be any longer considered a church of Jesus Christ. To preserve and to extend the truth as it is in Jesus; for what other object does any church exist? And

if churches be not suited to these objects--of what use are they?

I rejoiced, therefore, both in the act, and in the mode of doing it, and the principles on which it was done. There might have been a little too much said, both in the Union, and at the public meeting, in a purely sectarian temper. I was very particularly struck with this, in the circular letter, which was read by Dr. Ross, and directed to be printed and circulated. It was long, feeble, erroneous in statement, and too sectarian to be in good taste, not to say in enlarged charity. I may not do it justice; or those to whom it was committed, may modify before printing it. I judge of it, only from hearing it read; but some of its statements in regard to the necessary connexion between the Congregational form of church order, and a sound faith and true piety on one hand; and the natural and constant tendency of all other forms to error and declension, on the other; were so out of the way, that I regretted no opportunity was allowed me, to express pointedly, my sentiments, in regard to such doctrines.

A committee was also appointed on the subject of slavery in America, which reported at the adjourned meeting of the body, a series of resolutions, which were modified and referred to the General Committee, and afterwards printed. I was prevented from being present on that occasion, by severe indisposition. These resolutions embrace an affectionate appeal to the Christians of the United States, on this painful subject; and though evidently drawn up by persons who lack information, and therefore hold some opinions which they would modify; and use some expressions which are foreign to the real state and difficulties of the question, and are calculated to give offence; yet on the whole, I have seen nothing emanating from any British source, more worthy of serious regard. This is to be considered no slight praise, when it is remembered that the infusion of bitter, furious, and ignorant passion and prejudice, with which the abolition party in both countries, has been poisoning the public conscience; has diffused itself in England, as in America, chiefly amongst the Congregational churches.

The second meeting of the body, was perhaps nearly as much

political as ecclesiastical. The subject of Dissenters' grievances —a theme of everlasting recurrence as well as intense excitement—and particularly the matter of church rates, was taken up; and the meeting pledged "to endeavour by petitioning, and every other lawful means, to attain the removal of this odious impost." Nor can the charge of introducing extraneous matter, be now laid on the body. For in their primary address issued several years ago, they distinctly take up the whole subject of their grievances, as matter which Christian duty calls them to enlist in, thoroughly and zealously; and this, although in the same address the fear is expressed that such a course of excitement and contention would prove injurious to their spiritual interests. And in the minutes of the fifth annual meeting, in the year 1835, the *Plan*, published at the end, declares that one of the direct objects of their Union is "to assist in maturing and enlarging the civil rights of Protestant Dissenters."

It is not my part to say, whether it would not have been wiser to have kept their religious profession and proceedings, wholly distinct from their civil contests: whether, indeed, it would not have been better to suffer even greater evils than they were called on to endure, rather than mix the redress of them, not only with their religious principles and feelings—but really with their ecclesiastical organization. The effects of these measures on themselves, I may speak of in another place. But their having taken this ground, it seems to me, places them in circumstances of a very peculiar character, as it regards other denominations; and especially those who reside in foreign countries.

This Union is, to a certain extent, a political organization in its very nature and origin. Nor does it require much penetration to discover that the changes at which it aims, in the present constitution of the British Realm, amount to the most fundamental revolution both in church and state. I am ready to admit the entire justice of most of their claims. I am prepared as a freeman, and a republican, to bid them God speed. But I am not clear that I could say there is any *Christian* necessity for their success; for the Christian religion comports, on the part of the governed, with any sort of social condition. Nor am I sat-

isfied of the propriety, or duty, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, implicating itself, directly or indirectly, in projected revolutions in the civil polity of a foreign state.

It is possible there may be some ready to accuse me of refining too much in these suggestions. I would not push them to the extent of dissolving our connexion with this Union. But I see, in the facts on which they rest, ground for caution and more mature reflection than the case has heretofore received. And when other causes, which concur from various quarters, are all considered—I am strongly inclined to the belief, that the great objects contemplated by those who projected the existing intercourse, will be better secured by a correspondence by letter, than by delegates.* The subject of slavery, little understood in England, is to be made even more prominent than heretofore; promising nothing so certainly as continual heart burnings, and a final rupture between the churches of the two countries, if not between the countries themselves. Intrigues are already on foot in both countries to secure delegations of certain complexions on various subjects, both practical and speculative. And while in point of fact, it seems absurd to send commissioners across the Atlantic, to attend on a body, whose whole annual sessions do not extend beyond a few hours; on the other hand, the history of our church in America, conduces to show, as a general truth, that it has been our habit to pay rather more than an equivalent, for similar privileges. I have not made these observations without much hesitation; and after all, nothing would be farther from the fact, than for any one to infer, that I

*The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, never sent another Mission to the Congregationalists of Britain after the one fulfilled by the writer of these pages. It had before that, sent one, and received one. It will probably never receive another; and pretty surely never send another. For the Assembly of 1838, determined to change the mode of intercourse, in the manner above suggested; and directed our brethren abroad to be informed of its change of views and purpose. The gentleman who preceded me on the mission referred to above, has not thought proper to favour the public, with any extended account of his visit to the European Churches. And it may not be improper to say, that considerations founded on these facts, have had a material influence in giving shape and character, if not existence to the present work.

would favour any step, which did not seem to lead towards the most enlarged and intimate fellowship, amongst all the Christians on earth.

The proceedings to which I have referred—the general character of the Union itself—and its former publications, were matters of great importance, as well as profound interest to me—in their bearing upon questions affecting the position and prospects, as well as the distinctive character of the great body of Congregational dissenters. As I may have occasion to speak of them again, in connexion with the other religious denominations of Britain, I omit for the present, any particular account of the sect, represented in the Union, whose objects, and one of whose meetings, I have now briefly described. It seems, however, not amiss to observe here, that the true character of this branch of the British Church, seems to be very imperfectly understood, by their brethren, either at home, or abroad; and that one great reason of this is, their own want of any homogenious religious character. Their want of any common creed—agreed modes of business and worship—general and fixed ideas in which they are united on many important subjects—and indeed of any effectual bond of union—must render them in ordinary times an inefficient body; and will explain why the public will always underrate them, during such times. But in every period of excitement, commotion, and effort, their propensities to Independency yield to the pressing necessity for united action; that concert naturally takes place, in the very point of most intense activity; their religious system being at all times deeply imbued with political ideas and aims, they enter with courage and preparation upon scenes from which other Christians shrink, for lack of taste or knowledge—and become more and more important and influential as the crisis becomes more and more severe. Such has undoubtedly been their past history; and such, unless I greatly err, will be their character in all future time. Men may yet see this sect, now little thought of, decide the fate of England; and perhaps bear upon their sturdy shoulders another Cromwell—over the broken fragments of thrones, altars and

armorial ensigns to the protectorate of another mighty commonwealth! And who shall presume to censure them, if they shall see themselves shut up to galling servitude, or glorious victory? Who will say it is criminal in such as languish under hopeless oppression—to dictate law, with enlightened and noble moderation?

## CHAPTER XVII.

State of Parties, and Evidences of Approaching Change—Sketch of the Rise of English Parties—The Accession of George III.—Influence of the American and French Revolutions—Effects of the long continued Anti-Liberal Efforts—The Reform Bill—Fundamental Revolution—How Produced—How Endangered at present—How to be Consummated—Character and Posture of the Present Struggle of Parties—Probable Solution of the Subject---Two Opposite ones Suggested.

If any are disposed to consider the reflections which close the preceding chapter, unfounded or extravagant; let them remember the innumerable, and more improbable revolutions, which from the first appearance of the Romans above the Alps, to the hour almost which is fleeting by us, have in perpetual succession, changed the face of all Western Europe; and of no portion of it more frequently or decisively than England. The indications which preceded the destruction of Feudality, the abasement of Popery, or any other of the memorable epochs which have signalized her national progress; are not known to have been more striking than those which at present reveal the approach of social changes, perhaps convulsions, hardly less considerable than the greatest of the past.

What the English call the Great Rebellion was a distant, but a direct consequence of the majestic events known to us as the Reformation of the sixteenth century. The usurpation of Cromwell, and the crimes of the two last Stuarts, robbed the world of most of the blessings which the Commonwealth had purchased; and the Revolution of 1688, restored them with but a stinted and niggard hand. The settlement in some sort, of the princi-

ples of the Monarchy, the rise of the old Whig party, the firm establishment of the Protestant succession, and the moderate administration of the first kings of the house of Hanover,—satisfied the nation for another century; at least to that degree, that it preferred what it enjoyed to any thing which a restoration of the ancient dynasty could promise. Yet it is hardly to be questioned, that during the greater part of that century, every English monarch, from William of Orange, to George III., sat unsteadily upon the throne; and that the whole power of the government, the aristocracy, the army, and whatever was left of the spirit of freedom, barely sufficed to keep the spirit of revolutionary retrocession in check; or to crush it when it again and again hurried the mad multitude to arms.

The spirit and consequences of the American Revolution, and afterwards of the early and better period of that in France, produced on the English people, and the state of English parties, a powerful, and very peculiar change. From the earliest period of time, no just conception of general liberty seems ever to have existed in any state—until the Long Parliament of England, made its great and simple ideas familiar to mankind. Before that, the few were every thing, even in republics; the many nothing every where. The English Commonwealth, in the theory of its great founders, was built upon the equal rights and perfect liberty of all. And that Commonwealth fell, because the English people were unworthy of the illustrious destiny set before them; and neither cared for, nor understood it. The Old Whig party, was another kind of party altogether, from the men of the Commonwealth: and the notion of every thing for the few, was as firmly a part of their creed and practice, as of the staunchest Tories that ever held, or panted for, power.—Nothing can make this more manifest than the fact, that as a true popular spirit arose, the second time, and spread on earth—and at length communicated itself to portions of the English people; the Whig party, in the same degree withered away; and the highest Tory principles became more and more predominant, until almost the total nation was Tory or Republican—and the Whig party, nearly annihilated.

During the era of the French Revolution, and the desolating wars which grew out of it, the very structure of government and society in England, rendered it impossible for the popular party—then almost openly republican—to introduce radical changes, except by force. Why this was not actually and more seriously attempted, it would lead too far to enquire now.—Doubtless the great mass of the English people, then, as ever before, were unfit for, and even averse to institutions decidedly popular. And surely no nation ever put forth, in proportion to its greatness, so long, so vehement, so costly, and apparently so triumphant an opposition to the progress of popular opinions, and the spread of liberal ideas, as England did from 1776, till 1815. These incredible efforts terminated precisely as the revolution in opinion, which had given the highest anti-liberal principles full power in England, had terminated: that is, precisely in the opposite direction from that intended and expected.—Their total effect, undoubtedly was, to load the country with untold millions of debt; to lessen her moral influence in the world; and to reduce her power physically, in the scale of nations: while the moral pestilence, as she chose to call it, against which she had staked all, and seemed to win, not only spread, and strengthened in her own bosom; but undermined and consumed every bulwark which she had reared against it, in all other lands. Three days of furious combat in the streets of Paris overthrew the entire fruits of half a century of shocking carnage, and sleepless diplomacy. And England had only this alternative left; to begin the work afresh, and take its mighty hazard; or let a mob of French labourers behind the barricades —dictate principles, in their dirty shirts, bespattered with blood; which had shocked, and armed all Europe, when the assembled estates of France, pronounced them forty years before, with all the forms and sanctions of deliberate national legislation.

Yes, that dreadful pestilence had spread in her own bosom; perhaps spread too far to render her past career possible any longer, on that, as on all other accounts. It has since spread farther still. And it is the very point of these reflections, that it will spread yet farther; or encounter such resistence as will

leave the edge of the sword the final arbitrator. Even this alternative would be needless, as a modification of the general statement, if all experience had not shown the settled indifference of the bulk of the English people, towards institutions thoroughly free; and the greatness of the resources which the privileged classes have always at command, and by force of which to maintain, or when lost, recover their authority in the state.

The passage of the Reform Bill, was a fundamental revolution in the British Constitution. It was so understood to be; it was resisted as such, up to the very verge of public commo tion and bloodshed by the House of Peers; and was allowed to pass, only under the pressure of a concentrated and irresistible public outcry, which the privileged classes were afraid, at the moment, to withstand. But this revolution in the Constitution, great as it was, and completely as it was intended to shift the depository of power in the state, from a very few, to a comparatively large number of hands: was itself the result of a still more thorough revolution which had already taken place, in the entire mass of society, and in the parties into which it is divided. The party of the Oligarchy, for such were the Whigs in their best day, had before perished; now the party of absolute power, for such the Tories always were, were in their turn discomfited; and a new party, not the people, but a party out of them, entered upon the arena of politics, for the first time in a period of nearly two centuries; and omitting the era of the Great Rebellion, for the only time in English history. The legal revolution was immense; but it was immensely short of the moral one, which preceded and produced it. And who can suppose, that the former, can satisfy the necessities of the latter? This legal revolution may conduct, and improve the state as to its fundamental necessities—perpetually overlooked by all pre ceding parties. It may provide for general education; it may modify the questions growing out of the religious establishments; it may provide a better system of taxation, expenditure, and revenue; it may simplify the jurisprudence of the country.—But, all these improvements will only more and more coerce the

extension of the basis of representation; and make more constantly indispensable such a revolution to come, as will place the real power, intellect, and property of the community, finally in possession of the constitution. This will consummate that moral impulse which forced the Reform Bill through the House of Peers —and over and through the British Constitution; and when this event arrives, a revolution from the present to the future, far greater than that from the past to the present, will have occured.

By a steady and long continued progression, the kings of England, at first absolute and despotic, have been successively forced to share their power and duties with the clergy; with the barons; with both united in the house of lords; with the commons house as separated from, but in fact composed of persons influenced by the members of the upper house; and now finally, with the middle classes. At each of these changes, great and corresponding alterations have occured in the whole structure of the government, and of society. There remains but one more partner to admit into the state; the great class of labour. When they come, new changes must occur. Or if they be refused admission, convulsions greater than those which coerced any of the preceding adjustments seem to be as inevitable, as that the interest now demanding admission, is greater than all the past.

A few sentences will place the nature and extent of recent changes, as well as those hinted at in future, in relation to the depository of political power, clearly before the reader's mind. The last Parliament, elected before the passage of the Reform Bill, represented by general estimate 87,000 voters. The first Parliament elected under it, represented above half a million of voters. But in the twenty-four millions of British population, there are perhaps from four to five millions of men above twenty-one years of age. Again: fifty-six boroughs, inhabited by a few scores of electors under the old system, and some of them by none at all, were totally disfranchised; and thirty more were disfranchised in part; and thus about one hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons, ceased to be *appointed* by

theirindividual influence of particular persons amongst the nobility and gentry: and were thenceforward *elected*, by constituencies more or less considerable. But still, the ancient power of individuals is immense; many important towns are unrepresented; many boroughs still hold entirely undue influence; and great and glaring, inequality and injustice—even taking existing principles as the test—every where prevail.

When we reflect for a moment, on the nature of man, of government, and of human society itself; when we consider that in all time, public affairs have been conducted with wisdom, justice, moderation, and success, in proportion as they have reflected the general will,—and so that reason and virtue teach mankind to demand, what every instinct impels them to grasp; and when we remember, on the other hand, how reluctant power has always been, to divide itself, or become responsible for its exercise,—and how great its hatred ordinarily is, to all that is benificent towards the great human mass: there needs little to persuade us, that they who in Britain have achieved so much, will demand all; and that they who have had so much wrong from them already, will resist with desperate energy all further requisitions. The only uncertainty in the problem is, as to the duration of the struggle, and the peacefulness of its ultimate conclusion. For that the present and apparently irresistible impulse, in all civilized communities, is to combine the moral and physical powers—and of course to exalt the mass, to equality first, and afterwards to absolute control, seems not to be questioned.

Time is nothing, where states are the learners. And besides, where the elements of a problem are all indeterminate, all conjecture as to its period, is absurd. How long a small aristocracy, may by its superior intelligence, wealth, and hardihood, keep an immense mass in subjection; how deplorable the subjection the mass will endure may be; how often its efforts at redemption may fail; how frequently it may be betrayed—deceived—misled; and by how tedious a career conducted, to those results, which will at length be full, complete, and satisfactory; I leave to be decided by those more competent, or more hardy in con-

jecture. Every step of such a struggle, must necessarily create a new condition of things; and therefore introduce new parties and interests; or greatly modify the old. The more artificial the state of society is in which the contest is carried on, the more difficulties of this kind must continually exist, and the more perplexed and indeterminate must the whole case often appear. Thus at every stage, giving new courage, and new ramparts to the enemies of progress; and continually harrassing the multitude, and plying it with temptations, on the one hand, to intermit a career which is so full of difficulties, or (what is not so often perceived) on the other, to grasp suddenly the sword, and cut in pieces the bonds which entangle leviathan!

Already in England many of these suggestions, are illustrated by passing events. No sooner had the reform bill increased the basis of representation, to such an extent as to change entirely the complexion of the House of Commons, and so in fact of the monarchy; than the nobility and gentry began to countermine, by creating fictitious votes, in particular constituencies—especially in the rural districts, out of creatures of their own, upon their immense estates. Almost the whole body of the aristocracy, roused by the danger which impended over their order, set to work, by every kind of personal influence, to control those masses, which had so long looked up to them with deference; and to shake by every effort the power of popular opinions, in their breasts. The clergy, too, of the established church, with the whole bench of bishops at their head—the entire body being itself a portion, by blood and interest, of the aristocracy; raised the cry of "the church in danger"—from one end of the realm to the other; and invoking all the force of hereditary veneration, and all the power of the religious instincts, threw themselves in the path of advancing liberty, to scare her from her prize.

Simultaneously, dangers of an opposite character appeared. In one part of the empire, the oppressed Papists, arose from their long posture of servitude; and are hardly erect, before their unalterable principles reveal that it is not the love of political liberty, so much as the spirit of religious fanaticism and intolerance, which animated their efforts: and the first use they make of their

recovered liberty, is by combination, by intimidation, by violence and outrage, to prevent others from freely exercising theirs. In every part of the empire, the Protestant Dissenters also, not content to await the mature progress of events, and owe their redress as dissenters, to their victories as citizens; push new questions about tythes, church rates, and such like, up to the issue of a settled assault, not only upon the Church of England, as established, but upon the total principle of all possible religious establishments. Mean time, all sorts of new opinions are broached, going to the subversion of every principle of the monarchy; and of course to the general alarm of all established interests.

Old parties are sub-divided. The party favourable to power and prerogative, splits into two :—the Tories, properly so called, and the Conservatives, or moderate Tories, a name ridiculously foisted into American politicks, without any applicability; and only out of a spirit of subservient imitation of every thing English. The more liberal portion of the oligarchical party divides into Whigs and Reformers. And the extreme of the movement party is split, into Moderate Whigs, Whig Radicals, Radicals, and I know not how many fractions beside.

The result of the whole, however for the time the popular cause may be perplexed or arrested, must necessarily be, in the very multiplication of independent elements, to increase the certainty of ultimate success to that which is most robust. While this succession and variety, in the objects of intense popular interest, not only tends to cultivate and mature the capacity for decision, and the spirit of self reliance ; but keeps alive the very spirit of movement in the public breast,—and steadfastly a ments the power and consequence of those in regard to whose position and claims, so many battles are fought. The empire which cannot rest because liberty is not enthroned, is rapidly hastening to that state in which liberty must reign, or expire.

Things cannot return in their career. No revolution can go back. Hence the attempts to get up a counter excitement in England, for the repeal of the Reform Bill, were met, by almost universal derision. It was a phrenzy of some half-crazed ecclesiastics; to which no political party lent their ear, and for which

no tenth-rate politician would venture to appear. The contest is not to retain what is reached; an instant appeal to arms would follow its retraction. But it is, how and how soon, to obtain how much more? And that, not such additions as are of the nature of general ameliorations only; but specific and vital demands against the things most immediately odious, and for the reforms most instantly needful. Hence I suppose, the next consequences will still run in the line of the past progress. Falling first perhaps on the House of Commons, to make it more the image of the nation; by extending the elective franchise, perhaps to household suffrage; making suffrage secure, by making it secret; making the representative tractable by shortening his term of office; and making him independent of the crown, by making that term precise. Then it will fall perhaps, on the hereditary legislators; and by some fundamental change, prevent the House of Lords from defeating the popular will, by its present co-ordinate power and absolute veto on the legislative action of the Commons House. Then the civil will follow the political revolution; and the equality at the ballot box be carried into the statute book, and the social circle, and the public service. Then the religious revolution will complete the subject; and the whole matter of establishment and dissent, and test, and privilege, and disability,—drawing after it, of course, the subjects affiliated to this in England, such as the Universities, the private estates in ecclesiastical things—the rights of official patronage, &c. &c.,—will be moddeled after the national will, for the general good.

Can such things be? We do not say they can. We say they will be; or they must be prevented by the sword! And our belief is, that at the present moment, the great bulk of the privileged classes, and the established clergy, are fully alive to this alternative; and perfectly resolved to meet it; and to retain their present institutions, at whatever cost, in whatever way.—And whatever may be the present appearances, it is undeniable, that all the instincts of royalty must ultimately compel the sovereign to take part, against the movement, and against the final enfranchisement of the great mass.

I have reflected much on this subject; and I confess with pro-

found interest, and great embarrassment of mind. I will venture to state, what appear to me the two most probable solutions of a state of things in which the difficulty of material change, seems inferior only to that of remaining stationary.

The whole movement in Great Britain, is complex in all its parts; and so is the whole resistance. Some are actuated by motives chiefly political; others by considerations entirely civil in their character; and still even more than either, by religious sentiments. The opposition to what has been conceded, and to all farther concession, is still more tinged with religious opinions: so that the entire tory and conservative interest in the three kingdoms, is in favour of the religious establishments of the realm. I fully believe that the established churches of England and Scotland would decidedly prefer to compromise with the Papists of Ireland, and establish the Catholic religion in that island for their support in upholding the existing establishments in England and Scotland; rather than permit the united power of the Papists and Dissenters to overthrow the existing establishments, and as they suppose, endanger Protestantism itself. I also fully believe that the Pope and the Irish Papists would close with such a compromise. In this case the cause of English liberty is utterly undone; unless God and the courage of the people, find or make a way of deliverance. That such a compromise should be attempted is in my view altogether probable. For England, it would change at once a hundred votes in the house of commons, and cast a majority of two hundred voices in parliament, and a nation of eight millions out of doors, into the trembling scale, against impending ruin! It would give the Irish Papists more than they have ever asked; more a thousand times than they can otherwise, ever obtain! For the papal world it would be a triumph surpassing all that ages have produced!

The other solution though more improbable to the ordinary observer, is more directly consequential, and more in the line of modern ideas. In Britain as every where else, the reading and thinking community, is becoming every day, larger and larger: and knowledge is constantly penetrating deeper and deeper. The nature and influence of Protestant Dissent throughout the kingdom, have

made the lower, often the lowest conditions of society, its field of operation, and constituted it, the great engine for quickening the mass. The world is ignorant of the Bible. It is the book of great ideas, of august conceptions, of immense propositions.—It revolutionises of necessity, every soul, every family, every village, every kingdom, into which it gains entrance. But its final victory over the whole earth, will be coincident, as it teaches us itself—with the universal slaughter of Armageddon. Let us not wonder them, if in the interim, subordinate conspiracies against its free course, should by God's providence, be once and again cut in pieces. Let us not forget, that as all things else are overturned, and overturned, the way for his coming, whose right it is to reign, is made more and more clear. Let us not, therefore, deem it impossible, that the influence of that party in Britain, which has for its theatre of effort the neglected millions, and for its instrument the word of life, should be finally complete: nor that in some stage of its progress, it should be called of God, through faith, to wax valiant in fight, for the heritage committed to it. Such a result would restore the Commonwealth —with all the advantages, derived from two centuries of progress. It would establish, in the most powerful of existing empires the ideas of our revolution; and by the wide spread influence of that empire, cause the principles of '76 to be naturalised in every clime, as the simple, elemental basis of human society.

But human affairs are too complicated and uncertain, and human foresight too dim, to penetrate the details of futurity. It is enough to know that God reigns, and that he will at length conduct the nations to all they can enjoy, by making them all they ought to be.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

A Break in the Narrative—And why.

All that precedes this chapter, and all that follows it except the closing chapter of the volume, was written seven or eight years ago, and the most of it in Europe. It was then, and for some years afterwards, my purpose to have produced brief disquisitions on the general model of the preceding chapter, on all the prominent points of English, Scottish, and Irish affairs, to which, during a sojourn of some months in the United Kingdom, and very extensive rambles over many portions of the three great divisions of it, my attention was particularly directed. I am sensible how much, to a certain class of readers, the failure to execute this purpose, will deminish any little value which might be thought to attach to these pages. But I cannot help it now. Years have passed away—the subject no longer interests me as it did—the engrossing cares and duties of life make the pursuits of literature and philosophy impossible to one of my profession in my position—and more than all, the immense agitations and changes of the last eight years in Britain, have placed every thing in a position very different from that in which it was when I studied it. What was fully written out, I re-print; if the reader is good enough to regret the rest—it is perhaps fortunate for us both that I have been prevented from supplying it. If the course of future events should bring me once more into personal contact with the existing things of our father lands—something

better, if God permits, may perhaps reward the kindness which distinguished, on a former occasion, the reception of a portion of the present work, when given in a separate form to the public; a kindness which was not the least of the motives that produced this further trespass upon its attention.

# CHAPTER XIX.

Entrance into France—Boulogne—Custom House—Courier—Language—Houses—People—The Town—The Surrounding Country—Napoleon's Column—Mode of Life amongst the Agricultural Labourers.

The boat was made fast to the pier at Boulogne Sur Mer, (so called to distinguish it from another Boulogne near Paris,) at eleven o'clock at night. It was as bright a night, as a full moon in July could make; and as we passed up the streets of the New Town to the Hotel des Baines, the various colours of the flags which hung from the windows of most of the houses were perfectly distinguishable. It reminded us at once, that this was the first of the three days of July, being the 27th of the month, in which France had accomplished, six years ago, so glorious a revolution. The flag, like every thing French, is rather striking; being composed of three stripes of equal width, running vertically; the outer one red, the middle white, and the one near the staff, blue.

We had not, however, landed so easily, as this slight notice might lead one to infer. Under any circumstances, the great crowd on board could not very speedily disgorge itself, when laden with such quantities and varieties of baggage, alive and inanimate. But the security of the ship owners threw rome impediments, and the custom-house regulations many more, in the way of a short walk from the boat's deck, to a comfortable chamber at a hotel. In our own case there was a special and vexatious difficulty. A lady who travelled under our protection, had packed away her passport, forgotten it, and pronounced it lost—at least not in her possession. What should be done was uncer-

tain; but the most probable result seemed either a delay of some days, till the nearest public American agent could be written to; or perhaps, a forced return to England. The first impulse was, of course, frankly to state the case to the proper authorities, and abide the issue. When we had arranged our plans for visiting the continent, the urgent advice of friends in Britain had induced me to employ a person, in the double capacity of interpreter and servant. We had taken into our service, a stout, handsome young man, who speaks English tolerably well, and three or four of the languages of the continent. His demand, in the way of wages was exorbitant, being £10 a month, and his expenses paid; which aided by a slight sinister expression in his eye, rather settled my mind against him. He mentioned, however, very adroitly, that he was a Swiss, and a Protestant; both names went to my heart, and Abram Bèjaud, was engaged for the tour. This of course had occurred in England. And now in our exigency, he was summoned, and the difficulty explained, with directions for him to act according to the view of the case stated above. He said it was nothing; leave it to him, and all would be right, &c.; but steadily evaded explaining how he should proceed.

In the mean time, most of the passengers were on shore. We in turn proceeded from the boat, by a single plank, one by one, the courier, (as he chose always to call himself) in advance.—The first salutation was from a little Frenchman in a cocked hat nearly as large as himself, who was squatted on his hams on a sort of block, about as high as a man's breast—at the shore end of the plank. He demanded evidence that we had paid our passage money; was shown a ticket, and bade us pass. We were next marched across an open space, into a room, where on one side of a counter sat four or five very respectable looking men, in an undress uniform of blue; and on the other stood a confused crowd of men, women and children, guards, porters, and soldiers, all talking at once, and none regarding, apparently, what his neighbour said. Pretty soon a man over the counter held up a passport, and uttered sounds, which on the third repetition, bore a faint resemblance to my name. I pressed forward—and found

our courier and the officers, engaged in a close debate, which as nearly as my then imperfect knowledge of the language would allow me to comprehend, was to the following purport:—"This is the passport of Mr. and Mrs. B—., where are they." "No sir, it is the passport of Mr. and Mrs. *and Miss B*—.," said Abram; and in an instant, his plan of smuggling our travelling companion through the custom-house, flashed on my mind. I was at loss whether to laugh outright, at a device so superlatively ridiculous, when the ages of the parties were considered, or to renounce all benefit from so palpable a fraud, as a thing wrong in itself. But before I could summon self command, and French enough to interfere, the affair was ended. "There are but two named in the passport," said the Frenchman. "Then the American minister has forgotten to put in *Miss B*—.;" rejoined the courier! "What can be done," said the officer!—"Done—why let her pass," said Abram; and suiting the action to the word, hurried our party towards the door. A *gendarme*, who guarded the door, near the end of the counter, seemed to regard all that passed; and spoke quickly in good English:—"This way sir; this way ladies, let him settle it with the Beaureau." And so saying, he turned us out, and the courier back; but in a moment more, he joined us, and we mixed in the crowd, and hurried to the hotel.

It was a very great relief: and the whole matter was treated by the authorities not only in the politest but in the kindest manner. They could not but *see*, that a fraud was practised. But at the same time, they could not but know, that being only American travellers, and the person interested, a female, no possible evil could occur. In the inspection of our baggage, I had the same reason to find public fame unjust here, as I had before found on landing in England. Our trunks, sacks, &c., were barely opened; it was a mere form. As to bribery, it is out of the question. And yet there is no part of the world where more smuggling is carried on, than along this very coast. There is but one solution of the case. Experience had made these people, both here and in England, acute to the last degree. Where there is ground for suspicion, it fastens at once; and the most

searching examinations are made. Where there is obviously no design to evade the revenue laws; nor any intention, to do that, which the government could have any interest or desire to prevent, the traveller may confidently rely on receiving the utmost civility. A ready obedience to law, is surely the duty of all who go voluntarily into a strange country; and they who evince that purpose, in a frank and respectful manner, will find little reason to join in the common outcry against the public authorities, for their treatment of strangers. Many laws are indeed absurd; and many customs, at once inconvenient and ridiculous. But we forget our duty to ourselves, when we attempt to evade or resist them; and are equally unmindful of our duty to others, when those whose office is merely ministerial, are viewed and treated, as if they were the responsible party. And it is strange that people should find it so hard to learn, that in this, as in every other case, their own good is promoted by doing what is right.

The American who finds himself in France for the first time, will find himself in a new world. The language which he may have been vain enough to suppose he understood somewhat of, because he could read it, and comprehend it, when slowly spoken, he will scarcely know to be French. For I take it that the two most dissimilar things that all the anomalies of human speech present, are the written and spoken language of France. Every thing, however, is strange and peculiar. The people are as striking as their speech; their houses are as strange as themselves; their dress, in keeping with all the rest; and their very domestic animals, and implements of labour, unique throughout.

In France, generally, all large establishments are built in the form of a hollow square, into which there is usually one large arched entrance, admitting men, and beasts, and vehicles of all sorts. You enter upon a large paved court, and find yourself surrounded by all the appurtenances of the establishment—the walls of which often mount up six or seven stories in height.—Except the shops, and the residences of people of the poorest kind, it is not common to see doors entering from without, immediately into the house: but rather upon the inclosed court.—The whole arrangement is admirable, for convenience, for priva-

cy, for shelter from chilly winds and hot sun, and what was not less important in former days, from external violence. Their roofs are of slate or tile; the walls chiefly of stone, occasionally of brick—and more rarely of wood and mud; the floors, when made of plank, are curiously constructed of short pieces of oak, laid down in squares, diamonds, &c., and very highly polished; but they are very often composed of marble, or tiles of eight sides, painted red, and are seldom carpeted; the windows, by a simple contrivance, open each way from the centre, inwards, like a folding door, and are decidedly superior to ours; while the walls of the apartments are generally wainscotted with wood, highly polished and left of its natural colour, and decorated to excess with the most prodigious mirrors.

Such is a French house. If it be a palace, it is only more extensive and superb: if a chateau in the country, only flattened and widened: if a town establishment of a grandee, or a hotel of many residences, or a "tavern"—in the American sense—the model is the same.

Of the people themselves, I had no juster ideas than of their places of abode. The French of the upper classes, are totally misconceived of by us. There is nothing of that frivolity and exaggerated lightness of manner, which have grown into a proverb, through the hereditary malice of the English; but the same dignity, self-possession, and gentleness, which characterize all gentlemen every where. Nor is there even in their personal appearance, so much to distinguish them, as I had supposed. All I have seen of the human race, and I have seen specimens of nearly every variety that exists, leads me decidedly to place the people of the middle states in America, at the summit of their kind, for physical advantages. Comparing the French with them, they would be called too short, and too strongly built for their height. Except this and the common use of mustaches, you meet every day, a hundred men, that you are ready to believe are your countrymen. Of the other sex, in this rank of life, I speak not now.

There seem to be few people of what the English delight to call the *middle classes*, in France: and there is, well for France,

a still smaller proportion of the *privileged classes.* A gentleman of independent circumstances, *rentier* as they call him, is the real representative of the substantial population of the kingdom: and while those above him are few in proportion, those below him imperceptibly decline, from one condition to another, none sinking so low from the level, as the rabble of England. The great body of the labouring people in France, are very peculiar in their dress and appearance. The men seldom wear a hat, which they substitute by a cap, resembling a common night cap. The women wear no bonnets, but instead, a singular looking cap, put on hind part before. The consequence is, that all are burnt to a degree of sallowness, approaching the complexion of the mulatto. The females work in the fields, with the men, using indiscriminately the same implements of husbandry; and with their short petticoats and bare arms, are more exposed than the other sex.—They are in consequence, coarse, large, and homely. About the towns they often claim an exclusive right to occupations, which in other countries belong only to men. Thus at Boulogne, females are the only porters, and may be seen bearing enormous burdens on their heads and backs, or dragging them in trundles. And yet we should be cautious in condemning such customs; for this one, I found to be based in reasons at once politic and humane. It is a perquisite attached to the widows of those citizens who had been seamen, or in some way connected with the sea service of this coast.

Boulogne is divided into two towns, having little resemblance, and not much connexion. The lower and newer of the two, is situated on the eastern bank of the little river Liane, and is a modern brick town. The upper, or old town, is built on the top of a high and steep bank, surrounded by a wide stone wall, and is itself of great antiquity. It is the Gessoriacum of Pliny; a town of the Marini, mentioned by Cæsar. From it Catharine de Medici took the title of Countess, on her marriage with Henry of Orleans, afterwards king of France. It has given one king to England, and one to Jerusalem; and here it was, in more ancient times, that Caligula, as Suetonius relates, ordered his troops to rush upon the ocean as upon a hostile army, and plucking up

shells and pebbles, conveyed them to Rome, as evidences of his triumph. And wherefore should he not? Or wherefore should I deride him? Cæsar, and Caligula—how immeasurably separated in all that makes man illustrious, both in what he is and what he does. And yet as I tread where both have trod before me, and recall the meanness, the folly, and the infamy of one—and remember the other's greatness, majesty and long renown; what have twenty centuries left that makes either of them more to earth, or earth to them, than the very fine dust of the balance? It is eternity alone that is worth regarding, as the end of life; and it only, as an object of effort, can be absolutely secured.

While our courier procured the passage of our trunks through the custom house, and was arranging for our departure for Paris on the morning after our arrival, we hired a carriage and drove to the monument, commenced by Napoleon, and now nearly completed by Louis Phillippe, to commemorate the military operations in this neighbourhood, preparatory to the contemplated invasion of England in the year 1814. The column is built of marble; it is a few miles from Boulogne, situated on an elevated plain in the midst of entrenchments once occupied by vast armies, and mounting up a hundred and sixty French feet, is easily ascended by a flight of steps in the inside. We were shown to the top, by an amazon, and as far as the sense of insecurity arising from a position, protected only by a slight open railing would allow, we enjoyed a boundless prospect of sea and land. To the west, the British channel lay at our feet, and melted away into the horizon, out of all reach; towards the north, the English coast was distinctly visible, along an extended line; and to the south and east, the plains of France, wide, naked and uniform, dotted here and there by a village or a forest—indented by the course of some small stream—or roughened along the skirts by the barren red sand hills, that fringe the coast. It is a noble prospect, little known, and seldom visited. The few Americans who come to Boulogne are laughed out of countenance, at the bare mention of so foolish a purpose by the multitudes of English who resort to this place, partly to enjoy sea bathing, partly to live cheaper than at home, partly to escape their creditors

and principally perhaps because the charge for coming here is less than for going so far in any other direction, out of England. They have not yet forgotten the event to which the monument relates; and in the degree that all England was terrified then, all England seems to think it right to be merry and make contemptuous speeches now.

I found a few labourers at work on blocks of marble, intended for the completion of a pavement at the base of the pillar; but when we descended, they were sleeping on the ground under the shade of a few neighboring trees. This led to a conversation with our giantess, as to the condition and habits of the agricultural labourers. I have since had many opportunities to observe their habits, and to obtain information as to their condition.—They live generally in villages or small clusters of houses, which are built of stone, or mud, and covered with tile or thatch.—Many own small portions of land, purchased at very reduced prices, during the first revolution, when the estates of those who fled, and those who suffered, were confiscated and brought to the hammer. Their food consists of an early breakfast, of bread only, and that of a coarse description; sometimes a little cheese, still more rarely, vegetables, milk, tea or coffee. At twelve o'clock they dine on a soup made of vegetables, enriched by a small piece of butter, or animal fat of some kind, such as skimmings of boiled meat, or the drippings of such as has been roasted; and after dinner, a repose in the open air, of an hour or two is taken. Some go home to their mid-day meal—but most have it brought to them. About sun-set, they quit work, and eat a third meal, of bread only. Meat is eaten once a week, and a pint of cheap wine, about as often is drank as a luxury. Such is the life of the agricultural labourers in France; and with it, they seem a healthy, contented, and cheerful race.

We returned through the old town, which is smaller than the new, and is very picturesque. In the centre is an ample paved square, where most of the principal buildings for public use are situated; always excepting the churches, which in all Catholic countries were placed a little out of the town; for being always in former times connected with some establishment for the resi-

dence of priests, monks, nuns, or some other religious persons, they were located in situations favourable to retirement and privacy. The four principal streets, leading from the four gates of the city, meet in this central square. The streets are all narrow, generally crooked, and overhung by houses, that get wider as they get higher, often having two or three offsets, at as many successive stories. At these offsets the floor and walls above are supported by the most grotesque figures, of men, beasts, and deamons, in every condition of decay. The rampart is planted with trees; and affords a fine promenade, and delightful views of the sea, and the adjacent country. The house in which Le Sage, the author of Gil Blas, died, with an inscription over the door, is still shown. The old town is east of the new; and the two contain about *eighteen* thousand inhabitants, of whom an eighth part are English. In its essential characteristics the foregoing description will apply to all the walled towns of France, which once exceeded two thousand; and which are still objects of curiosity, to Americans at least—in whose country, nothing like them is to be found.

## CHAPTER XX.

Travelling in France—French Money—Departure from Boulogne—Public Agitation—Route to Paris—Samer—Montreuil—Crecy—Bernay—Bauvais—Abbeville—Face of the Country—Incidents—Pauperism—Harvest—Vineyards—St. Dennis—Postillions—Entrance into Paris.

The mode of travelling in France, is left very much to the option of the traveller. You may hire horses and postillions, and ride; changing every eight or ten miles. The word *mile*, however, never occurs; distance being estimated entirely by *posts*, each post being two French leagues, equal to about five and a half English miles. You may take a seat in a diligence, which is a species of omnibus, having four places to carry passengers, and taking in all about fourteen to seventeen persons, exclusive of the conducteur and postillions. The latter usually ride the horses; the former rides in an affair exactly like a gig body, set on the top of the front apartment of the diligence. This place will hold two besides the conducteur; behind it all along the top is carried baggage; under it is a place for three people; and then there are two apartments more, each containing six persons. The diligence is drawn by four, five, six or even more horses, placed two or three a-breast, and fastened to the vehicle, universally with ropes, and in such a way as to prevent them from standing exactly a-breast, but to cause them to pull in echellon. I rarely saw a leather or chain trace to a diligence, or hired travelling carriage in France. If you prefer to travel in a more private way, you can hire a carriage of any description, for any length of time. I was shown into a magazine, as they call

every such repository, and selected one out of several dozen. The cost of it to Paris was one hundred francs, the owner responsible for its repairs, and I only for its delivery at an appointed place in that city. The horses are under the control of the government, which prescribes regulations and fixes the price for their use; although ordinarily they are private property. They are kept at fixed stations—are let at settled rates,—and you are certain to get them and postillions, not only when wanted, at cheap rates, and of excellent descriptions; but you are forced to take as many at a time, and them as often as the law has determined to be necessary. Our party consisting of three, and a courier, we were obliged to take three horses and one postillion; the cost being for him and them seven and a half francs per post, of five miles; that is, six for the three horses, and one and a half for the postillion. From Boulogne to Paris is twenty-four posts—about one hundred and twenty English miles; making the whole expense of carriage, horses and postillion, exclusive of other charges, (and of *douceurs*) two hundred and eighty francs for four persons, or about thirteen dollars each. This is about half the expense of travelling in the same way in England; and is far more comfortable, first, because, in England you are obliged to change your carriage every few miles, and secondly, because there is in France much less delay, and much more civility.

I had as well say a word about the money of France. Bills are not in common circulation, the Bank of France issuing them only of large denominations, five hundred francs being, I believe, the smallest. The gold coins oftenest met with, are the forty franc and twenty franc pieces; but gold is always worth a premium here, and therefore enters but little into the ordinary exchanges. The ordinary silver coins are the pieces of five francs, two francs, one franc, three-quarters, half, and one-fourth of a franc. The coins of billon and copper, are of various values, from a deceme, which is two sous or the tenth part of a franc, to a centeme, which is the fifth part of a sous, or the hundredth part of a franc, and equal in value to less than a fifth part of one cent. The taille is very easy. The silver franc, may be said to be the basis of it; twenty of them make the gold Napoleon,

while the twentieth part of one is the copper sous. The five franc piece, which is very common in the United States, makes this coinage familiar to Americans; who have only to recollect that the par value of the franc is about nineteen cents of our money. This is the moneytory system established 1795. There is another and much more ancient system and coinage, many of the pieces of which correspond in value with those now used under other names. But the modern coinage becoming of more value in the market, a decree of 1810 scaled the two in such a way as to render it the interest of the holders of the ancient coinage to have it recast, so that at present little of it is seen.

We left Boulogne the day after our arrival, in the afternoon, intending to divide the distance to Paris into three stages, to be travelled in as many days. As we drove out of the town, and indeed as we passed through all the cities and villages on the way, the crowds of neat looking people with joyful faces, the long lines of flags streaming from the windows, and every aspect of all things around us, showed how manifestly the revolution of July, was national in France. This was the second of the three joyfully remembered days; and having a more distinct view of the flags than by the moonlight of the preceding night, I observed many of them to have a fillet of crape around the upper part of the staff. I pointed it out several times, on that and the succeeding day, to different individuals, and received from all the same response, and the same equivocal exposition. It is, they would say, for the victims of the Revolution; and then would add, but it is improper to allow it to remain after the first day—especially improper to permit it on the third day. This perplexed me, for all admitted it to be outre, yet the great majority did it. It struck me there might be a deeper feeling; and I observed, perhaps it is for the Revolution itself—for its supposed failure, that you clothe your tri-colour in mourning? I got no answer, in any case, but a shrug of the shoulder, or a cast of the brow upwards, or the mere remark that there was a difference of opinion in France, as elsewhere. I found that the king had determined to put off the usual review of the National Guard, that plots and conspiracies were talked of—arrests to a

great extent made—a strong and anxious sensation excited in the country, and bodies of troops moving in various directions.—That afternoon we met a fine squadron of cavalry consisting of several hundred men, each of whom led a spare horse.

Our route lay parallel with the coast, for some distance, which at length bearing off towards the westward, left our course continued in a direction a little east of south, towards the heart of the kingdom. The first night we slept at Bernay, fourteen leagues from Boulogne; after passing through and in sight of numerous hamlets and villages, and the walled towns of Samer and Montrueil. Samer is situated on the top of a hill, and the view of it, both as the traveller approaches it and departs from it, for several miles, is very beautiful. As it lay before me, in the warm and rich light of a July sun, after I had lost the greater part of summer in a more northern climate, I thought I had seldom looked upon a prettier landscape, than its hill, its white wall, its green trees, and its wide rural vicinage presented. Not unlike it, but far more extensive, is the view of Montrueil, as you emerge from the forest of Longvilliers, through which you have passed for half a league, and behold it a mile or two off, perched in almost impregnable strength upon a rock on the top of one of those chalk hills which abound in France as well as in England. It is an ancient, and must once have been a fine city. Some of its ruins are still noble. Before reaching our lodging, we crossed the small stream, which divides the departments of Somme and Pais-de-Calais, and a little further on, entered the skirts of the renowned forest of Crecy, a name so full of glory to every British ear; and reaching Bernay, with the light of a bright moon, slept soundly, in an excellent inn.

The second day's journey brought us after twenty-six leagues' travel to Bouvais, the chief town of the department of Oise. It contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, is of unknown antiquity, and though built principally of wood, is rather a handsome town. Its manufactures of woolen, but especially those of tapestry, are admirable; the latter being considered inferior only to those of the Gobelins near Paris. This art is carried to so great perfection, that when inspecting the Cathedral of Notre-

Dame, at Paris, I saw, in company with a considerable party, a picture of Saint somebody, (I forget who,) in the guise of a shepherdess, hanging in the treasury, behind the great sacristie, which excited universal astonishment, when it was pronounced a piece of tapestry. It was little inferior to the majority of the paintings which are shown as great treasures in a Cathedral, richer in holy relics than most others in Europe. During the day, we passed through Abbeville, on the river Somme, in ancient Picardy; an extensive manufacturing town, a few leagues from Saint Valery, at the mouth of the river, and up to which point all the way from Boulogne our road lay parallel with the coast, and often in view of the sea. It interested me more for its namesake, and for the sake of those persecuted Protestants, who in the new world have preserved the remembrance of it, in a district and town of the same name in South Carolina—whither, as is well known, a portion of the Hugonots fled; and where their offspring now occupy so conspicuous a rank, amongst the best citizens of our Republic. Bauvais is a walled town, and was never taken by an enemy, though repeatedly besieged. In 1443, the English were repulsed from it; and in 1472, the Burgundians, to the number of eighty thousand, were unable to take it. This time, the legend goes, it was saved by the courage of its females, under the direction of a girl, called Jeanne Hachette, in commemoration of whom, after the lapse of four hundred years, the grateful citizens still keep up an annual fete, on the tenth of July. If we add to this, the fact, that an unusual number of distinguished men have been natives of Bauvais, we shall see no reason to be surprised, that its inhabitants are proud of *La Pucelle*, as they call their pretty town.

Of Marseille, Granvilliers, Airaines, and other smaller places, it is needless to make special mention. I am sure, however, they err, who say that France is destitute of charms to the traveller, even in this part of it, which is said to be the least interesting of all. Its general surface, is a wide, indeed an apparently unlimited plain; elevated, undulating, intersected by numerous small streams, each causing a considerable, but gradual depression; and crossed by many ranges raised somewhat above the general

level, and whose tops and sides are the resting places of many towns. There is little wood, and what remains is in forests of some magnitude. There are no fences, no ditches, no hedges, no walls, except immediately about the places of human abode. The crops grow up to the roadside; the plats of ground are divided by invisible lines; the flocks of sheep feed in their pastures, kept from the ripe and growing crops, only by the vigilance of the shepherd and his dogs. Flocks, or single animals even, of other kinds are rarely seen; I have observed neither cow, hog, nor horse, at large; and the whole face of France presents a continual aspect of cultivated grounds, interspersed only with human habitations. Through such a region, a wide and nearly straight road, paved or gravelled in the middle, about twenty feet wide, and having an unpaved space on either side, of the same width, passes the whole distance from Boulogne to Paris. No tolls are demanded, and the same liberality and good sense, which make the highways free, are adorning them with continuous rows of trees on both sides, sometimes to a considerable depth.

There are, however, several inconveniences, which remind us that we are in a land where men are vigilantly watched, and perhaps need watching. At least once a day, and often twice, a gendarme demands a sight of your passports; or rather of the descriptive account of you and them, which was given to you when they were taken from you on your entrance into France; and which are restored to you again at Paris. At every walled town you enter, you are also stopped to be interrogated, as to whether you are carrying any thing that can be eaten or drank into them—that you might be made to pay duty, if you chanced to be going to market; as if they could not see, without this nonsense, that all mankind are not hucksters. So again, every inn you remain a few hours at, is forced to make out a far more perfect roll of your party, than is to be found in most congregations of our church members; which is daily inspected by the police. But above all, the army of beggars, is intolerable.—Luckily the inferior coins of France are of small value, or they whose principles or feelings impel them to attend to such calls of

human want, or degradation, might soon be forced to give up their travels, and turn mendicants themselves. From the tenderest youth, to extreme old age, embracing both sexes, beggars surround you wherever you go, except in Paris. There you see very few, except in and around the churches. But every where else, in the villages, on the road sides; children in the arms of their parents, little girls, boys, young women, men, blind, lame, every thing, every where. In several places, little huts had been cut out of the soft rock in the hill sides, and fitted up as habitations, out of which mendicants would sally as soon as the rattling of the carriage gave them notice of your approach. This horrible condition of things seems peculiar to Papal countries—and can perhaps be easily explained. By the principles of that religion, the ecclesiastics are made the almoners of the public benevolence; insomuch that not to consult them as to the objects and methods of it, is nearly as great a sin in their code as not to give alms at all. In all such states, where tythe was granted to the clergy—a regular part, generally one-fourth, was declared to be the patrimony of the poor; which being two and a half per cent. on all the gross products of labour, would be a most abundant provision for the misfortunes of society. Another result attendant on such a policy is, that no Catholic state makes any public provision for the poor, other than that contemplated above; which indeed would be useless, if that were efficiently and honestly administered. Without calling in question the character of the Romish priesthood every where—it is quite manifest that such a system as this must be liable to enormous abuse on one hand, and corresponding suffering on the other, even when fully in exercise. But if it be remembered that a vast proportion of these persons have in all ages been mendicants themselves, there will appear but small chance for other poor.—Then when it is considered that the tythe itself, which was the basis of the original scheme, is no longer paid in many papal countries; it is certain that no excuse can be available either for governments that permit such suffering amongst the poor without any provision for them; or for a religion that tolerates, when it might as easily as others, redress the wretchedness, and

remove the cause of it. Besides the want which probably first produced the mendicity amongst the people at large, and which common humanity should impel all men to remedy; the moral effect of the begging itself, is perhaps, still more to be deplored. All sense of shame gives place to deceit and falsehood—until to beg creates no pain, and to deceive produces no compunction. Yet the very structure of their religion produces this condition of things in all Papal states; and while you search in vain for one that has escaped it, you will not find a syllable of doctrine which forbids, nor one moral lesson which expostulates against the thing itself, in all the authorized expositions and teachings of that church, in all ages.

The greater part of the day which brought us from Bernay to Bauvais, had been damp and showery. Our third day's journey was a short one into Paris, a distance of only seventeen leagues, through Noailles, Puiseux, Beaumont upon the Oise, where the stream is of considerable breadth, Moisselles, and St. Dennis.—It was in the midst of hay and wheat harvest; and the fields were full of persons of all ages, and both sexes—busily engaged in that season so joyful to the husbandman. Until to-day, we had not observed many vines; but as you recede from the sea coast, they become more abundant, and occupy a larger space. There is something rather mean, in the appearance of these vineyards. They are of small extent, planted without any order, at intervals of eighteen inches or two feet between the vines, which are trained up a small stick, and do not exceed three feet in height. The grapes seem hardly half grown. As I saw the harvest ready to be completed, and the vintage still far off—I recalled many instances from the Scripture, where the former is mentioned as an emblem of peace and of our ingathering, and many others where the latter is used to shadow forth the wrath of God, and the destruction of wicked men; and I rejoiced in the beautiful illustration before my eyes, that as the harvest evermore precedeth the vintage, so the mercy goeth before the woe! And shall it be for good to us, and to you, my poor fellow worms, who pass each other by to-day, having nothing to unite us but our common sinful natures—and the common hopes

(if they indeed be ours) which the Lord Jesus only can bestow; shall it be good for us and you that the harvest is before the vintage, when we behold each other's faces for the second time, by the light that issues from the throne of God? And shall it be good for thee, reader?

Our last change of horses was at the ancient village of St. Dennis, so renowned in the history of the monarchs of France. From the end of the sixth century, to the end of the eighteenth, they were interred in the abbey of St. Dennis. One of the most brutal acts of the first revolution in France, was the decree of the Convention in 1793, in obedience to which, the remains of the sovereigns of France, of the three first races, were disinterred and thrown into two trenches near the church. In this place too, was deposited, with the most religious care, the sacred banner of France, the *Oriflamme;*—which was the signal for the universal rising of the nation to arms,—and which so often led her enthusiastic armies to victory. This was a scarlet banner, which, after the time of Charles VII., gave way to the white drapeau, and it, in its turn, after leading the millions to slaughter for the space of three centuries, yielded to the tri-colour of the first revolution. I was roused from a reveree like this, by the rattling of what at first seemed a pair of kettles, but which turned out to be a pair of boots. The French postillion is the most burlesque creature in the world, except the monkeys you see dressed up in regimentals, riding on dogs, and bowing and doffing their caps, on all sides, for pennies for their master. I thought I was prepared by previous exhibitions, for any thing in the shape of boots; but I was mistaken. This fellow had to ride into Paris, and must be better equipped than usual. Hence, boots that come half way up the thigh, which all have, were too low for him; and spurs that on all their heels look like dirk blades more than spurs, was too small for him; and spencers that did not reach to the small of the back, and whose skirt was too short to button at all, were quite too full for him. His coat was a pair of sleeves, with two collars, one above and one below,—and might as well be put on upside down, as any way. His boots he made no pretention of walking in—indeed he admitted they

weighed ten pounds each, and the spurs alone would render them useless, except on horseback. Equipped perfectly to his heart's content, he took us rapidly over the two leagues that separate St. Denis from the capital.

Montmatre was on the left; Les Batignoles on the right.—The Barriere de Clichy is passed, and we enter Paris along the front of the garden of Tivoli, by the Rue Clichy and Rue de la Chaussêe d' Antin; to the right along the Boulevart des Capucines; inclining to the left down the Rue de la Paix; by the place Vendome, and the magnificent bronze column made of the canon taken in Germany; on through the Rue Castiglione; to the left into the Rue Rivoli, to the Hotel Windsor, overlooking the Jardin des Thuileries. I have named the most magnificent quarter of the noblest city in Europe. I write these lines in the midst of scenes which have witnessed, or which recall great events, through the lapse of sixty generations; and which are perhaps reserved for a still higher destiny.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Paris—Its Greatness—Situation—Beauty—Coup d' æil of it—Sabbath Day in Paris—Sabbath Scenes—Reformed Church in the Rue Taitbout—Service in French and in English—Garden of the Thuileries—Place de la Concorde—Champs Elysees—Fete of the Revolution—Scenes by Lamp Light—A Crowd—The Inauguration of the Triumphal Arch at the Barriere de Neuilly.

It was a common saying with Napoleon, that a revolution in Paris, is a revolution in Europe. And although this might be, in some degree, an exaggeration of the greatness of this capital, it is not too much to say, that it is undoubtedly the most important city in the world. Nor is it to be questioned, that it has held this rank at least from the subversion of the Eastern Empire; while we might attribute nearly as much to it, with every appearance of justice, from the moment in which Rome itself was undone. Nor can it be disguised, that although its growth in point of numbers, or even perhaps in wealth, has not kept pace with several other capitals—yet its relative importance has been steadily augmenting, and but for its reverses at that disastrous period when all Europe marched upon it, and plundered it of the vast and exquisite works of which, before, the earth itself had been pillaged for it; there would at this moment have been nothing to name even in comparison with it.

The region in which this city is located was formerly called the Isle of France, from the shape given to it by the windings of the rivers Seine and Marne. The more appropriate name of the Vale of Montmorenci, was long borne by the delicious valley in which the city is situated; a name derived from that illustrious

family, (whose chief seat was at Chantilly, in the immediate neighborhood,) which for so many ages justified by their grandeur and their stainless integrity, the legend of their arms, *les premiers Chretiens, et les plus vieils Barons de la France;* the first Christians and the most ancient Barons of France! The vale itself is one of the most extensive and fruitful, as well as one of the loveliest on which the sun shines. And when from the top of Montmatre which rises up like a cone in the midst of it to the north of Paris; or from the abrupt edge of Pere-la-Chaise, which overhangs the city on the east; or from the lofty brow of Mont Valerien, still more remote on the west—I have contemplated with rapture the wide and glorious landscape—I have thought earth held nothing more magnificent.

The Marne unites itself to the Seine, just below Charenton—the place at which the Protestants of Paris used to go to worship, during the period when they were not allowed to assemble for that purpose within any walled town; and the united waters pass through Paris, dividing it into two not very unequal parts, and forming those islands, within the compass of the present city.—The Seine is here a considerable river. The Sequana of the Latins, it rises far to the south-east of Paris, in Burgundy, and having in its course received nine rivers that may, with some license of speech, be called navigable, it empties itself into the British ocean, at Havre: a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, by land, from this city. Paris, like all the chief cities of the world, is, therefore, so situated, as on one hand to command the advantages of commerce, without being subject to aggressions by sea; and on the other, to possess the facilities of an interior situation, without being subjected by a too secluded posture to the possibility of famine. No city absolutely interior, or absolutely commercial, has ever yet arrived at the first rank. And it remains to be seen what effect modern improvements in facilitating intercourse, and making defence more perfect, will have in modifying this, along with other laws of social existence.

From the top of the column in the place Vendome, towards the western end of the city, or from the cupola of the Pantheon, on the hill of St. Jacques, in the south-eastern portion, a superb

view is obtained of the city itself, as it spreads out like a chart under your feet. The largest and lowest down the river of the three islands, called, Isle de la Citè, is of considerable magnitude, and is completely covered with ancient, lofty houses, built of grey cut stone, and separated by narrow and irregular streets.—This is the only part of Paris, that existed while the Romans knew it, and it is that which Cæsar calls Civitas Parisiorum—after the Parisii, a nation of Celtic Gaul; while the name of Lutetia, given to it by Strabo, is still preserved, as one may see on the pannels of a certain kind of hackney coach, in the common name of *Lutecienne*. Just above the island now described, is another and smaller one, called Isle St. Louis, which is in length about 1,800 French feet, and is also inhabited. The third and smallest one, being also the one highest up the river, is not built on; it is used as a depot for fire wood.

These islands are connected with the banks of the river on either side, by several bridges; of which, counting all that unite the various portions of the city, there must be above twenty.—These are built either of stone or iron; some of them are ornamented with statues, and elegant railings; and while they afford many exceedingly striking views of the neighbouring parts of the city, add greatly to the picturesque character of the scenery. The river is broad, rapid, and of good depth. Its sides walled up with cut stone, and its banks flanked by wide promenades; while its surface is covered with multitudes of bathing houses, swimming schools, washing boats, and similar conveniences.

Paris may be considered as divided into two portions, the interior and the exterior, separated from each other by the ancient fortifications, or Boulevarts. These embrace within their circuit perhaps one half of the present city; the remaining half, situated without the Boulevarts, and between them and the barriers, or gates in the outer wall, is divided into a number of suburbs, called Fauxbourgs. The Boulevarts themselves have been converted into wide and magnificent streets, built up thickly on both sides, and planted with trees; and make the circuit of the city with one of the grandest promenades in the world. Several of the leading thoroughfares running pretty nearly towards the

cardinal points, intersect each other in central situations and make the coup d' æil, at once striking and simple. Such is the external aspect of this renowned city, built in a wide plain, gradually sloping on both sides, towards the river. The houses are generally five or six stories high, with a story or two more in the roof. They are built of hewn stone, are covered with slate or tyle and are ranged along well paved streets, which, in the new parts of the town, are wide and regular, with side walks; but in the old, narrow and sometimes perversely irregular. I shall not now attempt to speak of its interior condition.

We arrived in the afternoon of Saturday, and had little difficulty in getting pleasantly accommodated. The Rue Rivoli, is occupied principally with hotels. At one of these, the hotel Windsor, we were soon comfortlably settled, in an apartment containing seven pieces, on the second floor; such being the terms used to express a suit of seven rooms, in the third story. For these we were to pay twenty francs a day, for as long or as short a period as we chose to occupy them; and might use all or half of them as we thought fit; all went together, and cost no more than part would have done. Every thing else was extra, and to be paid for at fixed rates, and might be called for or not at our option—and of what quality, in what quantity, and at what time we pleased.

I was roused on the Sabbath morning by military music.—This is the day of parade. Early on the morning of its weekly recurrence, in the Place Carousal, which adjoins the east court of the palace of the Thuileries, a strong detachment of infantry were passing under my windows; where they passed at the same hour every morning afterwards, until my eyes became so accustomed to their crimson pantaloons, blue coats, white belts, and bell crowned caps, and my ears so familiar with their martial music, that I soon became as indifferent to them as I saw every body else was. It is a national peculiarity of the French, I think, that they never form themselves into those rabble routs, that in America, but still more in England, flock about the streets, after every thing that excites them. I have very often seen a hundred musicians, passing along braying forth all sorts

of enormous sounds—and not only not a single ragged boy or idle clown escorting them, but the people in the streets hardly turning their eyes to look after them. Whereas in England, even the setting off of a stage coach, which has perhaps started for twenty years from the same place, and nearly at the same moment, will invariably command the solemn, fixed and interested attention of John Bull, to such a degree, that it is sometimes troublesome to get in and out, for the crowd which so great an event collects.

I had ascertained that the Rev. Mr. Wilks, who is an Englishman, but who has lived for many years in Paris, and been the instrument of much good here, preached regularly in English, in a chapel in the Rue Taitbout, near the Boulevart des Italiens; and thither at the appointed hour I took my way. Before I reached the appointed place, I was mournfully convinced that France, as a nation, has no Sabbath day; not only no Sabbath consecrated to the service of God, and the contemplation of spiritual things, but no civil observance even, by which the people should rest from labour. As I passed along under the lofty colonade, that skirts the Rue Rivoli, and the Rue Castiglione, the shops of all kinds were open, and the people at their usual employments. This was not, indeed, universal; but the cases in which it was different, were much the smaller number. And there was no where manifest, any sort of appearance of a sense of shame, or any evidence that the people considered themselves engaged improperly. I passed several points, at which small corps of the military are always stationed, as the public offices in the Place Vendome, and the depot of the Fire Department, in the Rue de la Paix—and nothing manifested that it was a day of unusual import either to the civil or military departments of the city. Upon the Boulevart as I advanced, the labourers who were employed through the week in re-paving and grading a part of it, were engaged by scores in their various employments; and before I had finished a short walk, I passed two stations of persons of the lowest class, street porters, and at both they were sitting upon their barrows at the corner of the streets, playing cards.

When I reached the place of worship I found it situated up a sort of court in the rear of the houses, occupying that portion of ground, which in America is used as a back yard, in our towns, but which in all large European cites, is compactly built up and appropriated to such uses as seek quietude, or such employments as would offend the public eye. I found a few words in French over the door of the inner court, informing those who passed by, that Christian worship was celebrated in that place, by persons not supported by the state. The latter part of the statement referred to matters which I did not then understand; and passing up two wide flights of steps, I found myself on the third floor, as we should say, in a very handsome, lofty and tastefully arranged circular apartment, which with its two ranges of small galleries, would hold four or five hundred people. It was full; the service had already commenced; and I found myself for the first time, in the midst of one of the worshipping assemblies of the ancient, persecuted, and heroic Reformed Church of France. I was taken entirely by surprise; and as the memory of Calvin, and Farel, and Viret, and Beza, crowded upon me, my heart swelled with overpowering emotion. I turned my eyes from side to side, upon the sedate and peculiar looking audience; and as I realized that these were indeed the descendents of the heroic companions of Henry the Great, who deemed their religious liberties cheaply bought, at the price of above forty years of incessant war; the children of those victims of the Jesuits and of Louis the XIV., and of that century of wars and wrongs which Catholic France had heaped upon her best people, until the revolution, with its iron hand, brake tyrant and martyr, and bigot, all in pieces: my eyes overflowed with tears, and I bowed my head in profound recognition of this affecting proof, that our God is a God that keepeth covenant, and sheweth mercy to the thousandth generation of them that love him and keep his commandments!

The person who officiated, I was told, was M. Grandpiere, one of the associated pastors of the congregation, which like most others in France, has several. It was the day of their communion. The services were conducted nearly as similar

services are throughout all the Presbyterian churches in the world, of which some of the reformed churches of France afforded amongst the first models, after the commencement of the reformation. The dress of the minister was entirely plain; he had neither gown, band, nor even gloves, in all which I think he followed his Master's fashion. He used in parts of the service, a very short prepared form, to which, however, I heard no responses; but the singing, the reading of the Scriptures, the extemporaneous prayer, in a standing posture, the preaching entirely without notes, as I suppose the apostles always preached, were in accordance with the best models, in my own beloved church and country. In all outward respects the manner of the preacher seemed to me nearly without decided fault; and as far as I could gather the matter of his discourse, and follow him in its progress, it was appropriate, earnest, and tender. The elements were distributed to sixty or seventy persons, who gathered, at two different times, around a table that stood just before the pulpit, and received the emblems of the dying love of Christ, in a *standing* posture. M. Audebez, the other pastor of the church, aided in this part of the service. I observed amongst the audience, several persons in complete uniform, who seemed to take much interest in all that passed, and remained amongst the last after the services of the morning were over. They were there by order of government, to *assist* at the meeting—such being the polite expression to denote the surveillance, which in France is extended to every act of every human being. Every where you go, you find soldiers; every thing you do, is under the eye of the police. And although those who conduct themselves properly are not often molested, yet every human being, stranger, resident, or citizen, it is all the same, are under the incessant observation of a sleepless police, supported by more than a million of armed men, of whom about one third do nothing else but play soldier.

In the afternoon of the same day, I returned, and worshipped at the same place, with the English congregation, with which I had expected to meet in the morning. I was surprised to see a mere handful of people gathered together; especially when I

recollected, that the worthy individual who preaches to them, had been labouring many years in this city, and that there are generally many thousands of persons in it, who speak English better than any other language. There ought to be very strong and very unusual indications of providence, in a day like this, to justify a minister of the gospel, to make it the chief or even a principal business of his life, to devote himself to a single sermon a week, to forty or fifty people, most of whom are transient, or within reach of other means of grace. I had other opportunities of attending this service, which I found about as I first witnessed it. It is conducted in the same manner that the Independents of England, to whom Mr. Wilks belongs, conduct their services. Some months subsequently to the period at which the foregoing sentiments were written, I was called in providence to preach a number of times in this chapel; and saw abundant reason to be convinced, that there might be established in Paris, with the divine blessing, a strong church, worshipping in our language, upon strictly evangelical principles.

About sun-set, I walked into the Jardin des Thuileries, which lay just under our window, separated from the range of houses of which our hotel constituted one, only by a street. These famous gardens, which now are not indeed gardens at all, are the pride and glory of the Parisians. At their eastern extremity is the Palais des Thuileries, the western front of which, occupies the entire eastern base of the gardens, stretching out to the enormous length of three hundred and thirty-seven yards. I will not now speak of this palace. The garden bordered on its southern side by a wide quay, which separates it from the Seine, stretches out towards the west from the palace, in a rectangular form, far enough to embrace in its circuit no less than sixty-seven acres of ground. The part which is nearest the palace, is thickly ornamented with the finest statues, in marble and bronze, and laid out in various plats, walks, and terraces, skirted with flowers and shrubs. As you recede from the palace, the grounds become more and more covered with trees, until you pass half way down it, and find yourself in the midst of the most dense forest I had seen in any part of Europe. The whole is inter-

spersed with pools of water, and wide promenades; and being thrown constantly open, is constantly traversed by groups of people, who use and rejoice in it, as if it were the private estate of each. Here are crowds of children dancing; there students reading in the cool shade; farther on, hundreds seated in plain chairs that belong to the place, and double as many hundreds more, walking up and down the long avenues. I mingled insensibly among the crowd, and was gradually drawn towards the western barrier of the garden. Here formerly stood the moat and bridge, so famous during the former revolution, under the name of the Pont Tournant, which separated the gardens from what was then called the Place Louis XV., afterwards Place de la Revolution, but now Place de la Concorde. At present a wide gateway admitted me, with the increasing multitude, upon this awful spot, and my feet trod with horror, where such torrents of blood had been unjustly shed. Here stood the guillotine of the days of terror!—That horrid scaffold, upon which, in the name of liberty, and at the feet of a statue erected to her, nearly three thousand victims perished during the two years and three months, which terminated on the 3rd of May, 1795.

And yet it is a lovely spot. And if one could forget for a moment the brutal past, let him stand in the midst of this ample space, seven hundred and fifty by five hundred feet, during the last moments of a summer's day, and look around him on a scene full of life and richness. Behind him is the vast palace of the Thuileries, with the unrivalled garden from which he has just emerged, between him and it. On his right are streets of palaces, they can be called no less; and looking up the Rue Royale, which on that side terminates the Boulevarts, and seems to break into the Place of Concorde—in the distance is the church de la Madelaine, built of white marble, and furnishing one of the most perfect models of Corinthian architecture that exists. To the left, across the beautiful river, over the most beautiful and richly decorated of all their bridges, is the Palace of Bourbon, in which the Chamber of Deputies holds its sessions —and in the distance the golden looking dome of the Hotel des Invalides. Right in front are the Champs Elysees, the Elysian

Fields! consecrated to Marie de Medici and Madame de Pompadour! They are, in fact, a forest nine hundred and fifty yards long, stretching continuously with the garden and Place, I have already described; and varying in width from four hundred to seven hundred yards from the river to the line of the Rue Rivoli extended.

Engrossed with my own thoughts, I had been carried slowly onward with the mass of living creatures, which seemed indeed considerable, but which in the absence of any knowledge of their habits, I could not say was unusual. It had been for some time, however, getting more and more troublesome to keep out of the way of the swords which every body that wears a uniform, wears here, night and day, I believe; and which seem hung by belts and straps most absurdly disproportioned to the dimensions of their wearers. Perhaps a greater and also an increasing annoyance was, the increase of the dogs, of all sorts and sizes led in strings of all colours, by people of all ages and sexes. I began to realize, in short, that I was getting into an excessive crowd, and to meditate an escape; when just at the entrance of the Champs Elysess, I was ushered upon a scene which baffles all possibility of description.

It began to be night-fall; but the forest was lighted up with innumerable lamps, in all directions, as far as the eye could reach. The great avenue of Neuilly passing through the centre of it, was lined with lofty pillars, apparently of temporary construction; which were decorated with flags, and strongly illuminated. Rows of shops lined the streets and walks that intersect the forest. In the rear of these were other places for a thousand kinds of idle amusement; and the whole interstices filled with tables, carts, jugglers, musicians, gamblers, dancers, and persons engaged in every other conceivable employment that was utterly outrageous on the Sabbath day. I exclaimed within myself, what on earth can these people mean? What are they about? Is all Paris mad?

It is said that this city contains nearly a million of souls; it seemed as if the whole had been emptied upon the Champs Elysees. The first booth I came to, was a print shop; and

over it, in capital letters, the word 'Moskwa.' The fellow, I suppose, was in the Russian campaign, was my reflection, as I was pressed gently on by the moving mass, to the next. That was a China store, and over it, 'Castiglione.' What can that mean? Perhaps the mistress of it has another shop in that street; for surely she was never a soldier. By this time my curiosity was awakened, and I found over every booth, the name of some grand victory of the French; and what was more, the whole of the people seemed as much interested as myself in examining them.

I turned into another walk. There was a woman with a gaming table, on which the bets were decided by a ball of ivory, shot by a spring out of a diminutive canon, against a little board, from which it rebounded, and settled in a hole whose various colour decided the hazard. Children were her customers, and cakes and candies the stakes she set against their copper coins. She was but one, of a class apparently innumerable; and her contrivance to cultivate one of the most furious and absorbing passions that infests the human soul, but one of a numberless class scattered around her in all possible shapes and degrees.

I passed on. There were all sorts of instruments for gymnastic exercises, but especially every sort of contrivance for swinging. Some went round in a horizontal plane; some vertically, with fearful violence. To the ends of timbers fastened at the centre, were all sorts of fixtures, attached in a manner that allowed them to swing freely; and these being occupied by persons of all descriptions, were whirled through the air. At one end was a large basket, full of children; and at the opposite, a great clown astride a mimic horse. At the end of another timber, the image of a carriage body was full of half grown girls; balanced perhaps, by a couple who might be, and possibly were, their grand-parents.

There was something, however, beyond, to which the crowd seemed to be tending. On the right and left, at intervals, were great sheds, in which, on elevated seats in the centre, bands of musicians sat; while multitudes of all ages, and apparently of all ranks, danced to the loud sounds which filled the air; and uniting

with the brilliant light, and the wild scene around, overcame you with the strange sensations of a dream. I paused again and again, to behold, with mingled grief and astonishment, the things upon which I had so strangely fallen; and as often impelled by the impulse which seemed to control, as one mind, the overflowing multitude, I gave way to the universal tendency, towards the western extremity of the forest.

In that countless multitude, there was not one being whose name I knew, or who knew mine; not one, perhaps, whose destiny would be in the least particular affected, by any thing that could befal me, or whose non-existence could in the slightest degree have touched me. What a sense of unutterable loneliness, insignificance, and helplessness, belongs to such reflections!— And yet we struggle in the midst of our generation, as if all its interests were in exact coincidence with all our efforts and hopes; and forget that coming hour of eternal judgment, when in our single, naked weakness, and mutual worthlessness, we shall gather in masses, to which this is nothing, before that bar, which the chief influence of our mutual example has taught us to despise!

By this time I had reached the Etoile, or Star of the Champs Elysees; a great vacant space, of a circular shape, that forms their western termination, as the Place of Concorde, does their eastern. But the wide Avenue de Neuilly, which passed through them, commenced again beyond the Etoile; and for the space of seven or eight hundred yards further, was jammed to excess with footmen, horses, and carriages. Here I first met the ebb of the living tide; and when we arrived at the Barriere de Neuilly, in the outer wall of Paris, which terminated at once the avenue and the city, I participated in a squeeze, the like of which, the most ardent devotee of fashion has rarely enjoyed in the saloons of the god of folly. The Barriere stood before us. In the centre was an enormous iron gate, through which horses and carriages were attempting to pass, in both directions, in a confused mass. On both sides, at some distance, were two smaller gates, through which pedestrians were struggling also in opposite directions. Before I was aware, I found myself out of the proper line of direction, and squeezed amid a mass of all sorts of

human beings, with all those extraordinary appurtenances which a Parisian only considers part of himself, or herself—against the tall iron railing, twenty or thirty feet from the gate-way, through which we were to pass, if that were possible. I buttoned up my coat—set my teeth hard—and prepared for what seemed inevitable. It was a sad time for little misses with their gay apparel. The prim ladies, who had their arms clasped around the small, white, pug-nosed dogs, of which these people are so fond, seemed resolved on bearing any evil themselves, rather than risk the least injury to their idols. A most dashy looking dandy, my rear rank man, in his solicitude for a delicate little greyhound, which he led by a blue silk cord, got a-straddle of one of the recurved supporters of the palisades; and I left him with his back forced against the wall, and his arms stretched out in anguish over the dog. By-and-by, I reached the gate. There was a sense of trangling for a moment, and then I found myself in a space large enough to take a full breath; and adjusting myself after the struggle, looked around upon the exhibition which seemed to be the central point of all this excitement.

I found myself in the midst of a vast circular area, into which the avenue by which I had approached, entered from the east, and from which the road to St. Germain, departed at the opposite side; on the north and south were broad ways, leading towards Roule and Passy. The space between each of these outlets was divided into compartments, by immense temporary pillars, decorated with flags and shields. Shields were also arranged in the intervals, between the pillars; and upon every shield was written in great characters, the name of some signal victory achieved by the arms of France. There were in all, a hundred and twenty-eight of these shields, and of course upon them an equal number of those names which have filled the world with the glory of France.

In the centre of the circle, stood the great attraction of the scene, the Arc de Triomphe; the magnificent triumphal arch, destined to commemorate at once, the military greatness, the wealth and public spirit, and the advancement in the fine arts of this extraordinary people. This great national work, which had been projected by Napoleon, as far back as 1806, and upon

which throughout the greater part of the intervening thirty years nearly incessant labour had been bestowed, under the direction of the most accomplished architects of the land—was at length completed!—This was the Sabbath day of the fete of the Revolution of July; and so of course, the great day, as in all their fetes. The inauguration of this triumphal arch, the removing of the scaffolding and the covering, and the first and grand display of it, to all Paris assembled, was to have been the great act of the great fete. These were all facts of which I was not aware till I was in their midst. And though the caution of the French king, or the prudence of his ministers, prevented him from being present, or taking any part in any of the events which had transpired during the progress of the celebration; the interest, and indeed the enthusiasm of the people, seemed to be sustained to the very last.

The arch itself, is indiscribably grand. Situated upon an eminence fronting the Thuileries, it is distinctly visible from almost every quarter of the city. Built of fine white marble from the quarries of Chateau Landon, it lifts itself up, in proportions absolutely gigantic; its height being 152 feet, its breadth 137, and its thickness 68. Its interior is composed of two transverse arches, of immense dimensions, which intersect each other in the centre, in the form of a cross. These arches are of unequal sizes; the one which looks east and west, being much the largest. The interior faces of the large one, are covered with the names of victories; the corresponding faces of the small one, with those of the generals who achieved them; the outer faces of the whole, with groups of sculpture, gorgeous in the highest degree, representing events appropriate to the great work. The whole is said to have been accomplished at an expense little short of ten millions of francs.

I was wearied; completely exhausted; and stepping into a public conveyance, not to be distinguished from one of our gigs, the driver made his way from the crowd, as if going from Paris; then turning to the north and entering the city, by the Barriere du Roule and the Rue du Faubourg St. Honeré, I was speedily set down at my lodgings; having derived from the events of my *first day* in Paris, food enough for solemn thought.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Religious Establishment of Paris—Papal Clergy—The Concordat—Dress of the Ecclesiastics—Archbishoprick of Paris—Nuns—The Churches—Cathedral of Notre Dame—A Marriage—The Choir—Coronation of Napoleon—Pius VII.—A Funeral.

THE French Charter, sworn to by Louis Phillippe the first, on the ninth day of August, 1830, established perfect religious liberty. "Each may profess his own religion with equal liberty, and shall receive for his mode of worship, the same protection;" are the comprehensive words of the fifth article. It was no doubt, however, true in terms, though far otherwise in fact, as the next article asserts, "that the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is *professed* by the majority of the French."—In speaking, therefore, of the religious establishments of Paris, it is right to give the precedence to it.

The Catholic clergy of Paris consists of one Archbishop; twelve curès, in charge of the principal parish churches in the twelve arrondissements, who are associated in various relations in those churches, with twenty other priests; to whom are to be added, twenty-one various metropolitan officers, all priests of course, personally associated with the Archbishop; then to these, seventeen others, composing the chapter of Paris; and then thirty-four others, who are honorary Canons; besides twenty more, who are professors, directors, &c. &c., and we have in the official list of the Government for 1836, one hundred and twenty-five, who receive their support from the public treasury. This, it must be confessed, is a very small supply for a population of a million of souls; nor does it probably even

approximate to the truth, merely for the city itself, excluding the neighbouring parishes. The actual number of Priests in France, is about thirty-seven thousand five hundred; and as Paris contains about a thirty-fifth part of the entire population of the kingdom, it is very certain that it contains a full proportion of the priests. So that perhaps eleven or twelve hundred, would not be very far from the mark—if we estimate those who have no public charge, and therefore receiving no allowance from the government, are not found in its lists. This would be one priest for every thousand souls; and considering that a portion of the people are Protestants, and a very great multitude infidels, the allowance is ample.

These priests are generally persons connected with the lowest ranks of society. They are, as a body, represented to be destitute of learning and activity; which is very manifest, from the paucity and worthlessness of their literary and scientific productions, in the thirty-five years which have elapsed since the Concordat between Bonaparte and Pius VII., restored the Papal church in France.—"How did you find the ceremony?"—said Bonaparte to General Delmas, as they returned to the palace, after witnessing the pomp with which that famous act was inaugurated at the church of Notre Dame. "It was a pretty capuchinade," replied Delmas, "and lacked nothing but the million of men, who have been slain in destroying that which you have re-established."

You occasionally meet a priest in the streets of Paris, in his official dress. It is perfectly black, except, perhaps, a shirt, if they wear one; and consists of an upper garment, that resembles exceedingly, the old-fashioned gown of an old woman. The same long, close sleeves, and tight body; the same full skirt, and long tail, tucked up behind, as I have a thousand times seen labouring women hitch up theirs, when walking in the mud.—Under this, is a tight pantaloon or black stocking; and over it, nearly always a black sash of some kind, slung over one shoulder, and under the other arm. The dress is unbecoming to the last degree, and seems to have been made after the female model, only because in the Bible men were once forbidden to dress in

this way. For I have had frequent occassion to observe that there is not a single distinctive feature about this extrordinary superstition, which does not seem intended to set at naught some explicit statement of the holy Scriptures. In the villages, a cocked hat, or in Paris, a common one completes the equipment.

Most commonly they wear, when in the streets, a dress which will not allow them to be distinguished from others; a precaution necessary to save themselves from public ridicule. I have had repeated opportunites to see them uncovered, and have never yet seen one with the top of his head shaved. This is the more remarkable, as the Council of Trent not only commands it to be done, but is very minute in its directions, about the proportions which the tonsure is to bear, to the increasing dignity and advancement of the subject. It is to be hoped that this antiquated folly will by-and-by become too absurd even for superstition to endure; and that as it has been ascertained that there is no longer any piety in baldness, the equally happy discovery to which there seems a tendency may be soon made, as it regards fantastic and ridiculous apparel.

The bishoprick of Paris is said to have been created in the middle of the third century; and the present prelate represents himself to be the hundred and eleventh who has occupied the see. In the year 1694, the diocese was erected into an archbishoprick, since which time thirteen archbishops have governed in it. Before the revolution of 1789, the clergy of Paris possessed immense endowments, and amounted, including monks and nuns, to one person in sixty in the capitol. Under the restoration, they occupied a far more important rank than at present. I have before me a list of those for this city, for 1829, similar to that given on a preceding page, for 1836; and find that instead of amounting to only one hundred and twenty five persons, it exceeded twelve hundred and fifty. From the best information I can obtain, I state the number of nuns in Paris, embracing all the female professed, at seven hundred; being in a proportion of rather more than one to every two priests.

The churches of this great city are numerous and magnificent. They present, however, exceedingly various styles of architect-

ure, and one may study in them, the principles of beauty and grandeur, as applied to that delightful art, by which four or five distinct and widely separated eras were respectively characterized. A more skilful hand than mine, has told us that successive examples of ancient Gothic, are well preserved in the churches of St. Germain-des-Pres, with its semicircular arches of the tenth and eleventh centuries; Notre Dame, having the massive castellated structure of the middle ages; the Sainte Chapelle, which for richness and delicacy is not surpassed by any similar monument in Europe, and which St. Louis, built at an expense of nearly three millions of francs, as the depository of the *real* crown of thorns, for which he had paid Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, an immense price; St. Gervais, which was finished by Louis XIII., and is taken for a striking specimen of the beauties and defects of the style of that and the preceding ages; and St. Etienne-du-Mont, standing near to where Mercury once had a temple devoted to him, and exhibiting now in the midst of its light, bold, and singular architectural ornaments, a hardly less idolatrous worship of Ste. Genevieve. The transition from the Gothic to the Greek and Roman styles, is thought to be well exhibited in the church of St. Eustache, whose proportions are prodigious, and its external ornaments most profuse, and I thought most unsightly. Specimens of the Roman style, sustained and perfected during the reign of Louis XIV., are preserved in the churches of the Assumption and the Visitation, and in the splendid church of the Hotel-des-Invalides, near the Champ-de-Mars. At the Military Hospital of Val-de-Grace, in the church of the same name, is a fine specimen of the lofty and capacious style of the seventeenth century. It was built as a sort of thank-offering for the birth of Louis XIV., whose mother having been twenty-two years married without issue—after his birth directed the erection of this superb monument of her sterility, her vows, and her gratitude. Our own era, dating its origin in the reign of Louis XV., or Louis XVI., exhibits its incomparable superiority above those already mentioned, no where, more than in this city. The Pantheon, situated in the Place Ste. Genevieve, on one of the highest summits embraced within the walls of Paris. is, after

St. Peter's, at Rome, and St. Paul's, at London, (and hardly *after* the latter,) probably the noblest structure of the kind that exists. The exquisite building devoted to Ste. Mary Magdalene, now nearly completed, at the end of the Rue Royale, is perfect in its proportions, and in the incomparable finish of its parts. The sums of money spent on these two last buildings, are incredible. After the restoration of religion in France, a hundred and twenty millions of francs were expended by the government, in restoring the churches from the injuries inflicted during the revolution.

I would conduct the reader to the interior of a few of these buildings, that we may be instructed by the observances to which they are devoted, or perhaps by the recollections which consecrate them. The first of them I visited, was the Cathedral of *Notre Dame.* It is situated at the upper end of the Ile de la Cité, and stands on the spot once occupied by a temple of Jupiter. As you approach its main front, you enter upon the large, open *Parvis* (or square) *de Notre Dame:* having upon your right the immense Hospital of the Hotel Dieu; on two other sides, rows of lofty irregular and antiquated houses—and before you, this ancient edifice, built in the form of a Latin cross, four hundred and fifteen feet long, by one hundred and fifty wide. You stand in front of one end, which presents three lofty stories; the first divided by three great pointed arches, through which the interior of the house is reached from this direction; the second profusely ornamented with carvings, and arches, and circles of massive stone work; and the third, divided into two great square towers of open work, with flat tops. You enter a vast hall, divided by rows of pillars, with an arched roof of stone the whole length of the building, and far above your head.—Around the entire compass of the house, are numerous small apartments, each constituting a separate chapel, having its own altar, its peculiar paintings or statues, its appropriated worship, its particular object of invocation, and its own votaries. These are found in almost every church: I counted thirty-one of them here. In some, and before others, persons were engaged at their devotions. People came and went: and the area of the

room, towards the common entrance, was well supplied with plain rush-bottomed chairs. Upon the backs of these, some bowed themselves before a picture or altar; in others, persons more devout kneeled on one or both knees. At the same time, many came and went, as mere spectators—while not a few were engaged in the various employments that conscience or convenience dictated the performance of in a church. Many were there, to beg the more conveniently, and more successfully; for it is surely not easy to steel the heart to objects of distress, when we are in the act of deploring our own weakness, and soliciting the fulfilment of our own desires. I believe the command of Christ, to give to them that ask of us, is more literal than this acute generation allows; and it is besides, less painful to suppose we have done a well intentioned act, to one that did not deserve it, or that even made an ill use of it; than to pursue those investigations whose issue might exonerate us from benevolence; or to assume their general issue as true, and therefore steadily refuse all. I confess it did not awaken a pang of self-reproach, when I left the church, and found a gang of harridans, in a high quarrel, in the Parvis, to discover in the ringleader an old hag, I had given two sous to, an hour before. It is her fault if she obtains by false pretences, or applies to evil objects, the trifle which it were my shame, and my woe, if I withheld, to her damage. And oh! if we could realize the just proportion between what we receive, and what we either deserve or use aright—we should scan with a less searching eye, the sins to which want is prone, and relieve its sorrows with a more open hand.

As we sauntered around the room, a decently dressed woman of the lowest sort, came up in great anxiety to our courier, and hastily asked a few questions, which were positively, but with some embarrassment, answered by two or three noes. "What did she want?" said I. "That I would act as a witness in a marriage ceremony," was the reply. "Call her back, we will do it with great pleasure;" and our party was conducted into one of the side chapels, in which all was in readiness, but at a stand for the want of the required number of witnesses. A

priest stood on the step in front of the altar, dressed in white petticoats with long sleeves, and with a red coloured sort of yoke with long ends over his neck, and dropping down before. He held a small book in his hand; and at his right side stood a lad of ten or twelve years, dressed like himself, except the yoke; and holding a small whisk, with a handle about a foot long, the scanty hairs in the end of which were wet with holy water. In front were the parties, and between them a pretty little boy two or three years old. It might have been the son of a former marriage; or perhaps they should have been sooner married.—One of the greatest evils society has to bear from the church of Rome, lies in her assumption of a divine right to make such children legitimate; and the crimes that too often find an easy excuse in the tardy exercise of this strange claim. The ceremony commenced. A few questions were asked and answered: the hands of the parties united: a plate was handed to them in which two small silver coins were placed: a ring was taken from the finger of the man, and drawn on that of the woman: they both knelt down, and two men held a long piece of cloth over them, so as to conceal both. This constituted their part of the ceremony. In the mean-time, the priest read, ever and anon out of his little book, in a tone of voice so low as to be almost inaudible, so rapid as to be quite indistinct, and in a manner so incoherent, by skipping about from passage to passage, that it was a mere impossibility to comprehend what he said. Sometimes he turned towards the altar,—then again towards the people—and then towards the altar again. Several times he put his fingers to the hair of the whisk, which the boy held by his side; and several times took it and made motions in the air, like a conjurer. Once he fingered the candles that sat behind him, on the altar; but I did not see for what end. In the intervals, a saturnine looking fellow, dressed in a half military, half clerical costume, who stood off, cried, amen. After about thirty minutes' dumb show of the kind I have described, a general movement showed that the affair was complete. If I had not known it was to be a marriage ceremony, I should have been exceedingly puzzled to tell what it was. I should certainly never have guessed it to be a sacrament.

About one-third of the church is separated from the remainder, by a screen of antique railing, behind which is the grand altar; and around the walls, are successive chapels, separated by another circular screen of solid construction, from the area in front of the altar. The paintings in these chapels are finer than those in the chapels, in the more exposed part of the church; and those in the choir itself, are of an order still superior. There are eight of them, of large proportions, representing the Birth of the Virgin, by Champagne; the Visitation of the Virgin, by Jouvenet; the Annunciation to the Virgin, by Halle; the Assumption of the Virgin by De la Hyre; the Presentation of the Virgin, by Champagne, &c. &c. In the religion of the modern Romans, the name of Juno, is changed to that of Mary, but in other respects the worship of their ancestors is marvellously preserved.

Our guide, a respectable looking female, suddenly stopped in front of the great altar, and pointing to a spot, indicated by a large star, wrought of the costly marble of which the pavement is composed; on this spot, said she, was Napoleon crowned Emperior of the French!—And there—and there—pointing on either side, to the two thrones that terminated the rows of richly carved stalls, sat the venerable archbishop of Paris, then advanced to the extreme verge of life, and his holiness Pope Pius VII., who came to Paris to consecrate the new dynasty; which, she might have added, had already been baptized in the blood of Europe. This imposing ceremony took place on the second of December, 1804. At that door entered the emperor, escorted by his enthusiastic guard, and accompanied by the unhappy Josephine. Here stood the Pope, the Cardinals, the great ecclesiastics, the grand officers of state, and all the elite of France, to receive him, who came to offer up the revolution, upon the altar of his own intense egotism. "Almighty God," exclaimed the Pope, as at the foot of the altar, he anointed with a triple unction the head and both the hands of Napoleon, "Thou who didst establish Hazeal, to be ruler over Syria; and Jehu, to be king of Israel, manifesting thy will to them, by thy prophet Elias; thou who didst also shed the holy unction of kings upon the head of Saul and of David, by the hands of thy prophet

Samuel; bestow, by our hands, the treasures of thy grace and benediction, upon thy servant Napoleon, who, notwithstanding our personal unworthiness, we consecrate, this day, emperor in thy name!" Even in this scene, the conduct of the emperor was perfectly characteristic. Before, all sovereigns had been crowned. He crowned himself; taking the diadem in his hands and placing it upon his head; then placing another upon the head of Josephine.

There are few acts in the history of the human race, more replete with overwhelming interest. My whole frame trembled with emotion, as the actors in it lived again before me, and my heart was wrung with anguish at the recollection of all that single act crushed and destroyed. This amazing man had found a mighty nation torn with horrible passions, and on the brink of ruin: and he had tranquilized them—restored order and prosperity, and forced Europe, three times conquered, to recognize the revolution as a part of its existing system. Victory, peace, and prosperity, had been assured to the republic; and still liberty was safe. What a moment in which to have made himself the impersonation of a glorious age! To have consecrated to history a second man, capable, like Washington, of forgetting himself, to secure to the world a just equality, a wise liberty, a highly developed civilization, a noble system of human happiness and greatness. The nation, adds one of their most philosophic historians, was in the hands of a great man, or of a despot. It depended on him, to preserve it free, or to enslave it. He preferred his own selfish ends. He loved himself, more than the human race.

Full of these sad thoughts, we emerged from the choir, and encountered in the great area, a procession not unsuited to them. From a side chapel, near to that in which we had a short time before been witnesses of what this church calls the sacrament of marriage, there came forth a funeral procession. Here at least we are equal; all alike nothing. And I stood reverently as they bore along their dead, respecting even the weaknesses of a sacred grief. There came first, two officers with their battons; then the body, apparently of a man, borne by four others; then

a company of twenty or thirty other men; and behind, the priest I had before seen, marshalled by the same attendants.—The hearse was sat down not far from the door; the men formed two rows facing each other, before it, between which the priest passed slowly, muttering out of the same little book, the same incoherent gibberish, and in the same perfectly careless manner. As he approached the foot of the coffin, he took the same little whisk from the lad, at his elbow, and made the same motions in the air, as if scattering about holy water; and then retired.—Each of the attendants approached, and after all the company had successively made these signals, whether to heaven, to earth, to the dead, or to the spiritual world, I know not,—they took up the body, and bore it from the church. It is one of the most extraordinary features of the papal system of worship—that its ministers profess to exercise a power over the destinies of the soul, which death itself does not weaken. And to make the folly consummate, they pretend to secure blessings in the dread and unknown future, to one man's disembodied spirit, by idolatrous worship of another man's decayed bones!

In Paris, perhaps throughout France, the burial of the dead, is a municipal, rather than a personal affair. The city provides all the means of sepulture, and even conducts so much of the ceremony as is not religious. The expense can be increased or diminished at pleasure; from a plain box and a cart, up to churches hung in costly weeds, and mourning equipages without number. Your very grave may be purchased for a term of years, or in perpetuity; and may be located in a cemetery more or less expensive. Paris derives a considerable revenue from this unaccustomed source.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Goodness of Heart of the French—St. Gervais—Pictures—A Gem of Albert Durer—Relics—Transubstantiation—St. Eustache—Idolatry of the Sacred Heart—Baptism of an Infant—La Madelaine—Miracle in Marble—The Pantheon—Mirabeau—Names of the Slain in the Revolution of July—Ste. Genevieve—Her Miracles—Tomb and Adoration—Private Masses.

I was one day, in the neighbourhood of the Place de Greve, and came rather accidentally upon the church of St. Gervais.—Its architecture is the more striking, as you would never expect to find such a work in the midst of the filthy, narrow, and irregular streets, which surround it. The churches of Paris are always open—always accessible to the public. I stepped into this out of a shower of rain, and select it almost at random, as one of the few, of which it is possible to make special mention. I have never been in one, in which there were not persons at worship; persons to beg; persons at confession; officials, and priests.—There sat at the entrance of this, amongst other persons, a man, whose statue-like stillness, attracted my notice. "I am blind; and the father of a family;" was the simple announcement, in his own tongue, written on a placard, affixed to his person.—There was an air of reserve, almost of dignity, in this; coupled with a certain calm submission to inevitable destiny—and a sort of taking for granted, that the human heart was not all stone, and that the simple fact was enough. I have observed this sort of gracefulness, very often, amongst the French; and its effect is never lost on their quick-sighted and impulsive countrymen.

Indeed I have remarked, as one of their most pleasing national traits, the readiness and the tenderness, with which the very humblest of the people, admit and contribute to the claims of wretchedness.

There was a large and very handsome man, who was an attendant at the place, and ready to do its honours. He commenced with great gravity, and many marks of reverence, to show us the chapels, the altars, the paintings,—especially some statuary which he pronounced to be unrivalled in Paris, if not under the sun; and some exceedingly curious painted glass in the windows, of great antiquity and beauty. We were shown a picture of God the Father, and passed on in silence. Presently another. Then one of the Holy Ghost. I said I was a Protestant, and disapproved of such attempts. His whole manner was changed at once; and putting aside his saints and legends, and revolting representations of the Almighty, he took me to the opposite side of the church, and exhibited a painting by Albert Durer, which was the first of this great master I then had seen. The picture represented, in the centre, the crucifixion; and in eight compartments, four on either side,—as many scenes immediately preceding and following it. It had been painted nearly three hundred and forty years; and yet it was as fresh as if brought yesterday from the easel. It is a most exquisite relic; and though he showed us, afterwards, a bone of St. Gervais, the patron of the church, another of St. Laurent, the patron of that quarter of Paris, and a third of St. Denis, the patron of all the clergy of the city, all set in gold: in my poor heretical estimation, that relic of Albert Durer was worth all the bones of saints, be they of men, pigs, or fowls, (and which they are, I am not comparative anatomist enough to decide, after the bones are set like jewels,) which all the superstition of earth hath heaped together. I was also allowed, as I had before been at Notre Dame, as you can be any where for a franc, to see the rich and extensive wardrobe; which most of the churches possess. The possession of relics, is not only universal, but is considered indispensable; and amongst these, there is almost universally found, a portion of the true cross. This was shown to me on the present occasion

—set in the silver crucifix—in the centre of which, in the midst of a golden sun, the consecrated wafer is borne aloft on great occasions. Or, in other words, if the priests tell true, here is a little circle about as large as a dollar, in the middle of which "the soul, body, blood, and divinity of Jesus Christ," is carried, and worshipped as God, under the species of a bit of bread; in every particle of which he exists, whole and entire! Think of that; a hundred millions of gods, as there are that many particles of the bread, in a space as large as a dollar! And these all swallowed by a priest at one mouthful! And is the world to be always convulsed to propagate this dogma? Is freedom, personal and national, still to be cloven down before the hierarchy of a god of dough? Are our souls to be cursed, by those who avouch God's authority for all their acts, because we are unable to believe that which contradicts all our senses, outrages our reason, stultifies all science, and shocks us, as at once contemptible and horrible? Thanks be to God, the day star has arisen. I write these lines freely, on the spot where kings have slaughtered their people, and subjects bathed their hands in the blood of kings, for being only suspected of doubting, what they who hold, now only whisper to each other, wherever the light of truth has reached.

The church of St. Eustache, which is the parish church of the third arrondissement, is after Notre Dame, the largest in Paris. The houses which crowd it on all sides, intercept the view of its profuse and heterogeneous exterior ornaments. Its interior consists of double aisles of immense height, whose richly decorated ceiling of vaulted stone, is supported by so many pillars, half Greek, half Gothic, as to confuse and disturb the whole. It possesses some beautiful specimens of that rich painted glass, which makes the windows of the ancient churches so ornamental —and gives such softness to the light, as it passes through it. I walked leisurely about the long aisles, read the tariffs which hang on the walls of all the churches, in manuscript, indicating the rate at which certain accommodations might be enjoyed; examined the programme of masses, fetes, &c., for the current week, amongst which the chief seemed to have reference to a

great service and exhibition of relics of Lazarus, Mary and Martha; and after counting the chapels, which I found to be nineteen, commenced a somewhat particular inspection of them. Commencing on the right hand, as you enter the church, the first, is the *Chapelle du Calvarie;* the second, the Chapelle of Ste. Cecelia, in which is a picture of the saint playing on the piano forte; the third, is the Chapelle of the angel Gabriel. I paused, before examining the fourth, that several persons who were at their devotions before it, might finish them undisturbed. It seemed the most resorted to of any, and on the side of it, in the aisle, was a small chevaux de frise, on which a number of little candles were stuck, one of which was lighted. It was the *Chapel of the Sacred Heart,* the devotion rendered to which, forms so conspicuous a part of the idolatry of the Jesuits. As you stand before the chapel, there hangs facing you, a small and rather well executed painting of a human heart, surrounded by a crown of thorns, and surmounted by a cross reposing in a flame. Above, are heads of angels gazing upon it, and below, several figures, which are probably meant to be celestial, as they have wings, profoundly adoring it. On the heart itself, was a cypher, which I could but imperfectly distinguish; but which seemed like the four Hebrew letters, which compose the word Jehovah. At the bottom of the picture, were the words, *Cor Jesu Sacratissimum miserere nobis: Most sacred heart of Jesus have mercy on us!* Before this picture, I beheld rational and immortal beings, rendering their worship.

This is enough I sighed, and turned to quit the place. At the door I met a small party bearing a very young child. They are going to have it baptized perhaps; a ceremony I had long desired to witness; and I turned back with them. They were soon shown into the chapel on the left side of the church, in the centre of which stood a font, apparently of silver, on a pedestal about four feet high. The priest entered, apparelled nearly like him I had seen at Notre Dame, marshalled by an official dressed in a military costume, and followed by another in deep black, of a peculiar cut, like a sort of clerical undress. Besides these three, the nurse with the infant in her arms,—the father of the

child,—a girl about thirteen, and a boy of perhaps ten, formed the company in the chapel. The priest took his stand by the font, and commenced whispering out of a little book, as if speaking to himself. The infant was held in the arms, opposite; and on either side of it, stood the little girl and boy to act as sponsors for the babe; the male sponsor was obliged to stand upon a high stool, upon which the father held him, and thus fulfilled his entire part in the scene. As the door of the chapel still stood a-jar, I pointed to it, and catching the eye of the attendant, made a slight bow. He returned the salutation, and I entered and took my stand by his side, within arm's reach of all the party.

I will briefly describe what I saw. But when the multitude of the absurdities is considered, and it is remembered that the words of the ceremony were in a language (Latin) which few can speak, and which was now uttered with a foreign accent; I shall be easily excused, if I be found in error, as to points more material than the exact order of occurrence, about which indeed I cannot be positive. During much of the ceremony, the priest extended his right hand over the child; occasionally the little sponsors did the same; the assistant gazed about, and at intervals, said amen; while the official handed about the various utensils, cotton, little spoons, &c. &c., used on the occasion.—The priest made the sign of the cross on the forehead and breast of the child, saying at the same time, it was "to secure to it eternal life." He breathed several times in its face, saying "receive the Good Spirit"—with much beside; for I only give a few words of what he muttered without ceasing. Just before, or just after that, he went through a process of exorcism, which was directed against an unclean spirit, supposed to reside in the infant. He put his own saliva on his fingers, and transferred it into the nostrils and ears of the little sleeping subject; using at the operation on the latter, the solemn *Ephphratta*, once pronounced by our Saviour, with the power of God; and which I shuddered to hear profaned to such mummery. He took a pinch of salt from a silver shell, and put it into the child's mouth. He took a little gold spoon full of oil out of a very small silver cabinet, and touched the breast and back of the neck with it; the

attendent immediately wiping it off, with a bit of cotton, with which he also carefully wiped the cabinet. At this moment, I think, he took up a second silver utensil, very small, and formed like a shell; and poured out a small portion of water upon the right side of the crown of the head. Two things, however, distracted the fixed and painful attention with which I had regarded his proceedings. The first was the multitudes of caps, being no less than four, which were removed from the head of the infant, to expose it, for the performance of this part of the ceremony. The second was, that the priest in his first attempt, missed the head, and poured the water into the font; at which he uttered several ejaculations of surprise, that greatly tried the gravity of the spectators. A second attempt was more successful. After which, he gave the unction with chrism, taken from a second compartment of the little silver cabinet. Then followed a dumb show, with a candle which he held so as to appear as if grasped by the child, while he uttered a few sentences; in the midst of which, they gathered closer around, and concealed it for a moment, from my view. Towards the end of the affair, he took up one end of the collar which depended from his neck, and held it for a moment over the person of the infant, with the side that had a cross on it upwards. He had several times before pressed the side with the cross, on its face and person; and once took the collar off, reverently kissed the part that rested on the back of his neck, turned it inside out and put it on again. And this is Baptism? This is that simple, significant, divine right, wherein, by the pouring of water on the person, we signify the outpouring of the Eternal Spirit, for the cleansing of the soul of man: in which we manifest our wish to perform, on our part, the conditions, and to secure the fulfilment on the part of God, of the sacred promises, of that covenant of which it is so plain a seal? No: it is a gross and degrading mummery—compounded of impiety, superstition, and folly; no more like Christian baptism, than the Pope of Rome is like that blessed Lord, in whose name and stead he claims to rule; than the apostacy in the midst of which he sits as God, is like that universal

church of the redeemed in earth and heaven, of which Christ Jesus is the only and the adorable head!

Amongst the churches of Paris, however, incomparably the most magnificent are the Madeleine, and the Pantheon; if, indeed, the latter should be called a church. They are neither as yet completely finished, although the first stone of both of them was laid in the year 1764, by Louis XV.—and with some considerable intermissions, they have been wrought on ever since.

The Madeleine, is situated on the outside of the Boulevart of the same name, immediately in front of the Rue Royale—down which its looks, to the Place de la Concorde, and across the Seine, to the Palace of the Chamber of Deputies. Originally designed for a simple parish church, for a village which is now absorbed in the city; Bonaparte changed its destination, and in 1808 pulled down most of what had been done in the preceding forty years, and projected the present exquisite structure, as a TEMPLE TO GLORY. La Gloire, is to a true Frenchman, meat, drink, and raiment. And he who above all men, knew the depth and intensity of this national enthusiasm, knew the best how to indulge, as well as how to direct it. An inscription on the lofty front of the portico shows that this destination has also been changed; and that the place "is under the invocation of Saint Mary Magdalene."—And as one mounts the double ascent of lofty steps, and enjoys the luxury of a promenade on the high terraces entirely around the church, guarded by the lofty, rich, prolonged, and perfect Corinthian colonades; he is ready to confess that, that gentle and frail penitent has had no where else a shrine so beautiful, nor votaries touched with a more devout sympathy. A most extraordinary miracle has occurred in this house. On one of the beautiful slabs of coloured marble, polished till they are as smooth as the forehead of a child, or the inside of a marine shell, which decorate the lower parts of the interior walls; was suddenly found exhibited in the stone itself, a perfect picture of a bishop, in full attire, and of the size of nature! It is shown with great reverence to all visiters; and with a little aid from the imagination, a sort of resemblance can certainly be

traced. I was critical; but the guide, and the bystanders pronounced it perfect. The omen is evil then said I; for the staff in his hand is held up like a baton of command, and is four times too thick. It means that you are to be again subjected to the insupportable tyranny of the priests. The suggestion seemed no way beneficial to the miracle.

The Pantheon is at the opposite quarter of the city from the Madelaine. It is on the left side of the river, in the Place Ste. Genevieve, on the street and hill St. Jaques. Behind it is the College of Henry IV.; below it, that of Louis XIV.; the great promoters of the arts in France. This, like the church last mentioned, has been subjected to several changes of destination; but since the revolution of July, has been restored to the august purpose of commemorating the benefactors of France. On the frieze of the gigantic portico, are these striking words: *Aux grands hommes—la patrie reconnaissante :*—A grateful country —to great men! It was the National Assembly that conceived the idea, and by a decree of 1791, consecrated the magnificent church, as the sepulchre of those who shed lustre upon their country. The same decree directed this honour to be conferred for the first time, on the remains of Mirabeau, then recently dead; and the Assembly itself ministered at his obsequies.—Great, corrupt, heroic genius! Necessary to mankind, indispensable to France, dear to liberty! Successive generations as they cast their shadows across these long pavements, and tread amidst these vast and numberless columns, will kindle with deeper emotion, when they remember it is thy monument! And as they recall the thousand dangers, which nothing but thy dauntless courage warded off; the difficulties which thy wisdom surmounted; the triumphs which thy eloquence achieved, for young freedom; they will weep, as they may not palliate, nor hide thy crimes!

As you enter this splendid edifice, which has the figure of a Greek cross, you find yourself in the midst of an immense area, of the same shape, on all sides of which are rows of enormous pillars; and surmounting the whole, a dome of great proportions, mounting up to a height, far above any other in the city. I

have, on a former occasion, mentioned the wide extent and grandeur of the panorama, presented from this pinnacle. In the great area beneath, is one of those innumerable objects, which, in this capital, seem to be so skilfully arranged to breed in the people, the most profound passions of every kind. At the four points, where the lines of the great cross which composes the building, intersect each other, and which constitute the salient points of the arch of the dome ; are large slabs of black marble, on which are written long rows of names, in letters of gold. At the top of each tablet is this inscription in French : "*Names of the citizens who died in defence of the laws and of liberty, on the* xxvii., xxviii., *and* xxix. *of July*, 1830." I counted the names—there were two hundred and eighty-seven. Are thrones so easily subverted?—I read over the places of their birth ; most of them were from the immediate neigborhood of Paris ; the whole from continental Europe. I looked at the ages. There was a lad of fifteen. I would make a pilgrimage to embrace his mother's knees. It was a boy of the Polytechnique school, who fell leading a desperate assault upon the Louvre. As soon as his hardy followers saw that he must die, they bore him with loud shouts of triumph across the Place Carousal, into the palace of the Thuileries, into the great hall of state, and placed him upon the throne from which his young hand was so rudely tearing its occupant ! He breathed his last upon the throne of Charlemagne !—A few names below his was that of a man born in Holland : and his age given at seventy-four. So old and a stranger ? Then the fire of freedom, burns far, and burns long. May it catch from heart to heart, and from land to land, till every chain melts, and every throne dissolves before it !

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Pantheon, is an extremely curious and rather mean looking church, called St. Etienne du Mont. But as the nation seems resolved that the Pantheon shall be called Ste. Genevieve, and it would be out of the question that the patroness of the city should have no church devoted specifically to her worship ; this queer looking affair, is now the veritable church of that respectable shepherdess. In

the state of feeling and bodily lassitude, produced on most persons, by the inspection of the Pantheon,—climbing to its top and penetrating amongst its vaults,—there is little inclination to visit Ste. Genevieve, and few do it;—this perhaps accounts for the more gross forms of superstition, exhibited openly there. It is well worth looking at, however, on its own account. The specimen of fine stained glass in its windows is the most perfect I have seen in Paris, and far the most abundant. The interior of the church is light, rich, and rather elegant—though in all respects peculiar. Some of the paintings are very curious.—Amongst others, I observed some commemorating notable miracles by Ste. Genevieve: namely, the healing of Louis XIII.—the stopping of a famine—the dispersion of the Army of Attila—and the cessation of a storm. Do people believe such things? Why not? In the same collection, is a picture of the crucifixion, which represents Louis XIII., and his minister Louvais, at the cross! Believe them? Why they are the most credible part of what I saw at this church.

In passing up the aisles, inspecting what was to be seen—without the wearisome aid of the usual attendants—I came suddenly upon two tablets of stone, set in the wall, and thickly covered with a long inscription. I was so much astonished at its purport, that I transcribed the first tablet. "The tomb which is now used" said the inscription "is the same in which the corpse of Saint "Genevieve was deposited on the 13th of January 511: and in "which it rested for 120 years. Afterwards, through a search "instituted by Saint Eloi, we received the remains and ashes of "the patroness of Paris. This stone, which inclosed them, was "always the object of the veneration of the faithful. Despoiled "of the ornaments with which it had been decorated by the pie-"ty of the Cardinal de la Rouchfoucald, but happily preserved "in the subterranean church of the abbey; here we behold it, "after our convulsions, the only monument on earth of a saint "who twice saved the capital; and who, in heaven, has not "ceased to be propitious." There is just as much more, consisting chiefly of details, to verify the preceding statement. It is mere waste of words to say that this is all the rankest folly

and the grossest impiety, and the foulest imposition. But if you will look behind the pillar, you will see in a recess, the tomb itself, surrounded by an iron railing, the spikes of which are so adjusted as to receive a candle upon each of the numerous points. A young female sat in a sort of stall, not far off, composedly at work; and driving a traffic in various small articles, such as medals,—images,—beads,—but above all, little dirty candles,—such as were called *rat tails*, when in my youth, we denounced them at boarding school. While I stood near, five females, and two men, came into the recess—and reverently bowing their bodies, *seemed* to worship the tomb. What they actually did worship, is best known to themselves. The men each purchased a candle of the girl, lit it, and stuck it on a point of the railing round the tomb. There were other candles, that had been placed by previous devotees: and the whole railing was filthy, from constant use.

On the opposite side of the church, hung, in a frame, a schedule of private masses. There were seven separate foundations, of which the particulars were given. I made a memorandum of two. 1. "A Mass was established in 1826, by Monsieur le duc de Cambaceres, to be celebrated yearly on the 15th day of January; for the repose of his soul; for which he created an annual rent of three hundred and twenty-five francs." 2. "Monsieur Mongrud, formerly professor of philosophy, created in the year 1830, a temporary foundation, for five hundred masses, for the repose of his soul; which will be celebrated every Monday, at 10 o'clock, until the 15th of June, 1839." The sum given, is left blank. Now suppose this to be all fair and true: and the matter precisely as these gentlemen supposed, when they established these masses—and as their church taught them it was. How then? I say nothing of excluding a good man from happiness after death, and consigning him from 1830 till 1839, to the horrors of Purgatory. I say nothing of its requiring a perpetual mass to get the duke out, and keep him out. I say not a word about the blasphemy of pretending to save bad men after death. Look at it in this light. This church teaches that the sacrifice of the mass, is not only a propitiary sacrifice for the living and

the dead—but that it is the very identical sacrifice of Calvary.—I do not argue whether it is so or not; let us say it is. Then Christ is crucified every Monday morning, at ten o'clock, at Ste. Genevieve, and will be for three years to come, making in all five hundred repetitions of the awful scene of Calvary—for the sake of one poor sinner,—who nevertheless, might be all the time in heaven! And the priest perpetrates the tremendous act, upon a nice calculation of francs and centimes; so nice, that he tells you beforehand the day, on which he will no longer sacrifice his Saviour on this account;—as the "pieces of silver" will be then fully earned. But as M. le Duc's money is a perpetual grant,—these priests will undertake that the Lord of glory shall be offered up, yearly forever, for him. I do not believe there are on earth assassins who would sacrifice their enemies, or even dumb creatures, upon the terms and to the extent, and for the reasons on which the priests, if they believe what they say they do, must consider themselves, sacrificing him whom they call Saviour!—How tremendous are those words, "they have crucified to themselves the Son of God afresh;—and put him to an open shame?"

# CHAPTER XXIV.

Religious State of France, past and present—Early Conversion of the Kingdom to Christianity, and Apostacy to Romanism—Influence of the latter on France—Liberties of the Gallican Church—The Pragmatic Sanction—The first Concordat—General Councils—Former State of the Clergy—Their Influence upon the Revolution of 1789—Their Conduct during its Progress—Era of Popular Infidelity and Disorder—The Concordat of 1802—Present State of the Papal Church in France—Open and General Contempt of Religion—Superstition—Bigotry.

THE Martyrologies give the names of Christian Bishops in France, who are said to have been ordained by St. Peter himself. Such are Xystus, Fronstand, Julianus, the first Bishops of Rhemes, Perigort, and Metz. The same is affirmed, on more credible authority, of the early Pastors of Arles and Vienne; for in the time of Leo I., a controversy for rank, was decided in favour of the former; on the ground that Trophimus, its first bishop, had been set over that charge by the Apostle Peter.—The same Martyrologies assert, and therein are countenanced by much weightier authority than their own, in the assertions of Epiphanius and Theodoret; that it was into France, and not into Asia Minor, that Paul sent Crescens, of whose mission he speaks in his epistle to Timothy; and that he was the first bishop of Vienne on the Rhone.

It is certain that some tribes of the Gauls received Christianity at a very early period. And it is also certain, that in most parts it was rooted out by the Francs, on their establishing themselves in the country. These fierce barbarians were themselves brought to a nominal reception of it, during the reign, and

chiefly by the influence of Clovis, their fifth king, towards the end of the fifth century.

France was among the earliest of the states of Europe to embrace the errors of the Papal apostacy. So far as the mere dogmas of that faith are concerned, no people embraced them with more avidity and completeness: none shed more blood to uphold them: and none have suffered greater or more continued evils from them. The kings of France embarked in every species of crusade, at the bidding of the Pope; so that not only the plains of Asia and the sands of Africa, and the valleys of every neighbouring kingdom in Europe, have been dyed red through the religious wars in which France took a leading part; but from the year 1179, when the third Council of Lateran commanded the Vaudois to be exterminated, onward through a period of more than six hundred years—the knife of the executioner blessed by the clergy, and drawn by the king's command, was hardly ever dry. The massacres, from that of Merindol to that of St. Bartholomew; the persecutions; the civil wars, which have afflicted France alone, through the procurement of the Church of Rome, have caused a degree of crime and misery, incomparably outweighing all the spiritual benefits which that church has bestowed upon the whole world. And if the effects of that dark superstition be judged of by the whole current of its history in this realm, for the last thirteen centuries; we see only abundant reason to confirm what every thing elsewhere establishes—namely, that the Papal church has been one of the greatest curses that ever afflicted the earth.

This is the more to be pondered, as it occurred under circumstances the most favourable to that faith; for France has never followed out the ultra-montane doctrines of the church, nor received the theories of the Italian party, on the subject of the temporal power and the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. It was the mere faith of Rome in its best aspect, which wrought all this religious ruin, by the hands of France. Since the days of the great John Gerson, who made so distinguished a figure at the Council of Constance, it has been the settled faith of the French Catholic church, that the Pope was subordinate to a

General Council. And the essence of the liberties of the Gallina church consists in two great principles, which if rightly applied, curtail the most fearful powers of the Pope. They are, 1, that the power given by Jesus Christ to his church, is purely spiritual, and has no relation directly or indirectly to temporal things: and 2, that the plenitude of power, which the Pope has, as head of the church, should be exercised conformably to the canons received by the whole church: and that he is himself subject to the judgment of a Universal Council, in the cases designated by that of Constance. Such are the words of the Abbe Fleury in his *Institution Au Droit Ecclesiastique.* And he proceeds to show that the clergy of France, assembled at Paris in 1682, solemnly declared these maxims to be the ancient doctrine of the Gallican church: and then deduces from them those natural and weighty conclusions which have for so long a period kept this church distinct from, though subordinate to, and replete with the worst heresies of that of Rome.

The rights secured to the king and clergy of France have been generally held precious by them. They were secured for a long time, by those ordinances of the emperors and of St. Louis, which had received the appellation of the Pragmatique Sanction. This venerable name was also given to an Ordinance of the Gallican church, made by an Assembly of its clergy at Bourges in 1438, in the presence of Charles VII.; by which it adhered to the Council of Basle, then in session. The Council and the Pragmatique Sanction, were equally odious at Rome: and for a long period bred furious contentions between the two churches, and successive kings and popes. In the year 1516, the cunning and unscrupulous Leo X., terminated the dispute by the famous Concordat between himself and Francis I.: approved by the V. Lateran Council, then in session. Although this Concordat stripped the king and church of France of many of their rights; it is manifest, from the maxims asserted as already seen, a hundred and seven years afterwards, that they had so far evaded its provisions as to preserve the most essential, as relates to their temporal affairs. The reader will receive a full impression of this important fact, when he remembers that

the Jesuits were always odious, and early expelled from the kingdom; that the Inquisition was never fully established, and was repeatedly forbidden; that several important councils are recognised as general by France, (as Constance and Basle) which are abhorred by Rome; and others, as Trent, which are taken by Rome, as having been under the divine and unerring guidance of the Holy Spirit, are rejected entirely, or received only in part in France. So great is this discord, that at Rome it is of faith to believe that there are but fifteen General Councils; whereas, in France, it is of faith equally, that there have been twenty! A sad discrepancy truly, when the question is no less than the unerring and irrevocable decision of the universal church, as to what is, or is not the voice of God!

Three councils, admitted by both parties to be universal, have been held in France: two of them at Lyons, and the third at Vienne. And Avignon in the southern part of the kingdom was for above seventy years the residence of the accredited popes of Rome; not to mention the long period of schism, during which there were two, and sometimes three popes—one of whom usually resided there.

The riches, power, influence, and numbers to which the clergy of France attained, and which they long possessed, seem now hardly credible. I find in Heyleyn's Cosmography, a summary taken from Bodin, Alemont, Sir Edwin Landys, and others; exhibiting their condition towards the end of the 16th century.—There were then 13 Archbishops, 104 Bishops, 1450 Abbies, 540 Arch Priories, 12,320 Priories, 567 Nunneries, 700 Convents of Friars, 259 Commandaries of Malta—a number, not known, of Jesuit Colleges. The parish priests alone amounted to 130,000, taking in deacons, sub-deacons, and all inferior orders; which was 30,000 greater than had been reckoned in the days of Louis XI., somewhat more than a century before. The parish churches for so great a multitude to officiate in, were only 27,400 exclusive of oratories and chapels of ease, whose number is not given; proving plainly enough, that their ministry never was one to proclaim and enforce truth, but to offer sacrifice. And inasmuch as there is neither priest nor sacrifice in the Christian

system, except the Great High Priest, and the one all sufficient sacrifice of himself; this contrary system, whatever else it may be, cannot be Christianity. I should not omit to say that at the period in question, the revenues of the French clergy, drawn from various sources and in innumerable modes, amounted to seven parts out of twelve of the entire wealth of the nation.—A condition resembling that of the apostles about as nearly as their system of ceremonies and sacrifices did the simple preaching of the gospel.

The doctrines of the French church, as of all the branches of that of Rome, are founded on the Creed of Pius IV., and elaborated in the Catechism of the Council of Trent. But those who will pursue the investigation through their dogmatic and controversial, but especially their casuistical writers, will be surprised to find that to the really initiated, there are no settled points whatever; there is nothing which *intention* may not vitiate; which *opposing probabilities* may not unsettle; which the *plenitude of power* may not waive. So that it is no cause of marvel, that almost universal infidelity has in all ages characterized a clergy, who upon their own theories, could not possibly be certain of any thing whatever; and who found themselves able to create a source of gain, in every source of uncertainty.—A few years ago, Blanco White, who had been many years a Spanish Priest, published a book on the state of the clergy in Spain. Rather more than a century before, Antonio Gavin, under circumstances precisely similar, published a like work, on the same country. They both declare that they had scarcely known a priest who was not an atheist--and never one whose morals were not corrupt. In the interval, between these two productions, Dr. Priestly who spent some time in Paris, bore witness to the universal infidelity of the French ecclesiastics.—And the progress of the Revolution of 1789, demonstrated too fatally these sad truths.

This story is little attended to. It is known that a whole people, emerging from a thousand years of superstition, plunged into the opposite abyss of horrible atheism; but it is not remembered that this was the natural issue of such a state; and that

they who enforced the previous condition, were thereby privy to the final catastrophe. Between the Bible and atheism, the distance is interminable. But between the Breviary and atheism, to prefer the former, is evidence only that religion is a natural want of the soul.

Nor does the world remember how direct was the participation of the high clergy, in every act that retarded the revolution, and irritated an already excited and newly liberated people. It is forgotten that the ecclesiastics themselves, on the one hand, renounced their order and concurred in the most dreadful excesses; and on the other, after exciting civil war in France joined the emigration in stirring up all Europe against her.—Then it was that she proclaimed herself infidel. First taught that which is simply incapable of belief; then receiving at the hands of those who said they were God's exclusive ministers, the perpetual assurance, that this was not only true, but exclusively true; and then in the midst of their first enjoyment of long lost freedom, beholding these same men presenting themselves between God and liberty, as if the two were separated by an impassable gulf; hearing them from all the altars of France attempting to excite schism, and thus kindle a religious war for the hundredth time, that by means of the blood shed in it they might extinguish all the blessings which the revolution had till then brought forth; presented with this naked alternative, the god of the Papacy—or the liberty of regenerated France; the religion of Romanism, or the freedom organized by the finished labours of the National Assembly, and inaugurated by the sublime ceromonies of their federation, in the presence of the king, and the nation itself represented by five hundred thousand men, in the Camp de Mars :—I marvel not at the choice they made. The Roman religion made the clergy what they were; and they exerted a vast and most malignant influence, in making France what she became.

Nor should it ever be forgotten that this conduct of the clergy had for its immediate cause, the most sordid motives. In the early contests between the three orders which composed the States General of the Kingdom, the immense majority of the

inferior clergy had adhered to the representatives of the Third Estate. By that movement, the third estate became the national Estate; the Estates General were transferred at once into an Assembly of the nation, in which the overwhelming power was vested in the hands of the representatives of the people, though abhorrent perhaps to the high ecclesiastics. The initiative step of the revolution was completed, through the concurring voice of the representatives of the clergy, though dreaded and watched by the high ecclesiastics. On the night of the 4th of August, 1789, the next stride was taken; and the representatives of the ecclesiastical body, partaking of the general enthusiasm, fully concurred. At one blow the abuses of centuries were annihilated. The provinces gave up their exclusive privileges, Dauphiné setting the example, and the others following. Cities renounced their peculiar customs, and rights. Franchises and corporations were broken up, at the suggestion of those who profited most by retaining them. Personal privileges followed; and the clergy and the nobles rivalled each other in making sacrifices, for the general good of France. Tithes were trasmuted into a pecuniary tax on the motion of the Duc du Chatelet; and interchanging a lofty courtesy, the Bishop of Chartres moved the abolition of the exclusive right of the chase. When this sitting closed, every Frenchman was equal in the eyes of the law: law itelf was equal and the same, throughout France: and Society had become its own master. In these great and beneficent changes, the clergy moved with the nation, if its representatives spoke its voice. Yet at the same moment the body of the clergy plotted against the consolidation of the new liberties of the nation.

By-and-by came the decision, that the ecclesiastical estates belonged to France, and not to the clergy; that the nation to avoid a horrible bankruptcy might reclaim a portion of those estates—making good by annual grants any defecit that might arise in the revenues of the clergy. In short, that the ministers of a national religion should be considered Officers of State, in so far as to be paid by the Government directly; and the enormous wealth thus left free be applied to national uses. From

this moment the priests of France set their faces like flint towards the ruin of their country. For a period they remained comparatively quiet, as the administration of their immense revenues was still in their own hands. Presently the system of paper money began to operate a gradual alienation of the property of the church; as those who received assignats were permitted to take a portion of the national domain in the redemption of them. This gradually transferred to the municipalities the administration of them, and the clergy making their luxury and the cause of religion the same, threw themselves openly against the National Assembly, and plotted by every means the destruction of all that it had heretofore concurred in establishing. They offered to pay down four hundred millions of francs; they threw all sorts of impediments in the way of the municipal authorities; in the South, where the prostestants were still found in greater numbers than in other parts of the kingdom —they stirred up the Catholics against them; they denounced the sales of their estates from their altars, as sacrilege; they used the confessional to alarm the consciences of their penitents; and in the tribune applied all their powers, to render the Assembly itself suspected. The Bishop of Nancy on an incidental question, endeavored to obtain a vote, that the Catholic religion was the *only* religion of France; and the same decision was again more formally and violently urged—and hardly evaded, rather than rejected by the Assembly. They who had shown their love of gold to be superior to that of liberty and country united; shewed also that persecution, schism, and civil war were in their estimation trivial evils, compared with the exchange of luxury for competency.

The adoption of the project for the interior organization of the Kingdom, served indeed as their final pretext. But it was a mere, and most shallow one. Not a syllable was contained in it touching the faith of the church; it remained as it was. Not a a syllable about the services, the ceremonies, the functions, the officers, or any of the internal affairs of the church The fixation of the number and bounds of the bishopricks, so as to make them accord with the new departments; nominations that in a

simple manner, according with the ancient mode of appointing pastors, with the concurence of those to whom they were to minister; the suppression of a few chapters whose canons were to be replaced by vicars: such was the plan. It provided fully for the support of all the clergy; and for the curates especially, better than before. Their riches, however, were gone; and any thing served for a pretext, when that only was waited for.—The Archbishop of Aix denounced the whole project, proclaimed his order to be out of the reach of the civil authority, either as it respected the institution or destitution of Bishopricks; and when the project was submitted to vote, he left the hall, followed by his party, who from that moment declared open war against the revolution. Let the world judge how far the dreadful shipwreck which followed, is justly attributable to these misguided men; and how far their own conduct was the necessary result of their religious sentiments.

It is needless to trace minutely the sad tale involved in the religious history of France, for the space of eleven years immediately following the events of which I have now spoken. The civil wars in the departments, of which religion made so great an ingredient; the emigration of the priests—and the horrible outrages perpertrated on those that were hardy enough to continue their machinations at home; the abolition of all religion; the change of the Calendar and suppression of the Sabbath day; the public execration of the Bible; the institution of a new religion by Robespierre and St. Just; the reign of atheism and terror combined; the long and horrible era of the passions which developed themselves at home in unbridled excess—and abroad in superhuman energy. On the 9th of Oct., 1791, the National *Legislative* Assembly, which had succeeded to the National *Constituent* Assembly, made the first decree, and it was a mild and reasonable one, against the refractory clergy. Louis XVI. refused to sanction it; and the useless and unreasonable effort to save men, bent on the ruin of their country—even if their own should be involved in it, precipitated all that followed. On the 6th of April, 1802, the Concordat between Napoleon and Pius VII., which had been signed at Paris on the 15th of

July, and at Rome on the 15th of August of the preceding year, was ratified by the Tribune, and by the Corps Legislative.

By this Concordat, being the second of the four of which M. De Pradt, Archbishop of Malines, has written so elaborately— the Sabbath and the four great fetes were restored; and the old calendar immediately supplanted the system of decades.— Nine Archbishops, and forty-one Bishops (less than half the number provided for by that project of the Constituent Assembly which the Catholic clergy had rejected with scorn eleven years before,) were created by the Concordat. The clergy were established as a national estate, and subjected as formerly, to the exterior monarchy of the Pope. The Cardinal Legate Caprara celebrated this event in the Cathedral of Paris with indiscribable pomp. After all, the French ecclesiastics might get a lesson of wisdom, by comparing even in temporal respects, what they disdained in 1791, with what they joyfully accepted in 1802; or to come still nearer to us, what was despised under the Restoration, with what is held as sacred, and by constitutional guarantees, since the Revolution of 1830. And it might quicken their apprehension of the moral, to ponder the crimes, the miseries, the ruin, which a different line of conduct, on their part, would have conduced so largely to prevent; as well as what may possibly affect them as much, the irreparable injury which they have inflicted on the interests of the See of Rome.

The Catholic church of France consists at present of fourteen Archbishops, and sixty-four Bishops. These are nominated by the King, and paid a regular yearly salary out of the public Treasury. The latter fact is the same with most of the religious teachers of France, whether Catholic or Protestant; the Revolution of 1830 having for the second time, placed all the sects upon an equal footing in the eyes of the law. Of this, however, I shall have to speak more particularly when treating in another place of the past and present condition of the Protestants of France: of whom I may now say, that they occupy a much more important posture, than seems to be generally believed. But to adhere to the present subject: the Bishops and Archbishops exceed, unitedly, the number of Departments by only two; there being

eighty-six of the latter in France. They receive their canonical institution from the Pope; but are not only appointed by the King, but before taking possession of their sees, must take an oath to him, which also precedes even the verifying and registry of their Bulls, in the Council of State. The Bishops appoint their own Vicars and Cures, but even these appointments are submitted to the King for his approval. The number of Priests in France is somewhat under forty thousand; which the Archbishop of Paris has said, was twelve thousand less than the necessities of the country required. The number of nuns is not easily ascertained; but is variously estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand.

The Catholic clergy of France, taken as a body, have, I presume, less influence than any other body of the same number and intelligence in the kingdom. All their political influence is annihilated. They have little connexion with public education; and fill few chairs of instruction, except those directly relating to the professional education of their own order. Their ecclesiastical revenues are extinct—their support being derived either directly, and in moderate supplies, from the public Treasury; or from their own people, in voluntary contributions of various kinds. Destitute of the spirit of the age, and deprived of the ordinary means on which the church has been accustomed to repose; they constitute, of all churches that pretend to any sort of national existence, the most insignificant. Indeed they can no otherwise be called a national church, than as it is inscribed in the charter, that the majority of the nation professes to believe what they teach.

This however, is a mere profession. Or rather the assertion is one which nobody believes. The majority of the French are not Catholics. Of the whole population of the nation, not one in six is supposed to be really a papist in faith, or even an occasional attendant upon the Confessional; while at least two thirds of them, live as completely without God as if there was no God in the universe.

Those who profess the Catholic faith—I speak of the bulk of them—consider their religious duties discharged, by attending

mass on Sunday, and on the principal fetes; and confessing once a year. The former service occupies an hour at most, on each Sabbath day—and on the days of fete, which are not very numerous, of a character requiring general observance. The hour spent at mass is employed in listening to a service, chaunted or drawled out, in an unknown tongue; and in beholding services of a puerile and impious superstition, which, after innumerable turnings, and bowings, and gesticulations, end in an act of direct and idolatrous worship of a piece of bread; which all the mummery had been practised to transmute into the soul, body, and divinity of Jesus Christ. The yearly confession consists in a full revelation of all the evil thoughts, words and actions of the preceding year, to a sinful worm of the dust, like ourselves; who rewards his penitents for their voluntarily and degrading humiliation, by a full acquittal, upon easy conditions, for all the past. If any are more devout, they manifest it by a more frequent attendance on mass and confession; a more frequent repetition of idolatrous prayers to the Virgin Mary, the host, and the saints; and a more punctual substitution of fish and eggs, for flesh and fowl. The days of pilgrimage and penance are gone with those of power and wealth; and the church, contracting at both extremes, has become rather dull in its monotonous inanity, for the mercurial natures of the French. A more calculating people, would have meditated rather of the value of such services. These seem only to have considered them stupid. Both views are alike fatal to the church.

It is possible that in one respect I do the people and the clergy a double injustice. The latter, in attributing to a general scepticism that which they permit and approve as innocent: the former, in accusing them of unbelief—for doing what their religion teaches them is commendable. It is most certain that the ordinances of the church are far better observed than those of God; and it is not impossible, that if the church should only condescend to regard God's laws as binding on her, the people might prove that they had gone astray through ignorance rather than irreligion. The saint's days are far better kept than the Sabbath days; and in all the churches no altars are so much neglected as

those dedicated to God himself. Though it be not written on his altar—the Lord Jesus is the "Unknown God."

The extent to which the open contempt of religion is carried is incredible. The King transacts business in the public offices on Sunday: the Queen, who is a strict papist, was at a great horse race in the Champ de Mars last Sunday (the 11th Sept., 1836): the Chamber of Peers met on Sunday to commence the trial of Alibaud, the last assassin who attempted the King's life: and the same body, during the trial of all the political prisoners, sat on Sunday: their fairs always occur on Sunday; every theatre in France is open every Sunday; the people employed by the government work on Sunday; and it is, in short, the day selected for all sorts of public amusements—and all specially interesting or important occurrences. As it regards nine tenths of the people, there is no Sabbath day, in any sense whatever; and as to a day consecrated to religious rest and instruction in spiritual things, the proportion which enjoys it is still much smaller.

And yet, there are occasional evidences, that the most absurd superstition still exerts a powerful influence over the public mind. A most singular instance of which occurred within a year, at Nantz, so famous in the history of the Protestants of France.—Bishop Flaget, who had lived many years in the United States, as Bishop of Bardstown, without being suspected of possessing miraculous powers; returned to his native country, and signalized his declining years by such astonishing miracles, as none but Prince Hohenloe has performed during this century. An immense sensation was created; and the faithful firmly believe, and have made public boast, on full proof, that at his voice the impotent walked, and by his touch the sick were healed.

There are not wanting evidences, on the other hand, that the same hopes which inspire the subjects of the Pope every where, are operating on the clergy of France, and stirring them up to an unusual movement. Attempts to curtail religious liberty—pretensions to exclusive right—vindictive attacks on the small number of priests who constitute the independent sect called emphatically, the French Catholic Church, who have translated

the service into French, and separated from the Papal church—persecutions of the evangelical clergy—tyrannical assumptions where they are most numerous—and a thousand indications of a more evanescent kind, prove that here also the elements are preparing themselves for that approaching conflict, which, it is too obvious, awaits the church of Christ in all lands.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Departure from Paris—Our Party—Route to Germany by Strasbourg—Equipment—Notices of the Country—Champagne—Vine Culture—Agricultural Population—Chateau Thierry—Meux—Eppernay—Chalons—France twice the Preserver of European Civilization.

The summer heat of Paris, which never scorches like that of almost every part of America, may be said to close with the summer itself. By or before the end of August, the nights become cool; and the climate, always equable, gradually softens into a bracing temperature. Very soon in September the autumnal rains set in; sometimes in torrents, but generally in soft and almost constant showers. These had pervailed for two weeks, nearly without interruption; when, on the 16th of the month, we left the Hotel Cantorbury, No. 24, Rue de la Paix, to which we had removed a few days after our arrival in Paris; and bidding our host, Petrarchi, to whom we were obliged for six weeks of great civility and excellent cheer, what seemed likely enough to be a final adieu; we set out for the Rhine, intending also, to visit Switzerland and Italy.

Our party consisted of five adults, and an "infant of days," as the word of life characterizes the helpless beginnings of man's unending being. How wonderfully and fearfully are we created! A beginning so insignificant, so helpless, so frail, to usher in a duration thenceforth eternal; to expand itself into results so infinite and overwhelming! How wonderfully and fearfully too, are we linked one with another; for evil to the third and fourth, but for good blessed be God, to the thousandth generation!—

To thee, sweet and tender one, what are earth and all it holds, to bless thee now, and teach thee to be blessed forever, compared with her whose knee is the school where thy all is decided, and on whose serene and noble brow, thou mayest read as thy first lesson, that thou shalt lack nothing? Blessed be thy helpless infancy; blessed be thy days of life and peace, when the eyes that now fill with tears as they gaze upon thee, are closed in death; blessed be thine eternal rest, through the grace and mercy of Him, who shed his precious blood for such as thee!

We got into a large carriage—five inside; namely, our female travelling companion, our infant's mother and nurse, besides itself and I. The courier on the dickey behind—luggage every where—four horses and two postillions;—and sallying out of the Bariere de Pantin, at the extremity of the Faubourg St. Martin, we took the route for Strasbourg. The carriage we hired at about five francs a day; the horses and postillions belonged to or were controlled by Louis Phillippe the First—who not only owns or directs all in France, but decides how many of each you must take, or pay for, at least. His code required our equipment to be as I have specified; for which, exclusive of the carriage, we paid eleven francs a post, of five English miles. The expenses at hotels were of course extra, and generally high. Not indeed for the mere food; but there is always a separate and generally high charge for the *rent* of the rooms you occupy. For a single night, this charge for our party varied from twelve to twenty francs. Upon the whole, it may be said, that travelling in France, in the public conveyances, is rather cheap; being about one franc for each person, for every five miles. But if, by ill health, one is forced to use private means of conveyance; or if, for any cause, persons prefer travelling in that way, they will find it considerably more expensive. To the invalid it is often indispensable; to others, its advantages are, superior comfort, and if you please, speed, but especially perfect command of your time, and ample opportunities to see the country and examine every thing.

Our route lay directly east from Paris, and for above a hundred miles pursued the course of the river Marne, up which it led us

in two days, to Chalons, in the heart of ancient Champagne.—There were two sources of rather special interest to us, in the country through which we passed. We were upon the route by which that well meaning man, but weak, incompetent, and unhappy King Louis XVI., made his remarkable flight from the Capitol in the year 1792: and along which he had been brought back, in effect a prisoner, after having almost succeeding in a manner perfectly unaccountable; and at last failed, at the very instant of complete success, through the same mal-adroitness which spoiled so many of his undertakings. He had reached Varennes, near to Metz, two hundred miles from Paris, unsuspected. A few stages further on, General Bretuil, with whom he had concerted his flight—awaited him with a powerful and well affected army;—the King, confident of success—needlessly exposed himself to observation; was recognized, stopped, sent back, guillotined! Who can say how much of the destinies of Europe depended on those few moments of imprudence, which gave so sombre a turn to the fate of this kind-hearted, but deluded King? How full of wisdom is the divine command, that we despise not the day of small things? How full of consolation is the assurance, that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered?

Another and widely different scene was enacted, in this same region, in 1814, by Napoleon, in that heroic struggle, usually called the Campaign of Paris. Of all his fourteen great campaigns, not one perhaps, was more illustrative of his immense genius. And although all Europe was armed against him, and had penetrated into the heart of France; Paris fell at last, and France was dishonoured, only by the cowardice or treason of those whose courage and fidelity might have covered their country with glory. But even in this dreadful exigency, the result of the campaign, seemed to the last moment, doubtful; so much so, that Napoleon hastening with incredible speed to the Capitol, and almost alone, had arrived within five leagues of the city, and in an hour more would have thrown himself in the midst of its brave population; when he was told—*Paris has capitulated!—He calmly replied, I am two hours too late!* Nay

after the full possession of Paris by the allied army, Napoleon, in the review of his campaigns, has left it as his fixed opinion, that but for the defection of some of his chief military officers, and the open treason of his high civil agents, all the chances of war were still in favour of France; and the ruin of the allied army nearly certain.

The country itself, which has been the theatre of such great events, is beautiful beyond all description. The wide valleys of the Marne, already stripped of the summer crop, and now in a process of preparation to receive the grains sown in autumn; seem to the traveller so fertile, so easily tilled and so kind in abundant returns, as to invite tillage and make it doubly joyful. The rural landscape in France is very peculiar, and singularly beautiful. There are no fences, no hedges, no ditches, no houses, nor even walls, only about the towns,—and forests only on the tops of the high hills, or in unfruitful soils. The whole is one wide scene of cultivation, varied by rows of trees along the high ways; and dotted over by little villages clustered in every angle of a river, and hid away in every recess of the hills; with the ancient spire or tower of a church lifting itself above the houses. The perfect cultivation of the valleys; the vineyards covering the hill sides—for they are found only there; the flocks of sheep of the finest wool, with their solitary shepherd, and the small black dog—his constant attendant all over Europe; the troops of children herding turkeys and geese, for in such a country every thing must be herded; the companies of villagers as they labour together—or eat their coarse meal on the road side—or flock home with closing day; every thing is peculiar—and all full of life and beauty. One sees such scenes no where else in Europe: and they who have seen them, will dwell on them in many an after day. The hill slopes are longer, and the hills themselves lower, than I have seen those of Palestine, in my dreams; or else I would say, to my heart, a thousand times as I passed through Champagne,—was not Israel so, in the days of her power?

I was in the midst of that region which produces the wine, of all others most esteemed. All the little villages through which I

passed, give names to *brands* more or less esteemed. I thought it would be about the time of vintage; for I had been abundantly supplied for ten days before leaving Paris, with the delicious white grape, known under the name of Chasselas, but hawked about that city as the grape of Fontainbleu. I had received the impression that the best Champagne was made in part, if not entirely, of this grape. I found myself mistaken in both particulars. They told me every where, the vintage was three weeks off; and in the tens of thousands of acres of vineyards, I saw in Champagne, I found the grapes, purple or red, nearly without exception.

As I have already said, the vines never occupy the best lands. The ranges of hills on either side of the rivers, and other ranges parallel to them, are the seats of the vines; which cover them so thickly, and are so crowded with the little white sticks which support them, that at some distance, they would easily be mistaken for a field of clover, or some other green crop in full blossom. The vines are planted without any order, not above a foot or a foot and a half apart. The sticks which support them seem to be about three feet high; and a space of at least six inches at the top is bare. Each vine has from two to six bunches of grapes, of a deep colour, which grow very near the ground. I presume the only cultivation they receive is with the hoe; and the districts in which they are most extensively cultivated, devote their greatest as well as their most fertile portions to various grains and esculent roots.

The full half, probably two-thirds, of the agricultural labour of France is performed by females. On every road you meet them driving a donkey with a panier on each side of him, loaded with vegetables, fruits, merchandise, fire-wood, children, every thing. In the fields you see them using the hoe, the mattock, the hook, the plough, the rake. Their dress is striking. Their shoes are nearly always wooden, as are those of the men also; no one of either sex goes bare-footed. I saw more bare-footed women in glasgow, than men, women, and children, in all France. The pettycoats of the labouring women in France are very short; and nearly always made of blue or red cotton.

On their busts they wear a tight jacket, that covers the neck, and leaves the arms bare : an indulgence very commonly extended to the legs also. A flashy red hanckerchief tastefully bound around the head completes the equipment, and aided by their very general comliness of person, and vivacity of countenance, presents a striking and agreeable object. The bonnet is an unknown luxury; and in consequence, they all exhibit the darkest swarth, consistent with the idea of their being really white.

The appearance of the laboring men, including all sorts of mechanics, is quite as unique as that of the other sex. The universal dress is of blue cotton ; pantaloons and an upper garment, the most graceful and convenient a man can put on, which was in common use amongst the backwoodsman of America, when I can first remember, called by them *a hunting shirt*. It is precisely the garment, which the Idian makes of tanned skins; and which shows to such advantage, his beautiful proportions. The hat is nearly as unusual as the bonnet, and is substituted by caps of all sorts ; the most common being knitted cotton or wool, of various colours, and without a rim. For the first time in Europe, I saw oxen employed in agricultural labour in Champagne ; and what surprized me more, harnessed side by side with horses.

There is nothing deserving of special notice in the numerous villages, through which we passed from Paris to Chalons.—Chateau Thierry is a beautiful place, and has, passing along one side of it, a curious promontory, upon which are extensive ruins of the ancient castle from which it derives its name—a name common amongst the early princes of the Francs. Its public walks are beautiful ; and at one end of them is a monument of La Fontaine who was born here. At La Ferte-Sous-Jouare, is one of the most extensive, and probably the very best manufactory of mill-stones in Europe. I saw enough to supply the kingdom, it seemed to me, for a century to come. Meaux, an ancient and rather pretty town, about twenty-five miles from Paris, is famous, chiefly for having given his episcopal title to Bossuet, the greatest, the shrewdest, and amongst the most unscrupulous enemies of the Protestants ; whose false citations

of authority, and assertions of fact, make the substance of the present Papal arguments for their system. It is a most instructive comment on what Papism is, and on the manner in which it has always been defended,—that Bouesset in his defence of his system, lame as it is, was obliged to depart so far from the system itself, that his defence has been always discountenanced at Rome; while the partizans of Rome throughout the earth, teach as authentic, that which they themselves dare not believe!

Eppernay, near to Chalons, is the centre of a great commerce in wines; and is an object of interest on account of some recollections of Henry IV., connected with it. The worst inn in France I think is there. At Chalons we spent the Sabbath day. And although denied the privilege of worshipping with those of our own hopes—and grieved rather than comforted at the rights of a strange faith, which seem but the more idolatrous as they are better understood; and sick at heart amid the unbelief of the thousands who openly despise the only religion they know any thing about; we yet rejoiced in the recurrence of another day of sweet and solemn rest. Do Christians reflect how much they lose, and how terrible is the influence of their example, by the too common desecration, especially by those who travel, of the Lord's day?

In the immediate vicinity of Chalons, one of the most remarkable and important events in the history of Europe, occurred. I speak of the overthrow, the annihilation of the power of Atilla the Hun, by the Patrician Ætius, about the middle of the fifth century. The fierce barbarian at the head of a troop of savage nations, and leading in person five hundred thousand picked warriors, had desolated all the northern provinces of the Roman Empire; and now in his exterminating career, fell upon Gaul. Ætius, almost the last great captain of the Empire, by the power of tactics and the force of military skill, pressed back the barbarian king from the heart of the kingdom, into the wide and open plains of Champagne; and it was here that awful victory was won,—the last which adorns the annals of Rome—which if it could not preserve her from ruin, at least saved Europe from barbarism. The influence of the Moguls in India, of the Mant-

chous in China, of the Tartar invasion upon Russia, and indeed upon every nation where they have fixed their abode; leaves no room to doubt, what would have been the present condition of Europe, if the Huns, the fiercest and least civilized of all the Tartars, had succeeded in their plans of conquest.—After a whole day of butchery, night closed in, leaving the victory as yet hardly decided; and more than two hundred thousand men dead on the field of battle! It is indeed with astonishment and admiration, exclaims the first of living historians, that we contemplate the most formidable power that ever affrighted the world, dashed to pieces against the ruins of ancient civilization. It is mournful, but most instructive too, to recall that this illustrious benefactor of the human race, the great Ætius, who had saved, and who alone of all mankind seemed still able to save the Empire, was assassinated by the Emperor himself, Valentinian III., the last and detestable descendant of the great Theodosius—aided by his eunuchs and courtezans!

Nor is this the only occasion on which France has preserved by her courage and prowess, the civilization of Europe from total shipwreck. Three centuries later than the period of which I have spoken, Charles Martel saved mankind from the dominion of the Saracens, as Ætius had before done from that of the Huns. The victory of Poictiers, over Abderrahman, as really decided that Europe should not be Mahomedan, as that of Chalons did, that it should not be heathen; as each in its turn did, that Asia having once given light to Europe, should not afterwards overwhelm her again with darkness. In this case also, the massacre of the conquered is described to have been terrific. Nor can it be doubted. For that power cannot be small, which, as it were, by a single stroke, shatters on the one hand, great empires, and on the other, preserves the liberty, the religion, the very existence of states.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Route from Chalons to the Rhine—Lorraine—General Aspect of the Country—Alsace—The Vosges and Saverne Mountains—The Western Valley of the Rhine—National Manners and Employments—Inns—Items and Incidents—General Condition, Character, and Customs of the People

From Chalons to Strasbourgh the distance is somewhat over two hundred miles. We accomplished it in three days' travel, of about ten hours each. For fifteen leagues we followed the course of the Marne, to St. Dizier, which is the last town of Champagne on that side; and soon after passing which, you enter Lorraine. Champagne, above Chalons, is less beautiful and less fertile than below it. Occasionally the hills become lofty, barren, and wild, and vines disappear. From St. Dizier to Ligney, which is situated on the Ornain, a branch of the Meuse, and from thence by Void to Toul on the Moselle, the whole distance being about twenty leagues—the aspect of the country is still more abrupt, the forests more extensive, and the valleys smaller and less perfectly cultivated. This will not be wondered at, when it is remembered that three of the principal rivers of France find the sources of some of their chief branches in this high region. From this elevated region, which formed a part of ancient Champagne, issued forth those fierce Senones, a tribe of the aboriginal Celts, who not only conducted an offensive war against Rome for about a hundred years; but under the guidance of the terrible Brennus, sacked, and had nearly destroyed the eternal city.

After passing the Moselle the face of the country assumes again, all its former beauty; and from thence entirely across Lorraine, the traveller is enchanted at every step, to behold scattered profusely around, the evidences of contentment, industry, health aud comfort; the proofs of a frugal, and kind tempered people; the monuments of a genial climate and a grateful soil. When the sons of Louis le Debonnaire, divided the empire of the Francs, between themselves, in 813, Lothaire united to Italy the whole eastern portion of France from the sea of Provence to the mouths of the Rhine and the Scheldt. This long and narrow slip, which included the whole Germanic population of interior Gaul was called *Lotharingia*, or the kingdom of Lothaire; whence the German *Lothringen*, and the French *Lorraine*.

Alsace is to the east of Lorraine. The little town of Phalsbourg, strongly fortified by Vauban, is at the foot of the Vosges on the western or Lorraine side; on the eastern or Alsatian foot is Saverne. The ascent of the Vosges, on this side, does not excite notice, except on account of the extensive forest, somewhat larger than common; for European forests generally, are insignificant things when compared with those of America.—This is a part of the once vast and famous wilderness of Ardenne. When you pass the summit of the mountain, and turn to descend into the flat plains of Alsace, a sight of enchanting beauty presents itself. As far as you can see, to the right and left, is one immense plain, ascending and swelling away from the foot of the Vosges, to the summit of the Saverne mountains some leagues off, and the whole cultivated to the highest degree of perfection. The mountain, whose side you descend by a most delightful road, is thickly wooded to the summit, upon which, to your right, are the ruins of three immense castles. In the plain, I counted eight villages, besides the town of Saverne just under you. Now deluge this scene, with the rich light of an autumnal sun, shed from behind you, as he hastens to his rest,—and you will hardly blush for the enthusiasm to which the vehement progress of the carriage seems too slow, till you could plunge into it! What glorious spots there are, of which they who

run up and down the earth have told us nothing! And what monstrous fools they make of themselves and us, in passing them in silence, to seduce us into some den, where they have to show us only the mouldering evidences, that some savage lived, or some tyrant died!

This delicious plain communicates with one much broader, by a narrow and deep ravine which penetrates the Saverne mountains: and through the two valleys you pass, a distance of ten leaugues, to Strasbourg—near, not on, the Rhine. The people of Alsace are really Germans. They speak that language as their vernacular tongue; many of them are as entirely ignorant of French, as if they belonged to another kingdom. Over the doors, the signs are all written in both languages. The houses are thoroughly German; with enormous walls, and sharp roofs, in which are contained nearly as many rooms as in all the building besides. Three rows of windows in the roof are very common. The people are fairer, stouter, more grave, better clad, and more skilful in the art of husbandry. The women nearly all wear bonnets; and though the favourite blue and red are still their chosen colours, the wide rimmed bonnets of the women, and the cocked hats of the men, with their redundant slouched rims—make them appear very different from the people of Champagne and Lorraine.

The people of those provinces, however, are different in their appearance and dress. Those of Lorraine, seemed to me, not so dark, nor so homely, as those of Champagne: while the singular looking wadded cap, which the females wear on the back of the head,—gives a bold and naked expression to their faces. In all these provinces, as nearly every where I believe in Europe, the female partakes of every species of male labour; and the male sometimes obtrudes into the peculiar province of the other sex. If you see a women herding sheep on the hill side, it is an even chance that you find a man playing feme de Chamber at the next inn. You find a woman pulling or breaking hemp, which is considered, in America, the very hardest labour; and in the best hotels, frequently find a man sheeting beds, and arranging the apartments of female guests. All distinctions on

these subjects seem, to a considerable degree abolished; and each betakes himself or herself, to that employment which chance or caprice dictates. The most general fact seems to be, that the two sexes prefer to work in company; and either will employ themselves, in the other's more appropriate offices, rather than be deprived of the other's society. Every thing gives way to this mutual want. Drinking, which in England is one great end of existence,—yields in France to this superior instinct; for the Frenchman leaves the dinner table with his wife or daughter or female friend, just at the moment, when the Englishman fixes himself for what he calls enjoyment—by sending off the ladies and bringing better wines. Even in the Caffees, and the Restourants, you constantly find well dressed females, dining, supping, reading newspapers and sauntering with their male relatives and friends; and the presiding genius in such places, is without exception, a female dressed to excess, and seated in some central and conspicuous place. I am told that even at the gambling houses, you constantly find women.

In its general character, the formation of the section of France lying between Paris and Strasbourg,—is the same as that between Paris and Boulogne. The original rocks are nowhere seen; the strata of all kinds, are generally horizontal, and never dip more than a very few degrees. The country in most places seems to rest on vast beds of chalk,—thickly interspersed with lime stone, and abounding, in many localities, with a species of soft sand stone, easily cut and which hardening by exposure to the atmosphere, is very excellent for building. Slate must be rare, for the houses are all covered with tiles; which give to the villages, a red and rather repulsive appearance. About Vic, and Dieuze in the Department of Meurthe are salt springs; and at Ligny, in the Department of Meuse, are manufactories of iron. The country abounds with immense beds of clay, out of which quantities of earthen ware of a beautiful description are made in many places. And manufactories of cotton, lace, linen, paper, hosiery, hats, &c. &c. abound every where. In many places beds of gravel are found covering hundreds of acres,—and to these we may attribute the excellence of the roads. For a

more delightful one of equal length is not easily found: and like all the other roads of France, it is made at the public expense, and travelled free of toll. This last fact is not likely to escape notice by those who have been in England, where the toll, for a carriage drawn by a pair of horses, is about three pence sterling a mile.—You see no wild animal of any kind,—in travelling through France; and even birds are very rare. The Cuckoo, is the most common object that has life and freedom: a shy, and rather large bird, with white wings and a black body, —shaped like a blackbird, though twice as large,—and which is unknown in America.

We took no pains to reach such inns, as were considered best; our desire being rather to know what France was, than to enjoy her best gifts. One who is content to take what he can get, can always get something; and is thus perfect master of his movements. The better class of French Hotels are the best I have seen, in any country. In the very poorest inn, in the smallest village, you are certain of a clean bed,—and a cup of excellent coffee; the latter is a luxury, which you seldom meet with even in the best English or American Hotels. But this is the most that can be said: for the doings of these people are in some respects, hardly to be borne with. At Bourdonnay, a village of a thousand persons, about twenty-five miles east of Nancy, we spent one night, at the best of the village inns. Before we could get to the door of the house, the flank of a large manure bank which stood directly in front of the door, had to be turned. I found this to be the case at nearly every door in the place; and generally in all other villages. When the door was reached, a contest of a few moments with a flock of geese, that occupied the narrow, damp and dark passage, had to be pretty severely waged, to induce them to sally forth upon a second bank of manure, which blockaded the back door. A wide stairway turning short out of the vault, for the passage was no more, led us upon a balcony, inside the house, lighted from above,—and open to the ground floor. Upon one side was the chimney, about irty feet broad by ten deep,—open at the bottom, and tapered up like a funnel. This fashion of building chimnies,

which is common, is the more preposterous, as they hardly ever use fire, except for cooking; and then in the least possible quantity.—On another side of the balcony but under the same roof was a mill;—and opposite to it our chambers. Yet after so sad a presage, we found Monsieur Berger a good host; his little daughter Victorine, a smart attendant; and his interior accommodations really good.

A second night was passed at Void, a village of fourteen hundred souls in the Department of Meuse; and here an accident of a trifling kind threw some light on the state of the people. We were rather late in getting to the inn; our party somewhat larger than usually tarried at it; and a mother with a young child, and herself in feeble health made some exta arrangements necessary.—In the course of our conversation, with each other, and with the people of the house, they gathered that I was the father of the child. Afterwards, when our repast was served, it appeared they had concluded from my invoking the blessing of God upon it—that I was a priest. When the nurse was about to put the child to rest in its mother's bed,—the daughter of our host, a grown and rather pretty woman, interfered and forbade it. On being required to explain herself,—she said, the priest had said the child must not sleep with its mother!--And on being further questoned,—it turned out, that she so understood something I had said!—Then according to her notions,—it was not out of the way for priests sworn to celibacy, to have children; and openly to exercise authority, supposed to belong only to husbands! On the other hand, it was incompatible with her ideas that one, not a priest, should openly and reverently thank God for his daily bread!—And in defiance of all explanation, the poor woman seemed resolved to abide the truth of that solution of the matter —which accorded best with her own ideas and the state of manners around her.

At the town of St. Dizier, I had another occasion to get an item of knowledge on the same general and interesting topic—the condition of society amongst the people at large. We stopped an hour for rest at mid day; and in walking about the place, I fell upon the Hotel de Ville, or Town House, and walked in.

Multitudes of advertisements hung upon the walls, and were pasted and nailed to pillars, just as I had seen them all my life. I read many with curiosity and interest; and found in them, the same evidence of the misfortunes, the vicissitudes, the temptations, the speculations, and the whole strife of existence that thickens upon us from every source, so soon as our ardent passions give us liberty to feel it. Among the rest was the one I wished to mention. It was a list of all the convictions for offences 'followed by infamy' —as it was expressed—in the town, for one year ending with February 1836. It was neatly printed, and contained in rows, the names, with the ages and description of the culprits; the crime with its circumstances; and the punishment. The punishments seemed to me just,—and exceedingly well discriminated; and the whole affair impressed me favourably, towards several points of the criminal jurisprudence of the country. The list of crimes, engaged my special notice. I observed in Ireland, that out of every list of crimes above half were breaches of the public peace. In England, the multitude of murders, bears a shocking proportion to the whole number of crimes. In this list, which contained ten cases, there was no murder, no breach of peace; five of the cases were theft—and four rape! I believe you will find similar results to follow in a thousand cases, in the three countries: and they throw a strong light on the characters of the respective nations.

In the same public hall, was a shallow box fastened to the wall, and protected in front by a screen of wire, through which you could read a notice fixed up in it. It was a notice of a contemplated marriage—a publishing of the bans, by posting up a placard, instead of by outcry on the Sabbath, at church. Both ways seem amazingly like advertising a lost quadruped; and show how much pains the rulers of the world take to befool the people, for no end. I read the notice of course, and observed in it two things, common in France, and uncommon with us. The man's middle name was Maria, the woman's Joseph: and nothing is more common here than for each sex to take names that belong to the other. Indeed the common mode of naming children is to give each child the principal name of both its parents; boys, for example, are all Joseph Maria—the girls all Maria

Joseph,—and then to both, are added other names, male and female, without discrimination or limit. It appeared also, that the lady was six years the elder of the two; which reveals another custom carried to so absurd a degree, that every French woman seems to consider every man, no matter of what age or condition, so that he be not her son or father, open to the impression of her charms. The consequences are often extremely revolting; still oftener irresistibly ludicrous. But on the whole, the power of female influence is prolonged to a much later period of life; and old age in both sexes is freed from many habits that so often make it repulsive.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

The City of Nancy—The Princely House of Lorraine—Strasbourg—The Cathedral—Idolatrous Worship of Joan of Arc, and of the Virgin Mary—Ascent of the Cathedral Spire—View from it—Lists of Names—Telegraph—Insurrection of Louis Napoleon—Reminiscence of John Calvin.

Nancy, the Capital of Lorraine, strictly so called, is one of the most beautiful cities of France. Situated in an extensive and fertile plain on the Muerthe, not far above its junction with the Moselle, surrounded by lofty hills covered with vineyards—divided by straight and regular streets, and finely built up with lofty stone houses, it presents a delightful aspect. It contains thirty thousand inhabitants, and has many objects worthy of inspection. In the midst of the Royal Square, stands a fine monument to Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine and Bar, and King of Poland. The palace and sepulchres of the ancestors of this renowned house, are still exhibited; and perhaps few of the proudest of Europe have produced more illustrious names. From the days of Clovis even to our own, kings, dukes, and princes; statesmen, churchmen, and soldiers; queens, beauties, and courtezans; all famous over the earth, have sprung from this long descended race. And it has been a race signalized by misfortunes, which did not always teach it virtue or moderation. Out of the thirteen princely branches into which this family has been lineally divided, the one best known to the English reader, and which may be taken, both in its temper and fate, as a specimen of all; is that which the church of God has had so much reason to call the bloody house of Guise; from which sprung

Mary of Scotland, whose misfortunes have seduced mankind into a forgetfulness of her crimes; and the Cardinal of Lorraine, famous in the Council of Trent, and the subsequent persecutions of the Reformed church of France.

Nor should I omit to mention Strasbourg: which is a still larger and more interesting city. It contains about fifty thousand inhabitants; is divided by the little river Ill, and is very strongly fortified and garrisoned. It was built by the Romans to defend their frontier on the Rhine, against the Germans. It has many objects of interest, and is a very great thoroughfare for travellers who pass up or down the Rhine, as well as for those who pass from France into the heart of Germany, or vice versa. The Lutheran church of France has a Faculty of Theology here; and there are schools of law, physic, science and letters, connected with the general system of the French government. Its public library contains fifty thousand volumes; a kind of treasure which we need more in America, than any other Europe can boast. But the great object of attraction, is the vast Cathedral, in which for above eight hundred years they have taught the people to worship those who are no gods. It is an immense pile, whose highest spire reaches the height of nearly five hundred feet; rising higher even, as they boast, than St. Peter's at Rome. It is a perfect specimen of fine Gothic Architecture, loaded to excess with ornaments, and interminable carvings. The interior is one spacious hall, divided by two rows of massive pillars which support the high vaulted stone roof. On either side are the usual compliments of chapels; and rather a redundant supply of the finest stained glass, in the great windows. At the end, in the centre, is the grand altar, and a carved pulpit of great beauty and richness; on one side is an enormous apparatus which seemed as I looked casually at it, to be covered with figures and astronomical characters, and is probably intended for some scientific use; on the other side is a corresponding recess fitted up for worship, according to their fashion. Here the Papist is at home; and in the hour I spent in the Cathedral, neary a hundred persons performed acts of devotion there. What did they worship?—I tried to discover. There were six young men on

their knees before a railing; in front of them three old women; scattered behind them, other persons of both sexes. In front of them, hung, fastened in some way to a pillar, a female figure about as large as a girl of ten years old. It was dressed in the tip of the mode; white satin, with a lace apron, a crown on its head, and I should say at a guess, three pounds of beads on its neck and breast. On the base of the frame that supported it was a Latin inscription, stating that the reliques of Ste. Joan were there. I infer, therefore, that this was the image of that heroic and unhappy girl, commonly called Joan of Arc, who was born in a village of Lorraine, not far off; and who has had the double misfortune of having been burnt for a witch by the English, and of being worshipped as a saint by the French. How opposite are the modes in which nations become infamous! The kneeling crowd before her image, acted precisely as they would have done, if they were worshipping the thing itself, and whether it be more proper to worship a dead woman, or her image, I leave others to settle.

I examined the whole matter with care. On the left side of the altar and the figure, stood a sort of rack; upon which hung in rows above each other, fifty-seven images, in white wax. I counted them twice: there were just fifty-seven. Of these nine were small busts, only exhibiting the head and neck, and depending by a string from the top of the head. Four were hearts; each about as large as the palm of the hand. Eight were liliputian human figures; complete, but only a few inches long, and moulded into all sorts of attitudes. The remainder of the fifty-seven, were, in about equal proportions, legs and arms; perfect, but very small, and each hanging to its own hook.—There was room enough on the rack, for as many more as were on it. Who put them there, and for what purpose?—Inquire of some Catholic friend;—and if he be not ashamed to tell you,—you will learn one more tale, which if you have a Christian heart will fill your eyes with tears.

On the opposite side of the same column, and on various parts of the walls of the chapel it faced, were hung cards, apparently much used; and at the top of which were printed in

large capitals the words "L'AMENDE HONORABLE." What is this? thought I. There was a column of French, and one of German:—the same in substance. I translated literally a few sentences, as many as I could write on a card: "Prostrated "humbly at your feet, holy Virgin, mother of God, oh, Mary, "we ask of God and of you, pardon for the outrages which "heresy and impiety have the madness to commit against your "honour. We present to you our hearts, penetrated with the "most bitter grief, and bewail more than all, the irreverence, "and indifference, of which we, your own children, are guilty "towards you." Such was, perhaps one-fourth or fifth part of a prayer in constant use, in the cathedral church of one of the principal dioceses of France, in the heart of the most civilized part of the continent of Europe! It is extremely remarkable to observe how the worship of the Virgin Mary, has increased during the present era, in the Papal church: insomuch that she is now the principal object of their adoration throughout the world. Whatever may be the real or pretended changes, wrought by the force of circumstances in the political religion of Rome, I think any calm observer must confess, that as a spiritual system it is more corrupt now than it was before the Reformation. It teaches less of the plan of redemption, and more that is incompatible with it; and is a more total and absolute system of idolatry to-day, than it was when the Council of Trent met. It is in this light that it lays so heavy a responsibility upon the people of God; and calls so loudly upon them for a great and united effort to rescue the millions who are perishing under its merciless grasp.

The view from the top of this church is very fine. I did not climb to the summit of the spire; but about half way up the terrible ascent the towers are reduced in size, and the space left forms an extensive and magnificent promenade at an elevation far above any thing else in the city. The course of the Rhine, and the rich and wide valley that skirts it on this side, lie stretched out far towards the north and south. On the eastern side of the river, the Grand-Duchy of Baden—and the moun

tains of the Black Forest are in full view; while towards the west the Vosgian mountains shut in the prospect. Villages and cultivated fields mingle in the soft landscape; and the people in the crowded streets below you, move about like puppets in a show. Alas! how hard it is to teach our hearts that the earth and all it holds, are most lovely when we see them a-far off; that it is only needful for us to mount steadily upwards, to reduce them all to their just proportions, and exhibit plainly their real littleness!

On the terrace the family of the man who takes care of the clock of the Cathedral resides; and his apartments seem not only comfortable, but extensive. Every place where a name could be cut, seemed filled with those of persons from all parts of the world: and at all such places records are kept, for the inscriptions of the names of visitors. The repeated occurrence of this form at all the hotels on the Continent—where the hosts are obliged by law to keep a register, of a most exact kind, soon accustoms one to it as a matter of course. The particularity of Europeans, especially of the English, in making known their rank, and always exacting all which in their judgment it entitles them to expect—makes these lists, often very amusing. The same cause seems to have created embarrassment to Americans—to know what to say of their condition. I perceived a diversity of practice amongst my countrymen, in all cases where I had opportunity to inspect these lists: and was rather surprised to find them hesitating a moment on such a subject. We are *citizens*, citizens only, all citizens, and above all, the only citizens: for the rest of mankind are subjects. And thus I insisted on all occasions in inscribing myself—simply citizen. A glorious distinction, which if any choose at home to lay aside, for Colonel, Esquire, Doctor, Reverend,—or such like; let us at least by our example rebuke a servile world when it insists on knowing what our condition is.

There is another thing about these lists, which commands the notice of Americans. Whenever they are of such a voluntary kind as to be exposed to mutilation, without the offence subjecting one to punishment; it is by no means uncommon to find

them containing extremely bitter and insolent attacks upon individuals and states. These insults are almost invariably appended to the name of some American, and without exception written in the English language. Whether it is most probable that Americans thus traduce themselves; or that persons of other nations, not being English, use that tongue to do it; or that the English, unable for an instant, under any circumstances to conceal their national antipathies and manners, are the real authors of such pasquinades; needs, I presume, little skill to guess.

On one of the lower towers of the Cathedral is constructed a *Telegraph*, which is the beginning of the series on this frontier of France. We had very often on our route from Paris, passed other stations, which communicating with each other from one elevation to another every few leagues,—are enabled to transmit intelligence with astonishing rapidity. The structure is very simple; consisting of four pieces of timber, which represent exactly the letter T. The erect stem, serves only to sustain the other three timbers. They are so constructed as to assume, under the control of pullies, springs, &c., every possible shape, at every conceivable angle, both with the horizon and the zenith. A language is constructed out of these signs; and short sentences, conveying the essence of things, speed across France from all directions to the Capital, with the rapidity of the wind. When the late Millénaire Rotchschild, died at Frankfort on the Maine, the words *il est mort*,—*he is dead*,—were borne by telegraph, to Calais, and thence by a carrier pigeon to London, in a few hours. Louis Phillippe, is always possessed of the earliest and most accurate information, of every thing that transpires in Europe. And unless his government is foully misrepresented, it not only often conceals the truth, and reports what is false; but even descends to the fabrication of any particular thing it may desire to have considered true at any certain place; and then makes the telegraph send up a rumor that the thing is so and so. It is thus that they are able to distract the public mind, and to avail themselves of contingencies for their purposes, during the time necessary to get true information. It is believed that such things have been practised to a great extent, during all the present troubles in Spain, in relation to the affairs of that country.

It was not long after we left Strasbourg, before the abortive attempt of young Louis Napoleon to revolutionize France and restore the imperial dynasty, exploded in that city. The most remarkable result of that affair perhaps, was the acquittal of the principal accomplices of young Bonaparte. For reasons of state, he had himself been allowed by the French Government to escape punishment; and had been sent to the United States. But the whole force of the government, was used to bring his chief advisers to punishment. The first success against the government was the determination of the tribunals, that all the offenders, even the military officers, must be tried by jury; the second was the acquittal of all the accused, the jury refusing to punish the accessaries, when the King himself had withdrawn the principal from justice. So that an armed, yea open insurrection, went utterly unpunished, in a country where men may commit treason even in their thoughts!

No evangelical Christian or lover of letters, who visits Strasbourg, can forget that it was for a considerable period the residence of Calvin; whom it received with great distinction when he was driven from Geneva; and whom, it most reluctantly gave back again, to the entreaties of his repentant country. To the day of his death, the great Reformer cherished the most grateful and loyal feelings to this beloved city; and history contains few monuments of the kind, so affecting and instructive, as the proofs of the mutual friendship and confidence of this great and then free city, and the august man it had received, cherished and numbered amongst its sons!

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

Entrance into Germany—Grand Duchy of Baden—Passports—The Black Forest—Appearance of the People—Agriculture—Climate—Face of the Country—Language—Religion—The Grand Duke and his Family—Valley of the Kinzig.

After spending one day in Strasbourg, we took the route towards Constance. The Grand Duchy of Baden, occupies the most south-western corner of Germany. It borders on the Rhine for a great distance, stretching from the lake of Constance, to where the river Necker empties itself, not far from Manheim. But it is very narrow: the Kingdom of Wurtemburg being, as it were, cut out of the body of it, leaving it only two long strips, which meet in a right angle opposite Basle; where the Rhine, which pursued from Constance a course nearly west, suddenly turns to the north; which course it follows to the German ocean. Both Wurtemburg and Baden, originally appertained to ancient Suevia or Schawbia; a mountainous and woody region, celebrated from an early period for its inhospitable climate, and fierce inhabitants.

We crossed the Rhine at Kehl, about a league from Strasbourg, on an admirable bridge of boats thrown across it just below a considerable ripple. The Rhine is here wide and rapid, and washes one of the finest valleys in the world. Every thing proved that we were passing a frontier. Our passports were inspected by the military at each end of the bridge; and again by the Badish police, after driving a few hundred yards further. The red and blue of the French soldier, gave place to the green

and gray of the Badish; and even the dress of the postillions was altered. Throughout Baden you are driven by men in bright yellow; with two immense particoloured tassels hanging in the middle of the back; and the chord to which they belong, forcing a short crooked brass trumpet, close up under the left arm, with its wide mouth behind.

The passport system of Europe, seems dictated exclusively by the pusillanimity of kings; and is enforced in exact proportion to the consciousnes they seem to have that men abhor them. If you turn your face towards the residence of any ruler, all ocasions are taken, and often made to examine your passports. But you may pass nearly undisturbed if you turn aside from their dwelling places. From Boulogne to Paris we were questioned eight or nine times: from Paris to Strasbourg more than double as far, not once. And in Baden as soon as the police understood that we were not going towards Carlsruhe, but in the opposite direction, our passports were folded up and civilly returned—and our baggage not even spoken of. At the moment we were thus summarily discharged there was a family who were going to Carlsruhe, undergoing the most mortifying search; their trunks, bags, and boxes exposed to idle gaze, and their apparel and little minute concerns pried into by great boobies with forests of beards, and broad swords heavy enough to cleave a trunk at a blow. On another occasion near the borders of Switzerland, while our horses were changing, an officer who a moment before allowed us to pass without a question; stopped a boy of fifteen years old, who was travelling on foot, and examined him critically, before he would permit him to go on his solitary way. The boy was going into, we out of the Grand Dutchy.

The Black Forest which formerly covered so large a part of Baden and Wurtemburg, still occupies an immense space. We had proofs of its proximity before entering Germany. For as we drove out of Stasbourg early in the morning, on the principal market day, black and wood, were, next to cabbages, the most striking objects for sale. From the time you enter Alsace the cabbages begin to assume a more and more conspicuous

place in rural economy; until you presently find them in quantities and of dimensions absolutely portentous. From Strasbourg to Kehl, and for several leagues, after passing it, the roads were in a degree obstructed by wagons loaded with wood and plank, moving towards the first named place. Every thing made it manifest that we were already amongst a different people. The cap of the Frenchman and the slouched hat of the Alsatian, gradually gave way to the wide rimed, high topped, bell crowned hat, to which the German every where seems wedded. I found myself again in a land of knee breeches—which my visit to the mid-land counties of England had made so familiar to my eyes. Here was no longer the graceful hunting shirt of the Frenchman; but the upper garment of the men resembled more than any thing else, an ancient shirt of mail, reaching to the hip, fitting close, and widened at the bottom, by a broad hem of a span's width cut into open scollops. The females, instead of having no head-dress but a hankerchief—seemed to abound in that article. The hair hung down the back in two or three plaits—or where there was none, ribbands supplied the place; while a straw or willow hat with a wide white rim, and small black crown, surmounted the whole. The very form of the people is as different as their dress; and of the female especially this difference is wonderful. In a few leagues the graceful and well proportioned women, who fill all France with enthusiasm, have given place to a race not less pleasing in countenance, but whose figures are apparently of the very same dimensions from top to toe. The increased quantity of garments may do something, and the short waists of all of them more to produce this appearance. But there is surely a most radical difference in the people themselves.

The culture, as well as the people, is different. Indian corn and hemp take the place of the vine. Milch cows were to be seen yoked to the plough by the head, instead of the neck; and droves of cattle and hogs roamed in the forests or grazed on the hill-sides. In every little garden was a stand for bees; and hedges every where skirted the road side. The houses reminded me, at every step that we were again in a land of timber;

being generally constructed of frames of wood, filled in with mortar, and very often having shingle roofs. It was in Baden that I saw for the first time a European house with a shingle or boarded roof. The climate was also changed, and the hay harvest, of the second crop I suppose, which was nearly completed in France, was only fully commenced in Baden: while in the more elevated situations, the barley crops were yet uncut, though the first month of autumn was above two thirds spent: and the potato crop, which is universal every where, was yet in bloom here, though already gathered in many sections through which I had just passed. This change was, however, gradual—and became more and more obvious as we mounted higher and higher into the mountains which force the Rhine, as it issues from lake Constance, to take the great detour to the westward, of which I have already spoken, before it can find its way to the sea. Indeed for a few leagues after crossing the Rhine, the wide plane on the east, greatly resembles that on the west side. As you diverge from it, and, on the route we took, gradually draw into the narrower valley of the river Kinzig, vineyards still cover the hills, in pleasant exposures. What is occasional in the vineyards of France, is universal almost in those of Baden; in all of which you see a small solitary hut, for the use of those that watch them at the vintage, and which constantly reminded me by their appearance of extreme loneliness, of the inspired prophet's description of the coming desolateness of Israel—"like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

The language of the people, is perhaps more remarkably different from that of their neighbors beyond the Rhine, than any thing I have hinted at. How extremely difficult is it to realize that a month ago *yes* was yes, and *no* was no; but that yesterday *oui* was yes, and *pas* was no; while to-day, *ja* is yes, and *nein* is no! We can't realize it; we don't. For I have invariably observed that when people speak to those who imperfectly understand their language, they speak loud and distinctly; thus manifesting an instinctive feeling, that the others ought to understand and would if they heard correctly. At any rate the diversity of human speech is a most extraordinay affair. It

seems to me perfectly inexplicable on merely philosophical principles: and I am sure that after being thrown in a condition nearly helpless, through ignorance, amongst people of strange speech, we are able to apprehend in a higher degree the absolute need of divine power to confer the gift of tongues; and the mighty and all-but appalling influence, which must have attended its exercise. I may be perhaps excused too, for saying in this connexion, that the good of the world would probably be greatly promoted, by a more general attempt on the part of educated men, to obtain an acquaintance with living languages. In America especially, there was until very lately, a deplorable deficiency in this respect. Twenty years ago, there were few institutions of learning amongst us where any modern language could be properly acquired; and even now there are few, if any, of much repute where the acquisition of such a knowledge forms a necessary part of education. I believe multitudes of those who have been thus neglected, would be happy to exchange half they learnt at college, for the ability to speak French or German.

There is one most important respect in which portions of these two neighbouring countries are essentially one. Multitudes in both are nominally Catholics; and you find proofs that many are really so, as you pass the high ways. Scattered thickly through Baden, as well as France, are crosses in the fields, on the road side, in the gardens, every where. It is a solemn sight —and I never look on one without bewailing that the wickedness of man should make it an instrument both of superstition and idolatry. These crosses have always an image of the Saviour crucified, upon them; and these are of all sizes, from a few inches to the dimensions of a full grown man; and of all grades of finish. But in addition, you often see, especially in Baden, figures of various parts of the human body; a foot, two feet, a hand, a hand and foot, two legs, and so on, at caprice, nailed to the same cross on which is an image of the Saviour. At other times there are various figures of tools,—carpenters' tools especially, hung about them. And an invariable affix is a hole chiseled into the body of the cross, to receive presents, which

are removed at stated periods by the priests. Besides these crosses, there are constantly to be seen images of the Virgin Mary and of various saints, of all sizes, scattered every where; but particularly on the sides of bridges, in the fronts of taverns, and over the gates of towns. A considerable part, however, of the Badish people, as of nearly all other portions of the Germanic race, have embraced the principles of the Reformation.

There are two qualities which delighted me with the good people of the Grand Duchy. I never saw a drunk person in Baden; and of all people, they are the most polite and respectful. If you meet any one in the road, from a child of six to an aged man, he respectfully takes off his hat. There is no servility about it; they do it to each other, whenever they meet. A civil word, a respectful salutation—a look of grave but cordial kindness, are habitually rendered to the whole world. Would that the whole world would take pattern by them. And in good truth there is much of this in many parts of Europe. I have had a Scotchman walk with me a square to show me a place I could not find, out of mere kindness to a total stranger: and I never saw a Frenchman tried, who would not quit his work, to tell you any thing you chose to ask him about. But try a man in London. The first you meet. What did he say? Try the next. Try fifty. It is useless: you will never try another.

There is a very great mistake in the world, about the general sobriety of people in all vine-growing countries. I saw more drunkenness in Paris than in London, in proportion to the time I was in each city. Indeed I seldom walked an hour on the Boulevarts, that I did not see some one intoxicated. In Baden I had an excellent opportunity to witness the habits of the people under pretty strong temptation. For the same day we left Strasbourg to go towards Constance, the Grand Duke Leopold and his family passed down to Carlsruhe. We met him and his family at Biberach, about thirty miles from the Rhine. When we got to that village, every thing was in commotion; and as all the post horses were put in requisition by his avant courier before we arrived, we had no alternative but to await his coming and take some of those he would leave, when he got the

fresh ones. I rather regretted this. There are people enough in the world who are ready to puff up the great by adulation.—It is good there should be a few, who can never forget that all privileged classes and orders, are the curse of the earth. There are a plenty who deem it an honour to be admitted into their presence. It is well that a handful be allowed to pity and shun them. He came by-and-by; and all seemed glad to see him. A large, fair, and rather handsome, middle aged man, riding with his children in a plain carriage; preceded by another, in which were three females and a man, than whom few courts could boast four uglier personages. One was the Grand Duchess, of whom I heard from the people of the country that she had been formerly a fille-de-chamber; and read in the *Almanac Royal et National*, of Paris, for 1836, that she was a descendant of Gustavus Vasa. The latter is perhaps true in fact; the former, possibly just, as a criticism. I retraced the route this party had just travelled up the valley of Kinzig, as far as Hochberg, that afternoon. There were garlands of flowers nanging from the windows, arches of ever green thrown across the streets of the villages, and every sort of demonstration of a very high and gratified public feeling. But not one drunk person was to be seen.

We had passed from the valley of the Rhine into the narrower one of the Kinzig—and had ascended it until it had narrowed to a space which was completely occupied by the town of Hochberg, with its high, sharp, wooden houses. There can hardly be a more romantic valley. Bounded and hedged in by mountains of granite, covered with timber, where not covered with the products of man's industry; gradually contracting for the whole fifty miles that separate Hochberg from Kehl; thickly inhabited by a simple, hardy, and kind-hearted people, who have changed but little for many generations, who have every necessary of life, and who seem strangers to all its luxuries; there seemed to be lacking but a kowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, to make it all the heart could wish. And fervently did I beseech the blessing of God on his truth, as I scattered along this lonely valley and the lofty region into which it leads the

traveller, a package of German tracts with which amongst others, the female tract distributors of my congregation had supplied me before I left Baltimore; and which I had now the first, and so favourable an opportunity to use. It is thus that the religion of Jesus Christ brings the ends of the world together; and these young Americans may meet in heaven, who shall say how many souls from that sweet valley, upon whom the ætherial spark fell, scattered by their hands? Grant, Lord, that I may behold that blissful meeting, in the world of light!

# CHAPTER XXIX.

Architectural Ruins—Description of those at Hochberg—Mountains of the Black Forest—Sources of the Danube—Principality of Furstenburg—First Glimpse of the Boden See—The Schwartzwold.

Those striking ruins, which every where skirt the Rhine, are found also on the banks of the Kinzig. The first promontory that jutted out into the valley, was covered with the extensive remains of an ancient feudal castle, frowning upon the summit of the cliffs. What apparent trifles, change the whole destinies of generations! That castle in its day, was an impregnable fortress—whose narrow limits might have defied the world in arms; and from which some fierce barbarian, backed by a few scores of steel-clad robbers, might have spread terror over all the surrounding region. To-day,—its fiercest lord might replace it in its prime; and a sergeant and a dozen men, with one mortar, would reduce it to ruins in three days!

A few leagues farther up the valley, we passed a second ruined castle; and at the ancient town of Hochberg found a third. We arrived early in the afternoon, and were afforded a good opportunity to examine it. A fine looking Badish boy, bare headed and bare footed, undertook to pilot me to the ruins; for although they overhang the antique village, it seemed a desperate attempt to scale the cliff on which they stand. A very good road, wide enough to admit a carriage, and by no means of steep ascent, left the outskirts of the town and turning the end of the

mountain, wound around the precipice to the very castle yard. An ascent of twenty minutes, brought us upon the summit; and we stood so immediately above the village, that it seemed as if I could leap into the street. The mountain top was of very narrow dimensions; and its surface was divided into several compartments of unequal extent, by four great ledges of the rock, which had been left apparently when the intervening spaces were cut away to be used in the erection of the towers. The most easterly extremity of the mountain stood in its original state. Then came a transverse cut, entirely across the narrow summit to the depth of twenty feet or more. Then there was left, about thirty feet of the primitive rock, which was excavated so as to form a prison, entered by a small door-way and lighted by a single small hole cut through the side, pretty high up. These were all to the right of the main court yard; which was itself, a cut about forty feet square, occupying the total breadth of the top of the mountain. Then came on the left hand of the court, another section of rock through which a vaulted way cut through it for about thirty feet, led to the last vacancy; beyond which stood the rock in its native state at the western extremity of the summit; and upon it the ruins of the castle itself. This rock is ascended by a stone stair-way, supported on a wall now in a decayed state; and its whole surface, which is about forty feet square, was once covered by two large towers. One of these is still standing, in a state of pretty good preservation. It occupies about half the space on the top of the rock: and is a plain square tower, with walls about six feet thick, and perhaps thirty feet high. It is built of the same reddish granite which composes the mountain itself; and I have no doubt out of stone cut from the top, in the manner I have described. There is a low arched door-way—facing the valley towards the north; and immediately over the door, at a considerable height, a square window, the largest of several in the tower; and obviously so planned as to give those in the tower command of the outer approach to the door; which was the only assailable point. There were around the interior walls projections of rocks, and indentations in the masonry, at successive heights; the former appa-

rently used to sustain some construction for mounting from story to story; the latter perhaps to receive the ends of timbers, that supported the floors. This last conjecture seemed confirmed by a remaining square of decayed wood (the only wood I could discover about the tower) which still occupied one of these recesses. It was a piece of common pine of the country. The floor was covered deeply, with dirt and rubbish; and I was unable to discern any traces of excavation in or about the rock, on which the tower stood. On the outside next to the corresponding tower, now destroyed—was distinctly visible the ancient flue of a chimney, for about two-thirds of the height of the tower. Over the door-way in the comparatively new stonework which makes the arch of it, are cut the figures 1735; the date no doubt of the latest repairs. In the prison were some farming utensils, and above it, a kind of rough store house; in the court yard the ruins of an arbour and a nine pin alley; and in the very face of the precipice, a deserted house of modern construction, which seemed designed for an Inn. Such is the present state of the ancient Castle of Hochberg in the Brisgow, which for centuries gave the title of Marquis to one branch of the house of Baden; and perhaps for centuries before, gave renown to still more ancient barons.

In a quarter of the time it took us to ascend, our little guide led us down the face of the cliff by a zigzag and steep but safe path. I asked him in the best German I was master of, and his own was, I think, of the poorest, who built the castle?—when?—for what?—Who destroyed it?—when and why? In answer to all which he gave me as much information as any one else appears to possess, which is just none at all. It is extremely curious, that every country in the world should be filled with monuments of a previous race, not only extinct but forgotten. Who made the astonishing monuments of Egypt? By whom and when, were those beautiful remains of ancient Italian civilization which we call Etruscan, perfected? Who built Stone Henge in England? What was the origin of the Irish Round Towers? What era and race, gave birth to the antiquities of North and South America? Or to end as we began, who first

projected those monuments and strong holds, whose ruins are scattered over Germany? The truth is we know almost nothing of the past; and after we have abstracted what is trifling, and rejected what is false, from the merely human records of dead ages, we have little room to change what has been charged against all his kind, by a great though sombre spirit, "they nothing knew, or nothing have revealed."—There is one clear far-descended, bright stream, of truth and knowledge and light and wisdom, winding through this labyrinth, and shining through this darkness. Walk close by its margin and you may see through a single and narrow vista, back to the throne of God. Follow its sacred guidance; it is enough for us here. And one of the sweetest hopes it nourishes, is, that in the depth of that futurity, which its rays only can penetrate—we shall know even as we are known; "in thy light, shall we see light."

From Hochberg to the Rhine at Schaffhausen is about as far as to the same river at Kehl. The second day's travel is however much more difficult than the first, for there is not perhaps a district in Germany more thickly studded with mountains, than that of which I now speak. The lofty chain, called Belsabeniech in its own neighbourhood, occupies the whole distance from Hochberg to Villingen; which is five German, or twenty-five English miles. The ascent is so long and so steep, that extra horses are kept at various points to aid the traveller; and the number of them required by loaded wagons, almost exceeds belief. We encountered them, drawn by twelve, fourteen, and one by eighteen, stout horses. At the southern base of this lofty district, gush out the sources of the Danube, in the skirts of the Black Forest. From Villingen, an ancient walled city, to Donaneschingen—two German miles, the route follows one of these streams. At the latter place, two more are added; and thenceforth, this mighty river assumes the name which it bears through so many regions till it pours its distant waters far away into the Black Sea. At Donaneschingen, is a palace which looks like a cotton factory, belonging to Prince Fürstenburg: in the extensive and beautiful grounds of which, on either side of the town, rise the two sources of the Danube just mentioned.

It was with no ordinary emotion that I stood upon the margin of these immense fountains. And as I bathed in the waters of the Danube, the temples that had been cooled in so many streams that compose the Mississippi; I felt that I had touched the two exterior edges of civilization. I was penetrated with an indescribable sadness, at the truth now made so fully manifest—that there remained on earth amongst the nations, nothing to be sought better than that I had already witnessed. Here lie the wide limits of human advancement. We find not what we sigh for, within them; we find not man as he should be, as he might be; and we turn with sorrow from a search fruitless before, thenceforward hopeless. We may stand on this limit, and look forward to where the glory of earth has been, but is no longer. The power of man has shifted;—it too is behind us. The last empires of the east, as they perished—shifted the scene upwards towards the north and west. The Babylonian was in the heart of the east. The Persian touched our sphere. The Grecian made Europe its seat. And the iron Empire of Rome, strengthened in its rise, and perfected in its fall, this gigantic revolution. The cycle of Empires is finished. They have achieved their part; which was at the greatest, only subordinate to the progress of other and more glorious events. The last and all pervading empire, the empire of Jesus Christ is to come,—is coming; and it must be set up every where, under a condition of the world, which prohibits and excludes the rise of a fifth empire like any of those which have jointly operated to place the nations in the required posture.—It is not, then, to find, but to make man what he should be. All things are at last ready. What hinders that the work be done?

Between Donaueschingen and Shaffhausen, in the ancient principality of Fürstenburg there is another, and almost as broad and lofty a chain of mountains, as that already mentioned; the sides of which are covered with pine forests of great extent and beauty. The great height to which trees attain, in situations considerably elevated, must have struck all travellers. This ridge which divides the Rhine from the Danube on the south as that of Belsabaniech shuts the latter in on the north, is called

Raudenberg, and the forest Raudenwald. The intervening valley, is situated at right angles to the valley of Kinzig up which we had passed the day before; and the two days presented us with as nearly opposite aspects as could be imagined. Yesterday we traversed for fifty miles, an unbroken and most delightful vale. To-day we have crossed two of the immense ribs of Germany and find ourselves at night fall once more on the Rhine, on the borders of Switzerland.—The tops of both these ranges, present extensive and rather fertile districts of pretty well cultivated country. The vine disappears entirely, very soon after commencing the ascent from Hochberg, and is not seen again until you approach the Rhine. Then it is restored in more than its former abundance, and of dimensions which put to shame the vineyards of France. All the vineyards on the upper Rnine look far more like plantations of hops, than like the vineyards of Champagne; and produce, I suppose, three or four times as much to the vine. The number of vines to the acre, however, cannot be above half so great; and these are set in rows, and managed with a culture more orderly, at least in appearance.

The scenery in the midst of these mountains is by no means striking: less so than in any region of equal elevation I have ever seen. Indeed the region is described by saying that two enormous swells in the whole surface of the country, are thrown across the south of Germany, rather than by calling it a mountain district. There is one view of great beauty and extent, on the top of the Rangen, just as you begin the southern descent. Our postillion had stopped, as they do at every opportunity, to attach the drag; and which they will not only do in despite of all remonstrances, but which they are, I found, obliged to do or be responsible for all consequences; they and their masters. They answer all suggestions, by pointing to a post, opposite one of which they stop short, and upon which are directions to lock the wheel, there. And lest any one should pretend ignorance, there is above the German advertisement, the picture of a wheel with its drag attached. For the hundredth time our postillion stopped to perform this office; and after doing it as slowly as suited his mood, as slowly pointed to the distant horizon, and

uttured the words *Boden See.* It was the Lake of Constance, in full view, at the distance of twelve leagues. A moment before I was weak enough to be impatient, at a thing so poor as the phlegm of a Badish boor. A single instant, rolled back like a curtain, four hundred years. A first glimpse of that renowned lake, sleeping in the last rays of day, recalled all the recollections which made it an object of such profound interest to me. Huss, and Jerome, and Segismund, and the crowd of mighty and deluded men, who handed the last over to eternal infamy, and the two first to an immortality won by fire; where are their great spirits now! By and-by I shall see them face to face. Now I seek the spot, consecrated by meek and heroic suffering on one side, and on the other, by perfidy and corruption, to which there are few parallels.

The Black Forest, called by the Germans Schwartswald, and by the Romans Silva nigra,—of which I have had occasion to make mention several times, and which I had traversed nearly a hundred miles; was, until the discovery of North America, the most extensive and remarkable forest, of which the civilized world had any knowledge. No natural object connected with Germany, occupies so large a space in her whole history, especially her military history; and none besides has had a greater share in preserving her national independence, perpetuating the freedom of her children, and giving tone to all her institutions. Extending originally from west to east, from above the sources of the Danube almost to its mouth; it skirted the greatest river of Europe, for above a thousand miles, embracing in that immense range the whole breadth of Germany and Bohemia. In the days of Julius Cæsar, its width from north to south, he states in his Commentaries, to have been nine days' journey; while its length, having been explored for sixty days' journey, in a fruitless search for its close, was supposed to be indefinite. Such a region, filled with lofty and ragged mountains, productive of the most useful domestic animals, and traversed rather than inhabited, by hardy and warlike nations; must needs have afforded an indestructible safeguard to nationality and freedom. With the Alps as their barrier, and the Black Forest as their abode, the

wonder is not that Rome made so little impression on the Germanic nations; but that she should ever have attempted to make any.

THE END OF VOL. I.

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